THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-NINTH.

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THE

THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

YALDEN, TICKELL,

AND

HAMMOND.

POEMS

BY

DR. YALDEN.

" THE Poems of Dr. WATTS were, by my re-
" commendation, inſerted in this Collection; the
" Readers of which are to impute to me whatever
" pleaſure or wearineſs they may find in the peruſal
" of BLACKMORE, WATTS, POMFRET, and
" YALDEN."

DR. JOHNSON.

POEMS, &c.

AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.

TO A YOUNG LADY WEEPING.

An ODE in Imitation of CASIMIRE.

I.

COULD mournful ſighs, or floods of tears, prevent
The ills, unhappy men lament:
Could all the anguiſh of my mind
Remove my cares, or make but Fortune kind;
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away:
To wealth and pleaſure every ſigh prefer,
And more than gems eſteem each falling tear.

II.

But, ſince inſulting cares are moſt inclin'd
To triumph o'er th' afflicted mind;
Since ſighs can yield us no relief,
And tears, like fruitful ſhowers, but nouriſh grief;

Then ceaſe, fair mourner, to complain,
Nor laviſh ſuch bright ſtreams in vain:
But ſtill with chearful thoughts thy cares beguile,
And tempt thy better fortunes with a ſmile.

III.

The generous mind is by its ſufferings known,
Which no affliction tramples down;
But when oppreſs'd will upward move,
Spurn down its clog of cares, and ſoar above.
Thus the young royal eagle tries
On the ſun-beams his tender eyes,
And, if he ſhrinks not at th' offenſive light,
He 's then for empire fit, and takes his ſoaring flight.

IV.

Though cares aſſault thy breaſt on every ſide,
Yet bravely ſtem th' impetuous tide:
No tributary tears to fortune pay,
Nor add to any loſs a nobler day;
But with kind hopes ſupport thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind:
Amidſt afflictions let thy ſoul be great,
And ſhew thou dar'ſt deſerve a better ſtate.

V.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe thoſe tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay;
Like ravenous age thy charms they waſte,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties blaſt.
But keep thy looks and mind ſerene,
All gay without, all calm within;
For Fate is aw'd, and adverſe fortunes fly
A chearful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

HYMN

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

I.

PARENT of Day! whoſe beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darkſome womb of night,
And midſt their native horrors ſhow,
Lik gems adorning of the Negro's brow:
Not heav'n's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery;
Thou firſt eſſay of light, and pledge of day!
That uſher'ſt in the ſun, and ſtill prepar'ſt its way.

II.

Rival of ſhade, eternal ſpring of light!
Thou art the genuine ſource of it:
From thy bright unexhauſted womb,
The beauteous race of days and ſeaſons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, ſpight of time, thou 'rt ever young:
Thou art alone heaven's modeſt virgin light,
Whoſe face a veil of bluſhes hides from human ſight.

III.

Like ſome fair bride thou riſeſt from thy bed,
And doſt around thy luſtre ſpread;
Around the univerſe diſpenſe
New life to all, and quickening influence.

With gloomy ſmiles thy rival Night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light:
Not all the wealth ſhe views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal luſtre ſhow.

IV.

At thy approach, Nature erects her head,
The ſmiling univerſe is glad;
The drowſy earth and ſeas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take:
When thy more chearful rays appear,
Ev'n guilt and women ceaſe to fear:
Horror, Deſpair, and all the ſons of Night
Retire before thy beams, and take their haſty flight.

V.

To thee, the grateful Eaſt their altars raiſe,
And ſing with early hymns thy praiſe;
Thou doſt their happy ſoil beſtow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below:
Thou riſeſt in the fragrant Eaſt,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy neſt:
No altar of the gods can equal thine,
The air's thy richeſt incenſe, the whole land thy ſhrine!

VI.

But yet thy fading glories ſoon decay.
Thine 's but a momentary ſtay;
Too ſoon thou 'rt raviſh'd from our ſight,
Borne down the ſtream of day, and overwhelm'd with light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haſte,
They 're fram'd too exquiſite to laſt:

Thine

Thine is a glorious, but a ſhort-liv'd ſtate.
Pity ſo fair a birth ſhould yield ſo ſoon to Fate!

VII.

Before th' Almighty Artiſt fram'd the ſky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His firſt command was for thy light;
He view'd the lovely birth, and bleſſed it:
In purple ſwaddling-bands it ſtruggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day:
Old Chaos then a chearful ſmile put on,
And, from thy beauteous form, did firſt preſage its own.

VIII.

"Let there be Light!" the great Creator ſaid,
His word the active child obey'd:
Night did her teeming womb diſcloſe;
And then the bluſhing Morn, its brighteſt offspring,
A while th' Almighty wondering view'd, [roſe.
And then himſelf pronounc'd it good:
"With Night," ſaid he, "divide th' imperial ſway;
"Thou my firſt labour art, and thou ſhalt bleſs the Day."

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

I.

DARKNESS, thou firſt great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy univerſal womb
Does all thou ſhad'ſt below, thy numerous offſpring, come.

II.

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
Or, like Eternity, thou 'dſt none;
Whilſt Light did its firſt being owe
Unto that awful ſhade it dares to rival now.

III.

Say, in what diſtant region doſt thou dwell,
To Reaſon inacceſſible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou ſoar'ſt above the reach of man's philoſophy.

IV.

Involv'd in thee, we firſt receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb,
Where-e'er our ſouls ſhall go, to thee our bodies come.

V.

The ſilent globe is ſtruck with awful fear,
When thy Majeſtic ſhades appear:
Thou doſt compoſe the air and ſea,
And Earth a ſabbath keeps, ſacred to Reſt and Thee.

VI.

In thy ſerener ſhades our ghoſts delight,
And court the umbrage of the Night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they ſtray,
But fly the Morning's beams, and ſicken at the Day.

VII.

Though ſolid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brighteſt ray admit;
No ſubſtance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'ſt in depths below, doſt in the centre dwell.

VIII. The

VIII.

The ſparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous luſtre owe;
Though form'd within the womb of Night,
Bright as their ſire they ſhine, with native rays of light.

IX.

When thou doſt raiſe thy venerable head,
And art in genuine Night array'd,
Thy Negro beauties then delight; [bright.
Beauties, like poliſh'd jet, with their own darkneſs

X.

Thou doſt thy ſmiles impartially beſtow,
And know'ſt no difference here below:
All things appear the ſame by thee,
Though Light diſtinction makes, thou giv'ſt equality.

XI.

Thou, Darkneſs, art the lover's kind retreat,
And doſt the nuptial joys compleat;
Thou doſt inſpire them with thy ſhade, [maid.
Giv'ſt vigour to the youth, and warm'ſt the yielding

XII.

Calm as the bleſs'd above the Anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleaſures Light deny, thy ſhades for ever yield.

XIII.

In caves of Night, the oracles of old
Did all their myſteries unfold:
Darkneſs did firſt Religion grace,
Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place.

XIV. When

XIV.

When the Almighty did on Horeb ſtand,
Thy ſhades inclos'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of Night he was array'd,
And venerable Darkneſs his pavilion made.

XV.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When terrible with majeſty,
In tempeſts he gave laws, and clad himſelf in thee.

XVI.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
Thou, Monarch Darkneſs, ſway'dſt theſe ſpacious realms alone.

XVII.

But, now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy ſcanty lot of Night:
By rebel ſubjects thou 'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of Stars depoſe their Monarch Shade.

XVIII.

Yet fading Light its empire muſt reſign,
And Nature's power ſubmit to thine:
An univerſal ruin ſhall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

In Imitation of the Second Chapter of the WISDOM of SOLOMON.

To the Lord HUNSDON.

A PINDARIC ODE.

THEN will penurious Heaven no more allow?
No more on its own darling Man beſtow?
Is it for this he lord of all appears,
And his great Maker's image bears?
To toil beneath a wretched ſtate,
Oppreſs'd with miſeries and fate;
Beneath his painful burthen groan,
And in this beaten road of life drudge on!
Amidſt our labours, we poſſeſs
No kind allays of happineſs:
No ſoftening joys can call our own,
To make this bitter drug go down;
Whilſt Death an eaſy conqueſt gains,
And the inſatiate Grave in endleſs triumph reigns.
With throes and pangs into the world we come,
The curſe and burthen of the womb:
Nor wretched to ourſelves alone,
Our mothers' labours introduce our own.

In

In cries and tears our infancy we waſte,
Thoſe ſad prophetic tears, that flow
By inſtinct of our future woe:
And ev'n our dawn of life with ſorrows overcaſt.
Thus we toil out a reſtleſs age,
Each his laborious part muſt have,
Down from the monarch to the ſlave,
Act o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the ſtage.

II.

From our firſt drawing vital breath,
From our firſt ſtarting from the womb,
Until we reach the deſtin'd tomb,
We all are poſting on to the dark goal of death.
Life, like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
No mark, no kind impreſſion, leaves behind,
'Tis ſcatter'd like the winds that blow,
Boiſterous as them, full as inconſtant too,
That know not whence they come, nor where they go.
Here we 're detain'd a while, and then
Become originals again:
Time ſhall a man to his firſt ſelf reſtore,
And make him intire nothing, all he was before.
No part of us, no remnant, ſhall ſurvive!
And yet we impudently ſay, we live!
No! we but ebb into ourſelves again,
And only come to be, as we had never been.

III.

Say, learned Sage, thou that art mighty wiſe!
Unriddle me theſe myſteries:
What is the ſoul, the vital heat,
That our mean frame does animate?

What

What is our breath, the breath of man,
That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life ſuſtain?
Is it not air, an empty fume,
A fire that does itſelf conſume;
A warmth that in a heart is bred,
A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?
Extinguiſh that, the whole is gone,
This boaſted ſcene of life is done:
Away the phantom takes its flight,
Damn'd to a loathſome grave, and an eternal night.
The ſoul, th' immortal part we boaſt,
In one conſuming minute 's loſt;
To its firſt ſource it muſt repair,
Scatter with winds, and flow with common air.
Whilſt the fall'n body, by a ſwift decay,
Reſolves into its native clay:
For duſt and aſhes are its ſecond birth,
And that incorporates too with its great parent Earth.

IV.

Nor ſhall our names our memories ſurvive,
Alas, no part of man can live!
The empty blaſts of fame ſhall die,
And even thoſe nothings taſte mortality.
In vain to future ages we tranſmit
Heroic acts, and monuments of wit:
In vain we dear-bought honours leave,
To make our aſhes gay, and furniſh out a grave.
Ah, treacherous immortality!
For thee our ſtock of youth we waſte,
And urge on life, that ebbs too faſt:

To purchaſe thee with blood, the valiant fly;
And, to ſurvive in fame, the great and glorious die.
Laviſh of life, they ſquander this eſtate,
And for a poor reverſion wait:
Bankrupts and miſers to themſelves they grow,
Embitter wretched life with toils and woe,
To hoard up endleſs fame, they know not where or how.

V.

Ah, think, my friends, how ſwift the minutes haſte!
The preſent day entirely is our own,
Then ſeize the bleſſing ere 'tis gone:
To-morrow, fatal ſound! ſince this may be our laſt.
Why do we boaſt of years, and ſum up days!
'Tis all imaginary ſpace:
To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
'Tis all penurious Fate will give
Poſterity 'll to-morrow live,
Our ſons crowd on behind, our children drive us hence.
With garlands then your temples crown,
And lie on beds of roſes down:
Beds of roſes we 'll prepare,
Roſes that our emblems are;
A while they flouriſh on the bough,
And drink large draughts of heavenly dew:
Like us they ſmile, are young and gay,
And, like us too, are tenants for a day,
Since with Night's blaſting breath they vaniſh ſwift away.

VI.

Bring chearful wine, and coſtly ſweets prepare:
'Tis more than frenzy now to ſpare:

Let

Let cares and buſineſs wait a while;
Old age affords a thinking interval:
Or, if they muſt a longer hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave.
Then gay and ſprightly wine produce,
Wines that wit and mirth infuſe:
That feed, like oil, th' expiring flame,
Revive our drooping ſouls, and prop this tottering frame.
That, when the grave our bodies has engroſs'd,
When virtues ſhall forgotten lie,
With all their boaſted piety,
Honours and titles, like ourſelves, be loſt;
Then our recorded vice ſhall flouriſh on,
And our immortal riots be for ever known.
This, this, is what we ought to do,
The great deſign, the grand affair below!
Since bounteous Nature 's plac'd our Steward here,
Then man his grandeur ſhould maintain,
And in exceſs of pleaſure reign,
Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

WE love and hate, as reſtleſs monarchs fight,
Who boldly dare invade another's right:
Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they've run,
Ignobly quit the conqueſts they have won;
Thoſe charming hopes, that made them valiant grow,
Pall'd with Enjoyment, make them cowards now.

Our

Our paſſions only form our happineſs,
Hopes ſtill enlarge, as fears contract it leſs:
Hope with a gaudy proſpect feeds the eye,
Sooths every ſenſe, does with each wiſh comply;
But falſe Enjoyment the kind guide deſtroys,
We loſe the paſſion in the treacherous joys.
Like the gay ſilk-worm, when it pleaſes moſt,
In that ungrateful web it ſpun, 'tis loſt.

Fruition only cloys the appetite;
More does the conqueſt, than the prize delight:
One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
Our reſtleſs wiſhes cannot be confin'd.
Like boiſterous waves, no ſettled bounds they know,
Fix'd at no point, but always ebb or flow.

Who moſt expects, enjoys the pleaſure moſt,
'Tis rais'd by wiſhes, by fruition loſt:
We're charm'd with diſtant views of happineſs,
But near approaches make the proſpect leſs.
Wiſhes, like painted landſcapes, beſt delight,
Whilſt diſtance recommends them to the ſight:
Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear;
But ſhow their courſe and nauſeous colours, near.

Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his ſtore
Increaſing ſtill, and would admit of more,
With eager arms his ſwelling bags he preſs'd;
And expectation only made him bleſs'd:
But, when a boundleſs treaſure he enjoy'd,
And every wiſh was with fruition cloy'd:
Then, damn'd to heaps, and ſurfeited with ore,
He curs'd that gold he doated on before.

THE

THE CURSE OF BABYLON.

ISAIAH, Chap. xiii. paraphraſed.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

NOW let the fatal banner be diſplay'd!
Upon ſome lofty mountain's top
Go ſet the dreadful ſtandard up!
And all around the hills the bloody ſignals ſpread.
For, lo, the numerous hoſts of heaven appear!
Th' embattled legions of the ſky,
With all their dread artillery,
Draw forth in bright array, and muſter in the air.
Why do the mountains tremble with the noiſe,
And valleys echo back their voice?
The hills tumultuous grow and loud,
The hills that groan beneath the gathering multitude.
Wide as the poles of heaven's extent,
So far 's the dreadful ſummons ſent:
Kingdoms and nations at his call appear,
For ev'n the Lord of Hoſts commands in perſon there.

II.

Start from thy lethargy, thou drowſy land,
Awake, and hear his dread command!
Thy black tempeſtuous day comes lowering on,
O fatal light! O inauſpicious hour!
Was ever ſuch a day before!
So ſtain'd with blood, by marks of vengeance known.

Nature ſhall from her ſteady courſe remove,
The well-fix'd earth be from its baſis rent,
Convulſions ſhake the firmament;
Horror ſeize all below, confuſion reign above.
The ſtars of heaven ſhall ſicken at the ſight,
Nor ſhall the planets yield their light:
But from the wretched object fly,
And, like extinguiſh'd tapers, quit the darken'd ſky.
The riſing ſun, as he was conſcious too,
As he the fatal buſineſs knew,
A deep, a bloody red ſhall ſtain
And at his early dawn ſhall ſet in night again.

III.

To the deſtroying ſword I 've ſaid, Go forth,
Go, fully execute my wrath!
Command my hoſts, my willing armies lead;
For this rebellious land and all therein ſhall bleed.
They ſhall not grieve me more, no more tranſgreſs;
I will conſume the ſtubborn race:
Yet brutes and ſavages I juſtly ſpare;
Uſeleſs is all my vengeance there;
Ungrateful man 's the greater monſter far.
On guiltleſs beaſts I will the land beſtow,
To them th' inheritance ſhall go;
Thoſe elder brothers now ſhall lord it here below:
And, if ſome poor remains eſcape behind,
Some relicks left of loſt mankind;
Th' aſtoniſh'd herds ſhall in their cities cry,
When they behold a man, Lo, there 's a prodigy!

IV. The

IV.

The Medes I call to my aſſiſtance here,
A people that delight in war;
A generous race of men, a nation free
From vicious eaſe and Perſian luxury.
Silver is deſpicable in their eyes,
Contemn'd the uſeleſs metal lies:
Their conquering iron they prefer before
The fineſt gold, ev'n Ophir's tempting ore.
By theſe the land ſhall be ſubdued,
Abroad their bows ſhall overcome,
Their ſwords and flames deſtroy at home;
For neither ſex nor age ſhall be exempt from blood.
The nobles and the princes of thy ſtate
Shall on the victor's triumphs wait:
And thoſe that from the battle fled
Shall be, with chains oppreſs'd, in cruel bondage led.

V.

I'll viſit their diſtreſs with plagues and miſeries,
The throes that womens' labours wait,
Convulſive pangs, and bloody ſweat,
Their beauty ſhall conſume, and vital ſpirits ſeize.
The raviſh'd virgins ſhall be borne away,
And their diſhonour'd wives be led
To the inſulting victor's bed,
To brutal luſts expos'd, to fury left a prey.
Nor ſhall the teeming womb afford
Its forming births a refuge from the ſword;
The ſword, that ſhall their pangs increaſe,
And all the throes of travail curſe with barrenneſs,

The infants ſhall expire with their firſt breath,
And only live in pangs of death;
Live but with early cries to curſe the light,
And, at the dawn of life, ſet in eternal night.

VI.

Ev'n Babylon, adorn'd with every grace,
The beauty of the univerſe:
Glory of nations! the Chaldæans' pride,
And joy of all th' admiring world beſide:
Thou, Babylon! before whoſe throne
The empires of the earth fall down;
The proſtrate nations homage pay,
And vaſſal princes of the world obey:
Shalt in the duſt be trampled low:
Abject and low upon the earth be laid,
And deep in ruins hide thy ignominious head.
Thy ſtrong amazing walls, whoſe impious height
The clouds conceal from human ſight;
That proudly now their poliſh'd turrets rear,
Which bright as neighbouring ſtars appear,
Diffuſing glories round th' enlighten'd air,
In flames ſhall downwards to their centre fly,
And deep within the earth, as their foundations, lie.

VII.

Thy beauteous palaces (though now thy pride!)
Shall be in heaps of aſhes hid:
In vaſt ſurprizing heaps ſhall lie,
And ev'n their ruins bear the pomp of majeſty.
No bold inhabitant ſhall dare
Thy ras'd foundations to repair:

No

No pitying hand exalt thy abject ſtate;
No! to ſucceeding times thou muſt remain
An horrid exemplary ſcene,
And lie from age to age ruin'd and deſolate.
Thy fall 's decreed (amazing turn of fate!)
Low as Gomorrah's wretched ſtate:
Thou, Babylon, ſhalt be like Sodom curſt,
Deſtroy'd by flames from heaven, and thy more burning luſt.

VIII.

The day 's at hand, when in thy fruitful ſoil
No labourer ſhall reap, no mower toil:
His tent the wandering Arab ſhall not ſpread,
Nor make thy curſed ground his bed;
Though faint with travel, though oppreſt with thirſt,
He to his drooping herds ſhall cry aloud,
Taſte not of that embitter'd flood, [curſt.
Taſte not Euphrates' ſtreams, they 're poiſonous all, and
The ſhepherd to his wandering flocks ſhall ſay,
When o'er thy battlements they ſtray,
When in thy palaces they graze,
Ah, fly, unhappy flocks! fly this infectious place.
Whilſt the ſad traveller, that paſſes on,
Shall aſk, Lo, where is Babylon?
And when he has thy ſmall remainder found,
Shall ſay, I 'll fly from hence, 'tis ſure accurſed ground.

IX.

Then ſhall the ſavages and beaſts of prey
From their deſerted mountains haſte away;
Every obſcene and vulgar beaſt
Shall be to Babylon a gueſt:

Her marble roofs, and every cedar room,
Shall dens and caves of ſtate to nobler brutes become.
Thy courts of juſtice, and tribunals too,
(O irony to call them ſo!)
There, where the tyrant and oppreſſor bore
The ſpoils of innocence and blood before;
There ſhall the wolf and ſavage tiger meet,
And griping vulture ſhall appear in ſtate, [great.
There birds of prey ſhall rule, and ravenous beaſts be
Thoſe uncorrupted ſhall remain,
Thoſe ſhall alone their genuine uſe retain,
There Violence ſhall thrive, Rapine and Fraud ſhall
X. [reign.
Then ſhall the melancholy Satyrs groan,
O'er their lamented Babylon;
And ghoſts that glide with horror by,
To view where their unbury'd bodies lie,
With doleful cries ſhall fill the air,
And with amazement ſtrike th' affrighted traveller.
There the obſcener birds of night,
Birds that in gloomy ſhades delight,
Shall ſolitude enjoy, live undiſturb'd by light.
All the ill omens of the air
Shall ſcream their loud preſages there.
But let them all their dire predictions tell,
Secure in ills, and fortify'd with woe,
Heaven ſhall in vain its future vengeance ſhow:
For thou art happily inſenſible,
Beneath the reach of miſeries fell,
Thou need'ſt no deſolation dread, no greater curſes fear.

TO

TO MR. CONGREVE.

AN EPISTOLARY ODE, 1693.

OCCASIONED BY THE "OLD BACHELOR."

I.

FAM'D wits and beauties ſhare this common fate,
To ſtand expos'd to public love and hate,
In every breaſt they different paſſions raiſe,
At once our envy, and our praiſe.
For when, like you, ſome noble youth appears,
For wit and humour fam'd above his years;
Each emulous Muſe, that views the laurel won,
Muſt praiſe the worth ſo much tranſcends their own,
And, while his fame they envy, add to his renown.
But ſure, like you, no youth could pleaſe,
Nor at his firſt attempt boaſt ſuch ſucceſs:
Where all mankind have fail'd, you glories won;
Triumphant are in this alone,
In this, have all the bards of old out-done.

II.

Then may'ſt thou rule our ſtage in triumph long!
May'ſt thou its injur'd fame revive,
And matchleſs proofs of wit and humour give,
Reforming with thy ſcenes, and charming with thy ſong!
And though a curſe ill-fated wit purſues,
And waits the fatal dowry of a Muſe;
Yet may thy riſing fortunes be
Secure from all the blaſts of poetry;

As thy own laurels flouriſhing appear, [fear!
Unſully'd ſtill with cares, nor clogg'd with hope and
As from its wants, be from its vices free,
From nauſeous ſervile flattery;
Nor to a patron proſtitute thy mind,
Though like Auguſtus great, as fam'd Mæcenas kind.

III.

Though great in fame! believe me, generous youth,
Believe this oft-experienc'd truth, [worth.
From him that knows thy virtues, and admires their
Though thou 'rt above what vulgar poets fear,
Truſt not th' ungrateful world too far;
Truſt not the ſmiles of the inconſtant town;
Truſt not the plaudits of a theatre
(Which Durfey ſhall with Thee and Dryden ſhare);
Nor to a ſtage's intereſt ſacrifice thy own.
Thy genius, that 's for nobler things deſign'd,
May at looſe hours oblige mankind:
Then, great as is thy fame, thy fortunes raiſe,
Join thriving intereſt to thy barren bays,
And teach the world to envy, as thou doſt to praiſe.
The world, that does like common whores embrace,
Injurious ſtill to thoſe it does careſs:
Injurious as the tainted breath of Fame,
That blaſts a poet's fortunes, while it ſounds his name.

IV.

When firſt a Muſe inflames ſome youthful breaſt,
Like an unpractis'd virgin, ſtill ſhe 's kind:
Adorn'd with graces then, and beauties bleſt, [mind.
She charms the ear with fame, with raptures fills the
Then

Then from all cares the happy youth is free,
But thoſe of love and poetry:
Cares, ſtill allay'd with pleaſing charms,
That crown the head with bays, with beauty fill the arms.
But all a woman's frailties ſoon ſhe ſhows,
Too ſoon a ſtale domeſtic creature grows:
Then, wedded to a Muſe that 's nauſeous grown,
We loath what we enjoy, drudge when the pleaſure's gone.
For, tempted with imaginary bays,
Fed with immortal hopes and empty praiſe,
He fame purſues, that fair and treacherous bait,
Grows wiſe when he's undone, repents when 'tis too late.

V.

Small are the trophies of his boaſted bays,
The great man's promiſe for his flattering toil,
Fame in reverſion, and the public ſmile,
All vainer than his hopes, uncertain as his praiſe.
'Twas thus in mournful numbers heretofore,
Neglected Spenſer did his fate deplore:
Long did his injur'd Muſe complain,
Admir'd in midſt of wants, and charming ſtill in vain.
Long did the generous Cowley mourn,
And long oblig'd the age without return.
Deny'd what every wretch obtains of Fate,
An humble roof and an obſcure retreat,
Condemn'd to needy fame, and to be miſerably great.
Thus did the world thy great fore-fathers uſe;
Thus all th' inſpir'd bards before
Did their hereditary ills deplore;
From tuneful Chaucer's down to thy own Dryden's Muſe.

VI. Yet,

VI.

Yet, pleas'd with gaudy ruin, youth will on,
As proud by public fame to be undone;
Pleas'd, though he does the worſt of labours chuſe,
To ſerve a barbarous age, and an ungrateful Muſe.
Since Dryden's ſelf, to Wit's great empire born,
Whoſe genius and exalted name
Triumph with all the ſpoils of Wit and Fame,
Muſt, 'midſt the loud applauſe, his barren laurels mourn.
Ev'n that fam'd man, whom all the world admires,
Whom every Grace adorns, and Muſe inſpires,
Like the great injur'd Taſſo, ſhows
Triumphant in the midſt of woes;
In all his wants, majeſtic ſtill appears,
Charming the age to which he owes his cares,
And cheriſhing that Muſe whoſe fatal curſe he bears.

THE INSECT.

AGAINST BULK.

"Ineſt ſua gratia parvis."

WHERE greatneſs is to Nature's works deny'd,
In worth and beauty it is well ſupply'd:
In a ſmall ſpace the more perfection 's ſhown,
And what is exquiſite in little 's done.
Thus beams, contracted in a narrow glaſs,
To flames convert their larger uſeleſs rays.
'Tis Nature's ſmalleſt products pleaſe the eye,
Whilſt greater births paſs unregarded by;

Her

Her monſters ſeem a violence to ſight;
They 're form'd for terror, inſects to delight.
Thus, when ſhe nicely frames a piece of art,
Fine are her ſtrokes, and ſmall in every part;
No labour can ſhe boaſt more wonderful
Than to inform an atom with a ſoul;
To animate her little beauteous fly,
And cloath it in her gaudieſt drapery.
Thus does the little epigram delight,
And charm us with its miniature of wit;
Whilſt tedious authors give the reader pain,
Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
When in leſs volumes we more pleaſure find,
And what diverts, ſtill beſt informs the mind.
'Tis the ſmall inſect looks correct and fair,
And ſeems the product of her niceſt care.
When, weary'd out with the ſtupendous weight
Of forming prodigies and brutes of ſtate;
Then ſhe the inſect frames, her maſter-piece,
Made for diverſion, and deſign'd to pleaſe.
Thus Archimedes, in his cryſtal ſphere,
Seem'd to correct the World's Artificer:
Whilſt the large globe moves round with long delay,
His beauteous orbs in nimbler circles play:
This ſeem'd the nobler labour of the two,
Great was the ſphere above, but fine below.
Thus ſmalleſt things have a peculiar grace,
The great w' admire, but 'tis the little pleaſe;
Then, ſince the leaſt ſo beautifully ſhow,
B' advis'd in time, my Muſe, and learn to know
A Poet's lines ſhould be correct and few.

TO

TO HIS FRIEND

CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN,

In Love with a Lady he had taken in an Algerine Prize at Sea.

In Alluſion to HORACE 2 Od. iv.

I.

'TIS no diſgrace, brave youth, to own
By a Fair Slave you are undone:
Why doſt thou bluſh to hear that name,
And ſtifle thus a generous flame?
Did not the fair Briſeïs heretofore
With powerful charms ſubdue?
What though a captive, ſtill ſhe bore
Thoſe eyes that freedom could reſtore,
And make her haughty lord, the proud Achilles, bow,

II.

Stern Ajax, though renown'd in arms,
Did yield to bright Tecmeſſa's charms:
And all the laurels he had won
As trophies at her feet were thrown.
When, beautiful in tears, he view'd the mourning fair,
The hero felt her power:
Though great in camps, and fierce in war,
Her ſofter looks he could not bear,
Proud to become her ſlave, though late her conqueror.

III. When

III.

When beauty in diſtreſs appears,
An irreſiſtleſs charm it bears:
In every breaſt does pity move,
Pity, the tendereſt part of love.
Amidſt his triumphs great Atrides ſued,
Unto a weeping maid:
Though Troy was by his arms ſubdued,
And Greece the bloody trophies view'd,
Yet at a captive's feet th' imploring victor laid.

IV.

Think not thy charming maid can be
Of a baſe ſtock, and mean degree;
Her ſhape, her air, her every grace,
A more than vulgar birth confeſs:
Yes, yes, my friend, with royal blood ſhe 's great,
Sprung from ſome monarch's bed;
Now mourns her family's hard fate,
Her mighty fall and abject ſtate,
And her illuſtrious race conceals with noble pride.

V.

Ah, think not an ignoble houſe
Could ſuch a heroine produce;
Nor think ſuch generous ſprightly blood
Could flow from the corrupted crowd;
But view her courage, her undaunted mind,
And ſoul with virtues crown'd;
Where dazzling intereſt cannot blind,
Nor youth nor gold admittance find,
But ſtill her honour 's fix'd, and virtue keeps its ground.

View well her great majeſtic air,
And modeſt looks divinely fair;
Too bright for fancy to improve,
And worthy of thy nobleſt love.
But yet ſuſpect not thy officious friend,
All jealous thoughts remove;
Though I with youthful heat commend,
For thee I all my wiſhes ſend,
And if ſhe makes thee bleſt, 'tis all I aſk of Love!

TO MR. WATSON,

On his EPHEMERIS of the CELESTIAL MOTIONS, preſented to Her MAJESTY.

ART, when in full perfection, is deſign'd
To pleaſe the eye, or to inform the mind:
This nobler piece performs the double part,
With graceful beauty and inſtructive art.
Since the great Archimedes' ſphere was loſt,
The nobleſt labour finiſh'd it could boaſt;
No generous hand durſt that fam'd model trace,
Which Greece admir'd, and Rome could only praiſe.
This you, with greater luſtre, have reſtor'd,
And taught thoſe arts we ignorantly ador'd:
Motion in full perfection here you 've ſhown,
And what mankind deſpair'd to reach, have done.
In artful frames your heavenly bodies move,
Scarce brighter in their beauteous orbs above;

And ſtars, depriv'd of all malignant flames,
Here court the eye with more auſpicious beams:
In graceful order the juſt planets riſe,
And here complete their circles in the ſkies;
Here 's the full concert of revolving ſpheres,
And heaven in bright epitome appears.
With charms the ancients did invade the Moon,
And from her orb compell'd her ſtruggling down;
But here ſhe 's taught a nobler change by you,
And moves with pride in this bright ſphere below:
While your celeſtial bodies thus I view,
They give me bright ideas of the true;
Inſpir'd by them, my thoughts dare upward move,
And viſit regions of the bleſt above.
Thus from your hand w' admire the globe in ſmall,
A copy fair as its original:
This labour 's to the whole creation juſt,
Second to none, and rival to the firſt.
The artful ſpring, like the diffuſive ſoul,
Informs the machine, and directs the whole:
Like Nature's ſelf, it fills the ſpacious throne,
And unconfin'd ſways the fair orbs alone;
Th' unactive parts with awful ſilence wait,
And from its nod their birth of motion date:
Like Chaos, they obey the powerful call,
Move to its ſound, and into meaſures fall.

THE

THE RAPE OF THEUTILLA.

Imitated from the Latin of FAMIANUS STRADA.

THE INTRODUCTORY ARGUMENT.

Theutilla, a fair young virgin, who, to avoid the addreſſes of thoſe many admirers her beauty drew about her, aſſumed the habit of a religious order, and wholly withdrew herſelf from the eye and converſe of the world: but the common report of her beauty had ſo inflamed Amalis (a young perſon of quality) with love, that one night, in a debauch of wine, he commands his ſervants to force her dormitory, and bear off, though by violence, the lovely votareſs; which having ſucceſsfully performed, they bring Theutilla to their expecting lord's apartment, the ſcene of the enſuing Poem.

SOON as the tyrant her bright form ſurvey'd,
He grew inflam'd with the fair captive maid:
A graceful ſorrow in her looks ſhe bears,
Lovely with grief, and beautiful in tears;
Her mein and air reſiſtleſs charms impart,
Forcing an eaſy paſſage to his heart:
Long he devours her beauties with his eyes,
While through his glowing veins th' infection flies;
Swifter than lightning to his breaſt it came,
Like that, a fair, but a deſtructive flame.

Yet

Yet ſhe, though in her young and blooming ſtate,
Poſſeſt a ſoul, beyond a virgin's, great;
No charms of youth her colder boſom move,
Chaſte were her thoughts, and moſt averſe to love:
And as ſome timorous hind in toils betray'd,
Thus in his arms ſtrove the reſiſting maid;
Thus did ſhe combat with his ſtrict embrace,
And ſpurn'd the guilty cauſe of her diſgrace.
Revenge ſhe courted, but deſpair'd to find
A ſtrength and vigour equal to her mind;
While checks of ſhame her willing hands reſtrain,
Since all a virgin's force is her diſdain:
Yet her reſolves are nobly fix'd to die
Rather than violate her chaſtity,
Than break her vows to heaven, than blot her fame,
Or ſoil her beauties with a luſtful flame.
The night from its meridian did decline,
An hour propitious to the black deſign:
When ſleep and reſt their peaceful laws maintain,
And o'er the globe b' infectious ſilence reign;
While death-like ſlumbers every boſom ſeize,
Unbend our minds, and weary'd bodies eaſe:
Now fond Amalis finds his drooping breaſt
Heavy with wine, with amorous cares oppreſt;
Not all the joys expecting lovers feel
Can from his breaſt the drowſy charm repel;
In vain from wine his paſſion ſeeks redreſs,
Whoſe treacherous force the flame it rais'd betrays:
Weak and unnerv'd his uſeleſs limbs became,
Bending beneath their ill-ſupported frame;

Vanquiſh'd by that repoſe from which he flies,
Now ſlumbers cloſe his unconſenting eyes.
But ſad Theutilla's cares admit no reſt,
Repoſe is baniſh'd from her mournful breaſt;
A faithful guard does injur'd virtue keep,
And from her weary limbs repulſes ſleep.
Oft ſhe reflects with horror on the rape,
Oft tries each avenue for her eſcape;
Though ſtill repulſe upon repulſe ſhe bears,
And finds no paſſage but for ſighs and tears:
Then, with the wildneſs of her ſoul let looſe,
And all the fury that her wrongs infuſe;
She weeps, ſhe raves, ſhe rends her flowing hair,
Wild in her grief, and raging with deſpair,
At length her reſtleſs thoughts an utterance find,
And vent the anguiſh of her labouring mind:
Whilſt all diſſolv'd in calmer tears ſhe ſaid,
" Shall I again be to his arms betray'd!
" Again the toil of loath'd embraces bear,
" And for ſome blacker ſcene of luſt prepare!
" Firſt may his bed my guiltleſs grave become,
" His marble roof my unpolluted tomb;
" Then, juſt to honour, and unſtain'd in fame,
" The urn that hides my duſt conceals my ſhame.
" Heaven gave me virtue, woman's frail defence,
" And beauty to moleſt that innocence:
" In vain I call my virtue to my aid,
" When thus by treacherous beauty I'm betray'd.
" Yet to this hour my breaſt no crime has known,
" But, coldly chaſte, with virgin brightneſs ſhone,
" As now unſully'd by a winter's ſun.

" Not

" Not arts, nor ruder force of men prevail'd,
" My tears found pity, when my language fail'd.
" Oft have theſe violated locks been torn,
" And injur'd face their ſavage fury borne;
" Oft have my bloody robes their crimes confeſt,
" And pointed daggers glitter'd at my breaſt;
" Yet, free from guilt, I found ſome happier charm
" To vanquiſh luſt, and wildeſt rage diſarm.
" But ah! the greateſt labour 's yet behind;
" No tears can ſoften this obdurate mind;
" No prayers inexorable pity move,
" Or guard me from the worſt of ruins, Love:
" Though ſleep and wine allow this kind reprieve,
" Yet to the youth they 'll ſtrength and fury give;
" Then, wretched maid! then think what artifice,
" What charm, ſhall reſcue from his nerv'd embrace!
" When with ſupplies of vigour next he ſtorms,
" And every dictate of his luſt performs.
" But you, bleſt Power, that own a virgin's name,
" Protect my virtue, and defend my fame,
" From powerful luſt, and the reproach of ſhame;
" If I a ſtrict religious life have led,
" Drunk the cold ſtream, and made the earth my bed!
" If from the world a chaſte recluſe I live,
" Redreſs my wrongs, and generous ſuccour give;
" Allay this raging tempeſt of my mind,
" A virgin ſhould be to a virgin kind:
" Proſtrate with tears from you I beg defence,
" Or take my life, or guard my innocence."
While thus the afflicted beauty pray'd, ſhe ſpy'd
A fatal dagger by Amalis' ſide:

" This weapon's mine!" ſhe cries, (then graſp'd it faſt)
" And now the luſtful tyrant ſleeps his laſt."
With eager hand the pointed ſteel ſhe draws,
Ev'n murder pleaſes in ſo juſt a cauſe;
Nor fears, nor dangers, now reſiſtance make,
Since honour, life, and dearer fame, 's at ſtake.
Yet in her breaſt does kind compaſſion plead,
And fills her ſoul with horror of the deed;
Her ſex's tenderneſs reſumes its place,
And ſpreads in conſcious bluſhes o'er her face.
Now, ſtung with the remorſe of guilt, ſhe cries,
" Ah, frantic girl, what wild attempt is this!
" Think, think, Theutilla, on the murderer's doom,
" And tremble at a puniſhment to come:
" Stain not thy virgin hands with guilty blood,
" And dread to be ſo criminally good.
" Lay both thy courage and thy weapon down,
" Nor fly to aids a maid muſt bluſh to own;
" Nor arms, nor valour, with thy ſex agree,
" They wound thy fame, and taint thy modeſty."
Thus different paſſions combat in her mind,
Oft ſhe 's to pity, oft to rage inclin'd:
Now from her hand the hated weapon 's caſt,
Then ſeiz'd again with more impetuous haſte:
Unfix'd her wiſhes, her reſolves are vain,
What ſhe attempts, ſhe ſtraight rejects again;
Her looks, the emblems of her thoughts, appear
Vary'd with rage, with pity, and deſpair:
Alone her fears incline to no extreme,
Equally poiz'd betwixt revenge and ſhame.

At

At length, with more prevailing rage poſſeſt,
Her jealous honour ſteels her daring breaſt:
The thoughts of injur'd fame new courage gave,
And nicer virtue now confirms her brave.
Then the fam'd Judith her whole mind employs,
Urges her hand, and ſooths the fatal choice:
This great example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,
With wild diſorder to the youth ſhe flies;
One hand ſhe wreaths within his flowing hair,
The other does the ready weapon bear:
" Now guide me (cries) fair Hebrew, now look down,
" And pity labours thou haſt undergone.
" Direct the hand that takes thy path to fame,
" And be propitious to a virgin's name,
" Whoſe glory 's but a refuge from her ſhame!"
Thus rais'd by hopes, and arm'd with courage now,
She with undaunted looks directs the blow:
Deep in his breaſt the ſpacious wound ſhe made,
And to his heart diſpatch'd th' unerring blade.
When their expiring lord the ſervants heard,
Whoſe dying groans the fatal act declar'd,
Like a fierce torrent, with no bounds they 're ſtay'd,
But vent their rage on the defenceleſs maid:
Not virtue, youth, nor beauty in diſtreſs,
Can move their ſavage breaſts to tenderneſs:
But death with horrid torments they prepare,
And to her fate th' undaunted virgin bear.
Tortures and death ſeem lovely in her eyes,
Since ſhe to honour falls a ſacrifice:
Amidſt her ſufferings, ſtill her mind is great,
And, free from guilt, ſhe triumphs o'er her fate.

But heaven, that 's ſuffering virtue's ſure reward,
Exerts its power, and is itſelf her guard:
Amalis, conſcious of his black offence,
Now feels remorſe for her wrong'd innocence;
Though now he 's ſtruggling in the pangs of death,
And all life's purple ſtream is ebbing forth:
Yet, raiſing up his pale and drooping head,
He recollects his ſpirits as they fled,
And, with his laſt remains of voice, he ſaid,
" Spare the chaſte maid, your impious hands reſtrain,
" Nor beauty with ſuch inſolence prophane:
" Learn by my fate wrong'd innocence to ſpare,
" Since injur'd virtue 's heaven's peculiar care."
But you, brave virgin, now ſhall ſtand enrol'd
Amongſt the nobleſt heroines of old:
Thy fam'd attempt, and celebrated hand,
Shall laſting trophies of thy glory ſtand;
And, if my verſe the juſt reward can give,
Theutilla's name ſhall to new ages live.
For to thy ſex thou haſt new honours won,
And France now boaſts a Judith of its own.

AN ODE

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1693.

I.

BEGIN, and ſtrike th' harmonious lyre!
Let the loud inſtruments prepare
To raiſe our ſouls, and charm the ear,
With joys which muſic only can inſpire:

Hark

Hark how the willing ſtrings obey!
To conſecrate this happy day,
Sacred to Muſic, Love, and bleſt Cecilia.
In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
We 'll celebrate the virgin's praiſe:
Her ſkilful hand firſt taught our ſtrings to move,
To her this ſacred art we owe,
Who firſt anticipated heaven below, [above.
And play'd the hymns on earth, that ſhe now ſings

II.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleaſing raptures bear, [veins.
And, with diffuſive joys, run thrilling through our
The liſtening ſoul does ſympathize,
And with each vary'd note complies:
While gay and ſprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleaſing ecſtaſies, its flight.
With mournful ſounds, a ſadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives a looſe to tears.

III.

Muſic 's the language of the bleſt above,
No voice but Muſic's can expreſs
The joys that happy ſouls poſſeſs,
Nor in juſt raptures tell the wondrous power of Love.
'Tis Nature's dialect, deſign'd
To charm, and to inſtruct the mind.
Muſic 's an univerſal good!

That does diſpenſe its joys around,
In all the elegance of ſound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels underſtood.

IV.

Let every reſtleſs paſſion ceaſe to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For Muſic 's unity and love.
Muſic 's the ſoft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The ſureſt refuge mournful grief can find;
A cordial to the breaſt, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet ſtruck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:
In vain were remedies apply'd,
In vain all other arts were try'd:
His hand and voice alone the charm could find,
To heal his body, and compoſe his mind.

V.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A ſolemn jubilee:
For ever ſacred let it be,
To ſkilful Jubal's, and Cecila's name.
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who firſt the hidden charms of muſic found;
And through their airy paths did trace
The ſecret ſprings of ſound.
When from his hollow chorded ſhell
The ſoft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd,
While the harmonious ſtrings his ſkilful hand obey'd.

VI. But

VI.

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays:
When to the organ ſhe her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praiſe;
Then choirs of liſtening angels ſtood around,
Admir'd her art, and bleſt the heavenly ſound.
Her praiſe alone no tongue can reach,
But in the ſtrains herſelf did teach:
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join;
For muſic 's her reward and care,
Above ſh' enjoys it, and protects it here,

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honours to Cecilia pay:
To her theſe lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our ſtrings, and ſtill inſpires our ſong.

THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

To a Lady aſking if her Sex was as ſenſible of that Paſſion as Man.

AN ALLUSION TO

"O! quam cruentus Fœminas ſtimulat Dolor!"
SENECA, Hercules Oetæus.

WHAT raging thoughts tranſport the woman's breaſt,
That is with love and jealouſy poſſeſt!
More with revenge, than ſoft deſires ſhe burns,
Whoſe ſlighted paſſion meets no kind returns;

That

That courts the youth with long-neglected charms,
And finds her rival happy in his arms!
Dread Scylla's rocks 'tis safer to engage,
And trust a storm, than her destructive rage:
Not waves, contending with a boisterous wind,
Threaten so loud, as her tempestuous mind:
For seas grow calm, and raging storms abate,
But most implacable 's a woman's hate:
Tigers and savages less wild appear,
Than that fond wretch abandon'd to despair.
Such were the transports Dejanira felt,
Stung with a rival's charms, and husband's guilt:
With such despair she view'd the captive maid,
Whose fatal love her Hercules betray'd;
Th' unchast Iöle, but divinely fair!
In love triumphant, though a slave in war;
By nature lewd, and form'd for soft delight,
Gay as the spring, and fair as beams of light;
Whose blooming youth would wildest rage disarm,
And every eye, but a fierce rival's, charm.
Fix'd with her grief the royal matron stood,
When the fair captive in his arms she view'd:
With what regret her beauties she survey'd,
And curst the power of the too lovely maid,
That reap'd the joys of her abandon'd bed!
Her furious looks with wild disorder glow,
Looks that her envy and resentment show!
To blast that fair detested form she tries,
And lightning darts from her distorted eyes.
Then o'er the palace of false Hercules,
With clamour and impetuous rage she flies;

Late

Late a dear witneſs of their mutual flame,
But now th' unhappy object of her ſhame;
Whoſe conſcious roof can yield her no relief,
But with polluted joys upbraids her grief.
Nor can the ſpacious court contain her now;
It grows a ſcene too narrow for her woe.
Looſe and undreſt all day ſhe ſtrays alone,
Does her abode and lov'd companions ſhun.
In woods complains, and ſighs in every grove,
The mournful tale of her forſaken love.
Her thoughts to all th' extremes of frenzy fly,
Vary, but cannot eaſe her miſery:
Whilſt in her looks the lively forms appear,
Of envy, fondneſs, fury, and deſpair.
Her rage no conſtant face of ſorrow wears,
Oft ſcornful ſmiles ſucceed loud ſighs and tears;
Oft o'er her face the riſing bluſhes ſpread,
Her glowing eye-balls turn with fury red:
Then pale and wan her alter'd looks appear,
Paler than guilt, and drooping with deſpair.
A tide of paſſions ebb and flow within,
And oft ſhe ſhifts the melancholy ſcene:
Does all th' exceſs of woman's fury ſhow,
And yields a large variety of woe.
Now calm as infants at the mother's breaſt,
Her grief in ſofteſt murmurs is expreſt:
She ſpeaks the tendereſt things that pity move,
Kind are her looks, and languiſhing with love.
Then loud as ſtorms, and raging as the wind,
She gives a looſe to her diſtemper'd mind:

With

With ſhrieks and groans ſhe fills the air around,
And makes the palace her loud griefs reſound.
Wild with her wrongs, ſhe like a fury ſtrays,
A fury, more than wife of Hercules:
Her motion, looks, and voice, proclaim her woes;
While ſighs, and broken words, her wilder thoughts diſcloſe.

TO HIS PERJURED MISTRESS.

"Nox erat, & cœlo fulgebat luna ſereno," &c.

IT was one evening, when the riſing moon
Amidſt her train of ſtars diſtinctly ſhone;
Serene and calm was the inviting night,
And heaven appear'd in all its luſtre bright;
When you, Neæra, you, my perjur'd fair,
Did, to abuſe the gods and me, prepare.
'Twas then you ſwore—remember, faithleſs maid,
With what endearing arts you then betray'd:
Remember all the tender things that paſt,
When round my neck your willing arms were caſt.
The circling ivys, when the oaks they join,
Seem looſe, and coy, to thoſe fond arms of thine.
Believe, you cry'd, this ſolemn vow believe,
The nobleſt pledge that Love and I can give;
Or, if there 's ought more ſacred here below,
Let that confirm my oath to heaven and you.
If e'er my breaſt a guilty flame receives,
Or covets joys but what thy preſence gives;

May

May every injur'd power aſſert thy cauſe,
And love avenge his violated laws:
While cruel beaſts of prey infeſt the plain,
And tempeſts rage upon the faithleſs main;
While ſighs and tears ſhall liſtening virgins move;
So long, ye powers, will fond Neæra love.

Ah, faithleſs charmer, lovely perjur'd maid!
Are thus my vows and generous flame repaid?
Repeated ſlights I have too tamely bore,
Still doated on, and ſtill been wrong'd the more.
Why do I liſten to that Syren's voice,
Love ev'n thy crimes, and fly to guilty joys?
Thy fatal eyes my beſt reſolves betray,
My fury melts in ſoft deſires away:
Each look, each glance, for all thy crimes atone,
Elude my rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injur'd ſoul dares yet be brave,
Unleſs I 'm fond of ſhame, confirm'd a ſlave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting tongue,
Nor on thy beauties gaze away my wrong.
At length I 'll loath each proſtituted grace,
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd embrace;
But ſhew, with manly rage, my ſoul 's above
The cold returns of thy exhauſted love.
Then thou ſhalt juſtly mourn at my diſdain,
Find all thy arts and all thy charms in vain:
Shalt mourn, whilſt I, with nobler flames, purſue
Some nymph as fair, though not unjuſt, as you;
Whoſe wit and beauty ſhall like thine excel,
But far ſurpaſs in truth, and loving well.

But wretched thou, whoe'er my rival art,
That fondly boaſts an empire o'er her heart;
Thou that enjoy'ſt the fair inconſtant prize,
And vainly triumph'ſt with my victories;
Unenvy'd now, o'er all her beauties rove,
Enjoy thy ruin, and Neæra's love:
Though wealth and honours grace thy nobler birth,
To bribe her love, and fix a wandering faith;
Though every grace and every virtue join,
T' enrich thy mind, and make thy form divine:
Yet bleſt, with endleſs charms, too ſoon you'll prove
The treacheries of falſe Neæra's love.
Loſt and abandon'd by th' ungrateful fair.
Like me you 'll love, be injur'd and deſpair.
When left th' unhappy object of her ſcorn,
Then ſhall I ſmile to ſee the victor mourn,
Laugh at thy fate, and triumph in my turn.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vitæ," &c.

THE man that 's uncorrupt, and free from guilt,
That the remorſe of ſecret crimes n'er felt:
Whoſe breaſt was ne'er debauch'd with ſin,
But finds all calm, and all at peace within:
In his integrity ſecure,
He fears no danger, dreads no power:
Uſeleſs are arms for his defence,
That keeps a faithful guard of innocence.

II. Secure

II.

Secure the happy innocent may rove,
The care of every power above;
Although unarm'd he wanders o'er
The treacherous Libya's ſands, and faithleſs ſhore:
Though o'er th' inhoſpitable brows
Of ſavage Caucaſus he goes;
Through Africk's flames, thro' Scythia's ſnows,
Or where Hydaſpes, fam'd for monſters, flows.

III.

For as, within an unfrequented grove,
I tun'd my willing lyre to love,
With pleaſing amorous thoughts betray'd,
Beyond my bounds inſenſibly I ſtray'd;
A wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled from his defenceleſs prey!
When I invok'd Maria's aid,
Although unarm'd, the trembling monſter fled.

IV.

Not Daunia's teeming ſands, nor barbarous ſhore,
E'er ſuch a dreadful native bore,
Nor Africk's nurſing caves brought forth
So fierce a beaſt, of ſuch amazing growth:
Yet vain did all his fury prove
Againſt a breaſt that 's arm'd with love;
Though abſent, fair Maria's name
Subdues the fierce, and makes the ſavage tame.

V.

Commit me now to that abandon'd place
Where chearful light withdraws its rays;

No

No beams on barren nature ſmile,
Nor fruitful winds refreſh th' intemperate ſoil;
But tempeſts, with eternal froſts,
Still rage around the gloomy coaſt:
Whilſt angry Jove infeſts the air,
And, black with clouds, deforms the ſullen year.

VI.

Or place me now beneath the torrid zone,
To live a borderer on the ſun:
Send me to ſcorching ſands, whoſe heat
Guards the deſtructive ſoil from human feet:
Yet there I 'll ſing Maria's name,
And ſport, uninjur'd, 'midſt the flame:
Maria's name! that will create, ev'n there,
A milder climate, and more temperate air.

PATROCLUS's Requeſt to ACHILLES for his Arms.

Imitated from the Beginning of the Sixteenth ILIAD of HOMER.

DIVINE Achilles, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus to Patroclus ſpake, his beſt-belov'd.
Why like a tender girl doſt thou complain!
That ſtrives to reach the mother's breaſt in vain;
Mourns by her ſide, her knees embraces faſt,
Hangs on her robes, and interrupts her haſte;
Yet, when with fondneſs to her arms ſhe 's rais'd,
Still mourns and weeps, and will not be appeas'd!
Thus my Patroclus in his grief appears,
Thus like a froward girl profuſe of tears.

From

From Phthia doſt thou mournful tidings hear,
And to thy friend ſome fatal meſſage bear?
Thy valiant father (if we fame believe)
The good Menætius, he is yet alive:
And Peleus, though in his declining days,
Reigns o'er his Myrmidons in health and peace;
Yet, as their lateſt obſequies we paid,
Thou mourn'ſt them living, as already dead.
Or thus with tears the Grecian hoſt deplore,
That with their navy periſh on the ſhore;
And with compaſſion their misfortunes view,
The juſt reward to guilt and falſehood due?
Impartial heaven avenges thus my wrong,
Nor ſuffers crimes to go unpuniſh'd long.
Reveal the cauſe ſo much afflicts thy mind,
Nor thus conceal thy ſorrows from thy friend.
When, gently raiſing up his drooping head,
Thus, with a ſigh, the ſad Patroclus ſaid.
Godlike Achilles, Peleus' valiant ſon!
Of all our chiefs, the greateſt in renown;
Upbraid not thus th' afflicted with their woes,
Nor triumph now the Greeks ſuſtain ſuch loſs!
To pity let thy generous breaſt incline,
And ſhow thy mind is like thy birth divine.
For all the valiant leaders of their hoſt,
Or wounded lie, or are in battle loſt.
Ulyſſes great in arms, and Diomede,
Languiſh with wounds, and in the navy bleed:
This common fate great Agamemnon ſhares,
And ſtern Eurypylus, renown'd in wars.

Whilſt powerful drugs th' experienc'd artiſts try,
And to their wounds apt remedies apply:
Eaſing th' afflicted heroes with their ſkill,
Thy breaſt alone remains implacable!
What, will thy fury thus for ever laſt!
Let preſent woes atone for injuries paſt:
How can thy ſoul retain ſuch laſting hate!
Thy virtues are as uſeleſs as they 're great.
What injur'd friend from thee ſhall hope redreſs,
That will not aid the Greeks in ſuch diſtreſs?
Uſeleſs is all the valour that you boaſt,
Deform'd with rage, with ſullen fury loſt.
Could cruelty like thine from Peleus come,
Or be the offspring of fair Thetis' womb!
Thee raging ſeas, thee boiſterous waves brought forth,
And to obdurate rocks thou ow'ſt thy birth!
Thy ſtubborn nature ſtill retains their kind,
So hard thy heart, ſo ſavage is thy mind.
But, if thy boding breaſt admits of fear,
Or dreads what ſacred oracles declare!
What awful Thetis in the courts above
Receiv'd from the unerring mouth of Jove!
If ſo—let me the threatening dangers face,
And head the warlike ſquadrons in thy place:
Whilſt me thy valiant Myrmidons obey,
We yet may turn the fortune of the day.
Let me in thy diſtinguiſh'd arms appear,
With all thy dreadful equipage of war;
That when the Trojans our approaches view,
Deceiv'd, they ſhall retreat, and think 'tis you.

Thus,

Thus, from the rage of an inſulting hoſt,
We may retrieve that fame the Greeks have loſt;
Vigorous and freſh, th' unequal fight renew,
And from our navy force the drooping foe;
O'er haraſs'd men an eaſy conqueſt gain,
And drive the Trojans to their walls again.

On the re-printing MILTON's Proſe Works, with his POEMS written in his PARADISE LOST.

THESE ſacred lines with wonder we peruſe,
And praiſe the flights of a ſeraphic Muſe,
Till thy ſeditious proſe provokes our rage,
And ſoils the beauties of thy brighteſt page.
Thus here we ſee tranſporting ſcenes ariſe,
Heaven's radiant hoſt, and opening paradiſe;
Then trembling view the dread abyſs beneath,
Hell's horrid manſions, and the realms of death.
Whilſt here thy bold majeſtic numbers riſe,
And range th' embattled legions of the ſkies,
With armies fill the azure plains of light,
And paint the lively terrors of the fight,
We own the poet worthy to rehearſe
Heaven's laſting triumphs in immortal verſe:
But when thy impious mercenary pen
Inſults the beſt of princes, beſt of men,
Our admiration turns to juſt diſdain,
And we revoke the fond applauſe again.

Like the fall'n angels in their happy ſtate,
Thou ſhar'dſt their nature, inſolence, and fate:
To harps divine, immortal hymns they ſung,
As ſweet thy voice, as ſweet thy lyre was ſtrung.
As they did rebels to th' Almighty grow,
So thou prophan'ſt his image here below.
Apoſtate bard! may not thy guilty ghoſt,
Diſcover to its own eternal coſt,
That as they heaven, thou paradiſe haſt loſt!

TO

SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH,

ON THE MINES, LATE OF SIR CARBERY PRICE.

WHAT ſpacious veins enrich the Britiſh ſoil;
The various ores, and ſkilful miner's toil;
How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
And teeming Nature forms the wondrous birth;
My uſeful verſe, the firſt, tranſmits to fame,
In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.
O generous Mackworth! could the Muſe impart
A labour worthy thy auſpicious art;
Like thee ſucceed in paths untrod before,
And ſecret treaſures of the land explore.
Apollo's ſelf ſhould on the labour ſmile,
And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful iſle.
Where fair Sabrina flows around the coaſt,
And aged Dovey in the ocean 's loſt,

Her

Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears:
Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature ſhow,
To guard the treaſures ſhe conceals below.
For earth, diſtorted with her pregnant womb,
Heaves up to give the forming embryo room:
Hence vaſt excreſcences of hills ariſe,
And mountains ſwell to a portentous ſize.
Louring and black the rugged coaſt appears,
The ſullen earth a gloomy ſurface wears;
Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, ſhines
With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
Thus erring Nature her defects ſupplies,
Indulgent oft to what her ſons deſpiſe:
Oft in a rude, unfiniſh'd form, we find
The nobleſt treaſure of a generous mind.

Thrice happy land! from whoſe indulgent womb,
Such unexhauſted ſtores of riches come!
By heaven belov'd! form'd by auſpicious fate,
To be above thy neighbouring nations great!
Its golden ſands no more ſhall Tagus boaſt,
In Dovey's flood his rival'd empire 's loſt;
Whoſe waters now a nobler fund maintain,
To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current ſhows,
Diſperſing bleſſings whereſoe'er it flows;
Whoſe native treaſure 's able to repair
The long expences of our Gallic war.

The ancient Britons are a hardy race,
Averſe to luxury and ſlothful eaſe;

Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud;
With minds reſolv'd they laſting toils endure,
Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
Wiſely does Nature ſuch an offspring chuſe,
Brave to defend her wealth, and ſlow to uſe.
Where thirſt of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns:
But, low in mines, they conſtant toils renew,
And through the earth their branching veins purſue.
As when ſome navy on th' Iberian coaſt,
Chac'd by the winds, is in the ocean loſt;
To Neptune's realms a new ſupply it brings,
The ſtrength deſign'd of European kings:
Contending divers would the wreck regain,
And make repriſals on the graſping main:
Wild in purſuit they are endanger'd more,
Than when they combated the ſtorms before.
The miner thus through perils digs his way,
Equal to theirs, and deeper than the ſea;
Drawing, in peſtilential ſteams, his breath,
Reſolv'd to conquer, though he combats death.
Night's gloomy realms his pointed ſteel invades,
The courts of Pluto, and infernal ſhades:
He cuts through mountains, ſubterraneous lakes,
Plying his work, each nervous ſtroke he takes
Looſens the earth, and the whole cavern ſhakes.
Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops ſtands,
To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands;

The

The ponderous hammer with a force deſcends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends;
And as he ſtrikes, with each reſiſtleſs blow
The anvil yields, and Ætna groans below.
Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, moſt adorn
The miner's art, and make the beſt return:
Thy ſpeedy ſails, and uſeful engines, ſhow
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thouſands of ſlaves unſkill'd Peru maintains;
The hands that labour ſtill exhauſt the gains:
The winds, thy ſlaves, their uſeful ſuccour join,
Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine;
Inſtructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquiſh realms, where once they lay confin'd.
Downward, my Muſe, direct thy ſteepy flight,
Where ſmiling ſhades and beauteous realms invite;
I firſt of Britiſh bards invoke thee down,
And firſt with wealth thy graceful temples crown,
Through dark retreats purſue the winding ore,
Search Nature's depths, and view her boundleſs ſtore;
The ſecret cauſe in tuneful meaſures ſing,
How metals firſt are fram'd, and whence they ſpring.
Whether the active ſun, with chemic flames,
Through porous earth tranſmits his genial beams;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring ſhines with its paternal light:
On Britain's iſle propitiouſly he ſhines,
With joy deſcends, and labours in her mines.
Or whether, urg'd by ſubterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid ſtreams;

Purg'd from their droſs, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with freſh beauties ſhine.
Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to ſolid metals turn:
For metals only from devouring flame
Preſerve their beauty, and return the ſame;
Both art and force the well-wrought maſs diſdains,
And 'midſt the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation firſt they ſprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
Metals the baſis of the earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation's laid:
All ſecond cauſes they diſdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's Fiat ſprung alone.

Nature in ſpecious beds preſerves her ſtore,
And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore;
The ſpreading root a numerous race maintains
Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins:
Thus, from its watery ſtore, a ſpring ſupplies
The leſſer ſtreams that round its fountain riſe;
Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
And o'er the meads in different currents ſtray.

Methinks I ſee the rounded metal ſpread,
To be ennobled with our monarch's head:
About the globe th' admired coin ſhall run,
And make the circle of its parent ſun.

How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, bleſt!
Enrich'd with more than all the diſtant weſt!
Thy ſons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
Shall tempt the dangers of a faithleſs main,

Traffic

Traffic no more abroad for foreign ſpoil,
Supplied with richer from their native ſoil.
To Dovey's flood ſhall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the Britiſh bullion home.
To pay their tributes to its bounteous ſhore,
Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
Her abſent fleet Potoſi's race ſhall mourn,
And wiſh in vain to ſee our ſails return;
Like miſers heaping up their uſeleſs ſtore,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidſt their riches poor.
Where-e'er the Britiſh banners are diſplay'd,
The ſuppliant nations ſhall implore our aid:
Till, thus compell'd, the greater worlds confeſs
Themſelves oblig'd, and ſuccour'd by the leſs.
How Cambria's mines were to her offspring known,
Thus ſacred verſe tranſmits the ſtory down:
Merlin, a bard of the inſpired train,
With myſtic numbers charm'd the Britiſh plain;
Belov'd by Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine,
His ſong was ſacred, and his art divine:
As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he ſtood,
His wondrous verſe reſtrain'd the liſtening flood;
The ſtream's bright Goddeſs rais'd her awful head,
And to her cave the artful ſhepherd led.
Her ſwift-deſcending ſteps the youth purſues,
And rich in ore the ſpacious mountain views.
In beds diſtinct the well rang'd metals lay,
Diſperſing rays, and counterfeiting day.
The ſilver, ſhedding beams of orient light,
Struck with too fierce a glare his aking ſight;

Like

Like riſing flames the ruddy copper ſhow'd,
And ſpread its bluſhes o'er the dark abode:
Profuſe of rays, and with unrival'd beams,
The liquid ſilver flow'd in reſtleſs ſtreams:
Nor India's ſparkling gems are half ſo bright,
Nor waves above, that ſhine with heavenly light;
When thus the Goddeſs ſpake: Harmonious Youth,
Rever'd for numbers fraught with ſacred truth!
Belov'd by heaven! attend while I relate
The fix'd decree, and dark events of fate.
Conceal'd theſe treaſures lie in Nature's womb,
For future times, and ages yet to come.
When many long revolving years are run,
A hero ſhall aſcend the Britiſh throne,
Whoſe numerous triumphs ſhall Auguſta grace,
In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
Beneath his ſway a generous youth ſhall riſe,
With virtues bleſt, in happy councils wiſe;
Rich with the ſpoils of Learning's various ſtore,
Commanding arts, yet ſtill acquiring more.
He, with ſucceſs, ſhall enter this abode,
And nature trace in paths before untrod;
The ſmiling offspring from her womb remove,
And with her entrails glad the realms above.
O youth reſerv'd by more auſpicious fate,
With fam'd improvements to oblige the ſtate!
By wars impoveriſh'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor:
The earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
Which all defect of failing funds ſupplies;

Thou

Thou ſhalt a nation's preſſing wants relieve,
Not war can laviſh more than thou canſt give.
This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
The Muſe's darling, and the boaſt of fame;
No greater virtues on record ſhall ſtand,
Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich the land.

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

BOOK THE SECOND*.

NOW Io Pæan ſing! now wreaths prepare!
And with repeated Ios fill the air:
The prey is fall'n in my ſucceſsful toils,
My artful nets incloſe the lovely ſpoils:
My numbers now, ye ſmiling lovers, crown,
And make your poet deathleſs in renown:
With laſting fame my verſe ſhall be inroll'd,
And I preferr'd to all the Bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their raviſh'd bride; to Ida's diſtant ſhore
Victorious Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquiſh'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.
Stay, eager youth! your bark 's but under ſail;
The diſtant port requires a proſperous gale.
'Tis not enough the yielding beauty 's found,
And with my aid your artful paſſion crown'd;

The

* The FIRST Book of Ovid's "Art of Love," is printed in this Collection, among the Poems of Mr. DRYDEN; the THIRD, among thoſe of Mr. CONGREVE. Mr. POPE's hand-writing enables us to aſcribe the SECOND to Dr. YALDEN. N.

The conqueſts our ſucceſsful conduct gain'd,
With art muſt be ſecur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard, than win the prize;
There all the toil and threatening danger lies.
If ever, Cupid, now indulgent prove,
O Venus! aid; thou charming Queen of Love!
Kind Erato, let thy auſpicious name
Inſpire the work, and raiſe my generous flame.
The labour's great! a method I deſign
For Love; and will the fetter'd god confine:
The god that roves the ſpacious world around,
In every clime, and diſtant region found;
Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
And to confine a deity is hard:
His gueſt from flight Minos inclos'd around,
Yet he with wings a daring paſſage found.
Thus Dædalus her offspring firſt confin'd:
Who with a bull in lewd embraces join'd:
Her teeming womb the horrid crime confeſs'd;
Big with a human bull, half man, half beaſt.
Said he, juſt Minos, beſt of human-kind,
Thy mercy let a proſtrate exile find.
By fates compell'd my native ſhores to fly,
Permit me, where I durſt not live, to die.
Enlarge my ſon, if you neglect my tears,
And ſhow compaſſion to his blooming years:
Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
Oh free the ſon, or let his ſire return!
Thus he implor'd, but ſtill implor'd in vain,
Nor could the freedom that he ſought, obtain.

Convinc'd

Convinc'd at length: Now, Dædalus, he cry'd,
Here 's ſubject for thy art that 's yet untry'd,
Minos the earth commands, and guards the ſea,
No paſs the land affords, the deep no way:
Heaven's only free, we'll heaven's auſpicious height
Attempt to paſs, where kinder fates invite!
Favour, ye powers above, my daring flight;
Misfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
Inſtruct our wit, and aid the labouring mind:
For who can credit men, in wild deſpair,
Should force a paſſage through the yielding air!
Feathers for wings deſign'd the artiſt choſe,
And bound with thread his forming pinions cloſe:
With temper'd wax the pointed ends he wrought,
And to perfection his new labours brought.
The finiſh'd wings his ſmiling offspring views,
Admires the work, not conſcious of their uſe:
To whom the father ſaid, Obſerve aright,
Obſerve, my ſon, theſe inſtruments of flight.
In vain the tyrant our eſcape retards,
The heavens he cannot, all but heaven he guards;
Though earth and ſeas elude thy father's care,
Theſe wings ſhall waft us through the ſpacious air.
Nor ſhall my ſon celeſtial ſigns ſurvey,
Far from the radiant Virgin take your way:
Or where Bootes the chill'd north commands,
And with his fauchion dread Orion ſtands;
I'll go before, me ſtill retain in ſight,
Where-e'er I lead, ſecurely make your flight.

For

For ſhould we upward ſoar too near the ſun,
Diſſolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run:
Or near the ſeas an humbler flight maintain,
Our plumes will ſuffer by the ſteaming main.
A medium keep, the winds obſerve aright:
The winds will aid your advantageous flight.
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
As careful birds inſtruct their tender young:
The ſpreading wings then to his ſhoulders bound,
His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground.
Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whilſt tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
Eſſay'd their wings, and forth they launch'd in air:
Now his expanded plumes the artiſt plies,
Regards his ſon, and leads along the ſkies;
Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
Bounds in the air, and upwards ſprings with joy.
The angler views them from the diſtant ſtrand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand.
Samos they paſs, and Naxos in their flight,
And Delos, with Apollo's preſence bright.
Now on their right Lebinthos' ſhores they found,
For fruitful lakes and ſhady groves renown'd.
When the aſpiring boy forgot his fears,
Raſh with hot youth and unexperienc'd years:
Upwards he ſoar'd, maintain'd a lofty ſtroke,
And his directing father's way forſook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings ſuſtain that blaze of ſun.

From heaven he views the fatal depths below,
Whilſt killing fears prevent the diſtant blow.
His ſtruggling arms now no aſſiſtance find,
Nor poiſe the body, nor receive the wind.
Falling, his father he implores in vain,
To aid his flight, and ſinking limbs ſuſtain;
His name invokes, till the expiring ſound
Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
And ſeeks the abſent youth on every ſhore;
Where 's my lov'd ſon, my Icarus! he cries;
Say in what diſtant region of the ſkies,
Or faithleſs clime, the youthful wanderer flies!
Then view'd his pinions ſcatter'd o'er the ſtream,
The ſhore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name.
Minos with walls attempted to detain
His flying gueſts, but did attempt in vain:
Yet the wing'd god ſhall to our rules ſubmit,
And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.
  Theſſalian arts in vain raſh lovers uſe,
In vain with drugs the ſcornful maid abuſe:
The ſkilful'ſt potions ineffectual prove,
Uſeleſs are magic remedies in love:
Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
And fond Medea fix'd her Jaſon's heart.
Nor tempt with philters the diſdainful dame;
They rage inſpire, create a frantic flame:
Abſtain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
And make your paſſion worthy of her love.

Diſtruſt

Diſtruſt your empty form and boaſted face;
The nymph engage a thouſand nobler ways:
To fix her vanquiſh'd heart intirely thine,
Accompliſh'd graces to your native join.
Beauty 's but frail, a charm that ſoon decays,
Its luſtre fades as rolling years increaſe,
And age ſtill triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
This truth the fair but ſhort-liv'd lily ſhows,
And prickles that ſurvive the faded roſe.
Learn, lovely boy, be with inſtruction wiſe!
Beauty and youth miſ-ſpent are paſt advice.
Then cultivate thy mind with Wit and Fame,
Thoſe laſting charms ſurvive the funeral flame.
With arts and ſciences your breaſt improve,
Of high import are languages in love:
The fam'd Ulyſſes was not fair nor young,
But eloquent and charming with his tongue:
And yet for him contending beauties ſtrove,
And every ſea-nymph ſought the hero's love,
Calypſo mourn'd when he forſook her ſhores,
And with fond waves detain'd his haſty oars.
Oft ſhe enquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,
Making him oft the wondrous tale relate;
Which with ſuch grace his florid tongue could frame,
The ſtory ſtill was new, though ſtill the ſame.
Now ſtanding on the ſhores, again declare,
Calypſo cry'd, your fam'd exploits in war.
He with a wand, a ſlander wand he bore,
Delineates every action on the ſhore.

Here's Troy, ſays he, then draws the walls in ſand:
There Simois flows, here my battalions ſtand.
A field there was, (and then deſcribes the field)
Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
Juſt thus entrench'd imagine Reſus lies,
And here we make his warlike ſteeds our prize.
Much he deſcrib'd, when a deſtructive wave
Waſh'd off the ſlender Troy, and rolling gave
To Rheſus and his tents one common grave.
Long with delight his charming tongue ſhe heard,
The well-rais'd paſſion in her looks appear'd:
The goddeſs weeps to view his ſpreading ſails,
So much a ſoldier with the ſex prevails.
Diſtruſt thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
There 's more requir'd in love than empty ſhow.
With juſt diſdain ſhe treats the haughty mind,
'Tis complaiſance that makes a beauty kind.
The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
The raging wolf that every flock alarms:
But the mild ſwallow none with toils infeſts,
And none the ſoft Chaonian bird moleſts.
Debates avoid, and rude contention ſhun;
A woman 's with ſubmiſſive language won.
Let the wife rail, and injur'd huſband ſwear,
Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair:
Diſcord and ſtrife to nuptial beds belong,
The portion juſtifies a clamorous tongue.
With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
And let her only ſighs and wiſhes hear.

Con-

Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and ſtill oblige her ſight.
I no inſtructions to the rich impart,
He needs not, that preſents, my uſeleſs art:
The giving lover 's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy ſing; though poor, I love,
And, wanting wealth, with melting language move.
His honour ſtorms a ſtubborn damſel's door;
I 'm cautious to affront, becauſe I 'm poor.
With pleaſing arts I court, with arts poſſeſs;
Or if I 'm bounteous, 'tis in promiſes.
Enrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair,
Long was I baniſh'd by the injur'd fair;
Long mournful nights for this conſum'd alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, ſhe vow'd, a ſuit of point I tore;
Falſely ſhe vow'd, but I muſt purchaſe more.
Make not your guilty maſter's crime your own,
But by my puniſhment my error ſhun;
Indecent fury from her ſight remove,
No paſſion let your miſtreſs know, but love.
Yet if the haughty nymph 's unkind and coy,
Or ſhuns your ſight; have patience, and enjoy.
By ſlow degrees we bend the ſtubborn bow;
What force reſiſts, with art will pliant grow.
In vain we ſtem a torrent's rapid force,
But ſwim with eaſe, complying with its courſe.
By gentler arts we ſavage beaſts reclaim,
And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.

Fiercely Atlanta o'er the foreſt rov'd,
Cruel and wild, and yet at laſt ſhe lov'd.
Melanion long deplor'd his hopeleſs flame,
And, weeping in the woods purſued the ſcornful dame:
On his ſubmiſſive neck her toils he wore,
And with his miſtreſs chac'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the ſavage fair:
My ſoft injunctions leſs ſevere you 'll find,
Eaſy to learn, and fram'd to every mind.
Her wiſhes never, nor her will withſtand;
Submit, you conquer; ſerve, and you 'll command.
Her words approve, deny what ſhe denies;
Like, where ſhe likes; and where ſhe ſcorns, deſpiſe:
Laugh when ſhe ſmiles: when ſad, diſſolve in tears;
Let every geſture ſympathize with hers.
If ſhe delights, as women will, in play,
Her ſtakes return, your ready loſings pay.
When ſhe 's at cards, or rattling dice ſhe throws,
Connive at cheats, and generouſly loſe.
A ſmiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd miſtreſs every conqueſt gain.
In heat, with an umbrello ready ſtand;
When walking, offer your officious hand.
Her trembling hands, though you ſuſtain the cold,
Cheriſh, and to your warmer boſom hold.
Think no inferior office a diſgrace;
No action, that a miſtreſs gains, is baſe.
The hero that eluded Juno's ſpite,
And every monſter overcame in fight;

That

That paſt ſo many bloody labours o'er,
And well deſerv'd that heav'n whoſe weight he bore:
Amidſt Ionian damſels carding ſtands,
And graſps the diſtaff with obedient hands;
In all commands the haughty dame obeys;
And who diſdains to act like Hercules?
If ſhe 's at law, be ſure commend the laws,
Solicit with the judge, or plead her cauſe.
With patience at the aſſignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.
Whene'er ſhe wants a meſſenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from ſupper ſhe 's returning home,
And calls her ſervant, as a ſervant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horſe, why foot it down?
Let not the ſultry ſeaſon of the year,
The falling ſnows, or conſtant rain deter.
Love is a warfare; an ignoble ſloth
Seems equal contemptible in both:
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The ſoldier thus, and thus the lover fares;
With rain he's drench'd, with piercing tempeſts ſhakes,
And on the colder earth his lodging takes.
Fame ſays that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd;
And coarſely in an humble cottage far'd;
No ſervile offices the god deny'd;
Learn this ye lovers, and renounce your pride.
When all exceſs is to your miſtreſs hard,
When every door ſecur'd, and window barr'd;

The roof untile, ſome deſperate paſſage find:
You cannot be too bold to make her kind:
Oh, how ſhe 'll claſp you when the danger's o'er,
And value your deſerving paſſion more!
Thus through the boiſterous ſeas Leander mov'd,
Not to poſſeſs, but ſhew how much he lov'd.
Nor bluſhing think how low you condeſcend
To court her maids, and make each ſlave your friend:
Each by their names familiarly ſalute,
And beg them to promote your amorous ſuit.
Perhaps a bribe 's requir'd; your bounty ſhow,
And from your ſlender fortune part beſtow.
A double bribe the chamber-maid ſecures;
And when the favorite 's gain'd, the fair is your's.
She 'll add, to every thing you do, a grace,
And watch the wanton hours, and time her praiſe.
When ſervants merry make, and feaſt and play,
Then give her ſomething to keep holiday.
Retain them every one, the porter moſt,
And her who nightly guards the happy coaſt.
I no profuſe nor coſtly gifts commend,
But chooſe and time it well, whate'er you ſend.
Provide the product of the early year,
And let your boy the rural preſent bear;
Tell her 'twas freſh, and from your manor brought,
Though ſtale, and in the ſuburb market bought,
The firſt ripe cluſter let your miſtreſs eat,
With cheſnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat,
Some larger fiſh, or choicer fowl preſent:
They recommend your paſſion, where they 're ſent.

'Tis

'Tis with theſe arts the childleſs miſer's caught,
Thus future legacies are baſely bought:
But may his name with infamy be curſt,
That practis'd them on love, and woman firſt!
In tender ſonnets moſt your flame rehearſe,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verſe?
Women a wealthy-treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but coſtly gifts require.
This is the golden age, all worſhip gold,
Honours are purchas'd, Love and Beauty ſold,
Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
And not preſent, Homer's turn'd out again.
Some of the ſex have ſenſe, their number's ſmall;
Moſt ignorant, yet vain pretenders all:
Flatter aright, ſmooth empty ſtanzas ſend;
They ſeldom ſenſe, but ſound and rhyme commend.
Should you with art compoſe each poliſh'd line,
And make her, like your numbers, all divine:
Yet ſhe 'll a treat, or worthleſs toy prefer
To all th' immortal poet's boaſted care.
But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art:
With laſting raptures on her beauty gaze,
And make her form the ſubject of his praiſe.
Purple commend, when ſhe 's in purple dreſs'd;
In ſcarlet, ſwear ſhe looks in ſcarlet beſt:
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
Vowing thoſe eyes tranſcend the ſparkling ore,
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Though clad in crape, let homely crape delight.

In ſorted colours, praiſe a vary'd dreſs;
In night-cloaths, or commode, let either pleaſe.
Or when ſhe combs, or when ſhe curls her hair,
Commend her curious art and gallant air.
Singing, her voice, dancing, her ſtep admire,
Applaud when ſhe deſiſts, and ſtill deſire:
Let all her words and actions wonder raiſe,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praiſe.
Fierce as Meduſa though your miſtreſs prove,
Theſe arts will teach the ſtubborn beauty love.
Be cautious leſt you over-act your part,
And temper your hypocriſy with art:
Let no falſe action give your words the lie,
For, undeceiv'd ſhe 's ever after ſhy.
In Autumn oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and ſhows the vintage near;
When ſultry heats, when colder blaſts ariſe,
And bodies languiſh with inconſtant ſkies:
If vitious heaven infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood ſome fever reigns;
Then your kind vows, your pious care beſtow,
The bleſſings you expect to reap, then ſow:
Think nothing nauſeous in her loath'd diſeaſe,
But with your ready hand contrive to pleaſe:
Weep in her ſight, then fonder kiſſes give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her ſafety vow, but louder ſpeak,
Let the nymph hear the laviſh vows you make.
As health returns, ſo let your joys appear,
Oft ſmile with hope, and oft confeſs your fear.

This

This in her breaſt remains, theſe pleaſing charms
Secure a paſſage to her grateful arms.
Reach nothing nauſeous to her taſte or ſight,
Officious only when you moſt delight:
Nor bitter draughts, nor hated medicines give:
Let her from rivals what ſhe loaths receive.
Thoſe proſperous winds that launch'd our bark from ſhore,
When out at ſea aſſiſt its courſe no more:
Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give ſtrength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf, when young;
The lofty oak but from an acorn ſprung:
From narrow ſprings the nobleſt currents flow,
But ſwell their floods, and ſpread them as they go.
Be converſant with love, no toils refuſe,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent uſe.
Still let her hear your ſighs, your paſſion view,
And night and day the flying maid purſue.
Then pauſe awhile; by fallow fields we gain;
A thirſty ſoil receives the welcome rain.
Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon bleſs'd,
His abſence wounded moſt her raging breaſt:
Thus his chaſte conſort for Ulyſſes burn'd,
And Laodamia thus her abſent huſband mourn'd:
With ſpeed return, you 're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth may ſoon ſupply your place.
When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
Could Helen be content to lie alone?
She in his bed receiv'd her amorous gueſt,
And nightly claſp'd him to her panting breaſt.

Unthinking

Unthinking cuckold, to a proverb blind!
What, truſt a beau and a fair wife behind!
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep,
And to the mountain wolves commit thy ſheep:
Helen is guiltleſs, and her lover's crime
But what yourſelf would act another time!
The youth was preſſing, the dull huſband gone,
Let every woman make the caſe her own:
Who could a prince, by Venus ſent, refuſe?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuſe.

But not the foaming boar whom ſpears ſurround,
Revenging on the dogs his mortal wound,
Nor lioneſs, whoſe young receive the breaſt,
Nor viper by unwary footſteps preſt;
Nor drunkard by th' Aonian god poſſeſt,
Tranſcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.
With fire and ſword ſhe flies, the frantic dame
Diſdains the thoughts of tenderneſs or ſhame.
Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea ſpilt,
A cruel mother, for the father's guilt.
And Progne's unrelenting fury proves,
That dire revenge purſues neglected loves.
Where ſacred ties of honour are deſtroy'd,
Such errors cautious lovers muſt avoid.
Think not my precepts conſtancy enjoin,
Venus avert! far nobler 's my deſign.
At large enjoy, conceal your paſſion well,
Nor uſe the modiſh vanity to tell:

Avoid

Avoid preſenting of ſuſpected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your varied joys:
Deſert the ſhades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conſcious to a new amour.
The nymph, when ſhe betrays, diſdains your guilt,
And, by ſuch falſehood taught, ſhe learns to jilt.
While with a wife Atrides liv'd content,
Their loves were mutual, and ſhe innocent:
But when inflam'd with every charming face,
Her lewdneſs ſtill maintain'd an equal pace.
Chryſes, as fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain;
Mournful Briſeïs, thy complaints ſhe heard,
And how his luſt the tedious war deferr'd.
This tamely heard, but with reſentment view'd
The victor by his beauteous ſlave ſubdued:
With rage ſhe ſaw her own neglected charms,
And took Ægiſthus to her injur'd arms.
To luſt and ſhame by his example led,
Who durſt ſo openly profane her bed.
What you conceal, her more obſerving eye
Perhaps betrays: with oaths the fact deny;
And boldly give her jealouſy the lie;
Not too ſubmiſſive ſeem, nor over-kind;
Theſe are the ſymptoms of a guilty mind:
But no careſſes, no endearments ſpare,
Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.
There are, that ſtrong provoking potions praiſe,
And nature with pernicious medicines raiſe:

Nor

Nor drugs, nor herbs, will what you fancy prove,
And I pronounce them poiſonous all in love.
Some pepper bruis'd with ſeeds of nettles join,
And clary ſteep in bowls of mellow wine:
Venus is moſt averſe to forc'd delights,
Extorted flames pollute her genial rites;
With fiſhes ſpawn thy feeble nerves recruit,
And with eringo's hot ſalacious root:
The goddeſs worſhipp'd by th' Erycian ſwains
Megara's white ſhallot, ſo faint, diſdains.
New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice,
And leaves and apples of the pine infuſe.
Preſcribe no more, my Muſe, nor medicines give:
Beauty and youth need no provocative.
You that conceal'd your ſecret crimes before,
Proclaim them now, now publiſh each amour.
Nor tax me with inconſtancy; we find
The driving bark requires a veering wind:
Now northern blaſts we court, now ſouthern gales,
And every point befriends our ſhifted ſails.
Thus chariot-drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their ſteeds, then curb them in again.
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithleſs dame,
Secure from rivals ſhe neglects your flame:
The mind without variety is cloy'd,
And nauſeates pleaſures it has long enjoy'd.
But as a fire, whoſe waſted ſtrength declines,
Converts to aſhes, and but faintly ſhines;
When ſulphur's brought, the ſpreading flames return,
And glowing embers with freſh fury burn:

A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
Revives desire, and feeds her dying flames:
Oft make her jealous, give your fondness o'er,
And teaze her often with some new amour.
Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleasures blest,
Too great, too exquisite to be expressed,
That view'st the anguish of her jealous breast!
Whene'er thy guilt the slighted beauty knows,
She swoons; her voice, and then her colour goes.
Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage,
Assault my locks, and with her nails engage;
Then how she 'd weep, what piercing glances cast!
And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at last.
Let not your mistress long your falsehood mourn:
Neglected fondness will to fury turn.
But kindly clasp her in your arms again,
And on your breast her drooping head sustain:
Whilst weeping kiss, amidst her tears enjoy,
And with excess of bliss her rage destroy.
Let her awhile lament, awhile complain,
Then die with pleasure, as she dy'd with pain.
Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She 'll sign a pardon in your active arms.
  First nature lay an undigested mass,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, wore one common face:
Then vaulted heaven was fram'd, waves earth inclos'd;
And Chaos was in beauteous form dispos'd;
The beasts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
And to the floods the scaly fry repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place,
On rapine liv'd, a rude unpolish'd race:

Caves

Caves were their houſes, herbs their food and bed,
Whilſt each a ſavage from the other fled.
Love firſt diſarm'd the fierceneſs of their mind,
And in one bed the men and women join'd.
The youth was eager, but unſkill'd in joy,
Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy!
They knew no courtſhip, no inſtructor found,
Yet they enjoy'd, and bleſs'd the pleaſing wound.
The birds with conſorts propagate their kind,
And ſporting fiſh their finny beauties find:
In amorous folds the wanton ſerpents twine,
And dogs with their ſalacious females join.
The luſty bull delights his friſking dames,
And more laſcivious goat her male inflames.
Mares furious grow with love, their boundaries force,
Plunging through waves to meet the neighing horſe.
Go on, brave youth, thy generous vigour try,
To the reſenting maid this charm apply:
Love's ſoftening pleaſures every grief remove,
There 's nothing that can make your peace like love.
From drugs and philtres no redreſs you 'll find,
But nature with your miſtreſs will be kind.
The love that 's unconſtrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's art was falſe, but mine is ſure.
Whilſt thus I ſung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre;
His hand a branch of ſpreading laurel bore,
And on his head a laurel wreath he wore;
Around he caſt diffuſive rays of light,
Confeſſing all the god to human ſight,

Thou

Thou maſter of laſcivious arts, he ſaid,
To my frequented fane thy pupils lead:
And there inſcribe in characters of gold,
This celebrated ſentence you 'll behold.
Firſt know yourſelf; who to himſelf is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wiſhes crown.
Where Nature has a handſome face beſtow'd,
Or graceful ſhape, let both be often ſhow'd:
Let men of wit and humour ſilence ſhun,
The artiſt ſing, and ſoldier bluſter on:
Of long harangues, ye eloquent, take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works, thou teazing poet, read.
Thus Phœbus ſpake: A juſt obedience give,
And theſe injunctions from a god receive.
I myſteries unfold; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wiſe.
The thriving grain in harveſt often fails:
Oft proſp'rous winds turn adverſe to our ſails:
Few are the pleaſures, though the toils are great:
With patience muſt ſubmiſſive lovers wait.
What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
Or berries on the circling ivy breed;
As ſhells on ſandy ſhores, as ſtars above,
So numerous are the ſure fatigues of love.
The lady's gone abroad, you're told; though ſeen,
Diſtruſt your eyes, believe her not within.
Her lodgings on the promis'd night are cloſe;
Reſent it not, but on the earth repoſe.
Her maid will cry, with an inſulting tone,
What makes you ſaunter here? you ſot, be gone.

With

With moving words the cruel nymph intreat,
And place your garland on the bolted gate.
Why do I light and vulgar precepts uſe?
A nobler ſubject now inſpires my Muſe:
Approaching joys I ſing; ye youths draw near,
Liſten ye happy lovers and give ear:
The labour's great, and daring is my ſong.
Labours and great attempts to Love belong.
As from the ſacred oracles of Jove
Receive theſe grand myſterious truths in love.
Look down when ſhe the ogling ſpark invites,
Nor touch the conſcious tablets when ſhe writes.
Appear not jealous, though ſhe's much from home,
Let her at pleaſure go, unqueſtion'd come.
This crafty huſbands to their wives permit,
And learn, when ſhe's engag'd, to wink at it.
I my own frailties modeſtly confeſs;
And, bluſhing, give thoſe precepts I tranſgreſs;
Shall I, with patience, the known ſignal hear,
Retire, and leave a happy rival there!
What! tamely ſuffer the provoking wrong,
And be afraid to uſe my hands or tongue!
Corinna's huſband kiſs'd her in my ſight;
I beat the ſaucy fool, and ſeiz'd my right.
I like a fury for my nymph engage,
And like a mad-man, when I miſs her, rage.
My paſſion ſtill prevails, convinc'd I yield!
He that ſubmits to this is better ſkill'd.
Expoſe not, though you find her guilty flame,
Leſt ſhe abandon modeſty and ſhame:

Conceal

Conceal her faults, no ſecret crimes upbraid;
Nothing 's ſo fond as a ſuſpected maid,
Diſcover'd love increaſes with deſpair,
When both alike the guilt and ſcandal ſhare:
All ſenſe of modeſty they loſe in time,
Whilſt each encourages the other's crime.
In heaven this ſtory 's fam'd above the reſt,
Amongſt th' immortal drolls a ſtanding jeſt:
How Vulcan two tranſgreſſing lovers caught,
And every god a pleas'd ſpectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;
To his deſires the Queen of Love inclin'd;
No nymph in heaven 's ſo willing, none ſo kind.
Oft the laſcivious fair, with ſcornful pride,
Would Vulcan's foot and ſooty hands deride,
Yet both with decency their paſſion bore,
And modeſtly conceal'd the cloſe amour.
But by the ſun betray'd in their embrace,
(For what eſcapes the ſun's obſerving rays?)
He told th' affronted god of his diſgrace.
Ah fooliſh ſun! and much unſkill'd in love
Thou haſt an ill example ſet above!
Never a fair offending nymph betray,
She 'll gratefully oblige you every way:
The crafty ſpouſe around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and ſecret ſnares:
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net.

The gods deride the criminals in chains,
And ſcarce from tears the Queen of Love refrains:
Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face,
She wants that cover for another place.
To ſurly Mars a gay ſpectator ſaid,
Why ſo uneaſy in that envy'd bed?
On me transfer your chains; I'll freely come
For your releaſe, and ſuffer in your room.
At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy deſires,
Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos ſhe retires,
Their loves augmented with revengeful fires:
Now converſant with infamy and ſhame,
They ſet no bounds to their licentious flame.
But, honeſt Vulcan, what was thy pretence,
To act ſo much unlike a god of ſenſe?
They ſin in public, you the ſhame repent,
Convinc'd that loves increaſe with puniſhment.
Though in your power, a rival ne'er expoſe,
Never his intercepted joys diſcloſe:
This I command, Venus commands the ſame,
Who hates the ſnares ſhe once ſuſtain'd with ſhame.
What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expoſe,
Or Juno's ſolemn myſteries diſcloſe!
His witty torments Tantalus deſerves,
That thirſts in waves, and viewing banquets ſtarves.
But Venus moſt in ſecrecy delights;
Away, ye bablers, from her ſilent rites!
No pomp her myſteries attends, no noiſe!
No ſounding braſs proclaims the latent joys!

With

With folded arms the happy pair poſſeſs,
Nor ſhould the fond betraying tongue confeſs
Thoſe raptures, which no language can expreſs.
When naked Venus caſt her robes aſide,
The parts obſcene her hands extended hide:
No girl on propagating beaſts will gaze,
But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
We darken'd beds and doors for love provide;
What nature cannot, decent habits hide.
Love darkneſs courts, at moſt a glimmering light,
To raiſe our joys, and juſt oblige the ſight.
Ere happy men beneath a roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and ſhade;
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair;
For light too modeſt, and unſhaded air!
From public view they decently retir'd,
And ſecretly perform'd what love inſpir'd.
Now ſcarce a modiſh fop about the town,
But boaſts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done;
They taſte no pleaſure, reliſh no delight,
Till they recount what paſs'd the happy night.
But men of honour always thought it baſe,
To proſtitute each kinder nymph's embrace:
To blaſt her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furniſh ſcandal for a lewd lampoon.
And here I muſt ſome guilty arts accuſe,
And diſingenuous ſhifts that lovers uſe,
To wrong the chaſte, and innocent abuſe.
When long repuls'd, they find their courtſhip vain,
Her character with infamy they ſtain:

Deny'd her perſon, they debauch her fame,
And brand her innocence with public ſhame.
Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let every door be lock'd, and window barr'd!
The ſuffering nymph remains expos'd to wrong;
Her name 's a proſtitute to every tongue:
For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wiſhes true, believe.
With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
To all her faults ſeem like a lover blind.
Naked Andromeda when Perſeus view'd,
He ſaw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.
Andromache was tall, yet ſome report
Her Hector was ſo blind, he thought her ſhort.
At firſt what 's nauſeous, leſſens by degrees,
Young loves are nice, and difficult to pleaſe.
The infant plant, that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with every breath of wind:
But ſhooting upward to a tree at laſt,
It ſtems the ſtorm, and braves the ſtrongeſt blaſt.
Time will defects and blemiſhes endear,
And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
Unuſual ſcents at firſt may give offence;
Time reconciles them to the vanquiſh'd ſenſe:
Her vices ſoften with ſome kinder phraſe;
If ſhe is ſwarthy as the negro's face,
Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praiſe.
The ruddy laſs muſt be like Venus fair,
Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.

If

If pale and meagre, praiſe her ſhape and youth,
Active when ſmall, when groſs ſhe's plump and ſmooth.
Every exceſs by ſoftening terms diſguiſe,
And in ſome neighbouring virtue hide each vice.
Nor aſk her age, conſult no regiſter,
Under whoſe reign ſhe's born, or what's the year!
If fading youth checkers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace ſublimer joys are found,
A fruitful ſoil, and cultivated ground!
The hours enjoy whilſt youth and pleaſures laſt,
Age hurries on, and Death purſues too faſt.
Or plough the ſeas, or cultivate the land,
Or wield the ſword in thy adventurous hand:
Or much in love thy nervous ſtrength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleaſure and wealth reward thy pleaſing pains,
The labour's great, but greater far the gains.
Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve;
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And ſtill preſerve them in their charming prime:
In vary'd ways they act the pleaſure o'er,
Not pictur'd poſtures can inſtruct you more.
They want no courtſhip to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite:
Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame
Glows with deſires, and burns with equal flame.
I love to hear the ſoft tranſporting joys,
The frequent ſighs, the tender murmuring voice:

To ſee her eyes with vary'd pleaſure move,
And all the nymph confeſs the power of love.
Nature 's not thus indulgent to the young,
Theſe joys alone to riper years belong:
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl and ſprightly juice refine,
Mellow their ſweets, and make the taſte divine.
To Helen who 'd Hermione prefer,
Or Gorgé think beyond her mother fair:
But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.
One conſcious bed receives the happy pair:
Retire, my Muſe; the door demands thy care,
What charming words, what tender things are ſaid!
What language flows without thy uſeleſs aid!
There ſhall the roving hand employment find,
Inſpire new flames, and make ev'n virgins kind.
Thus Hector did Andromache delight,
Hector in love victorious, as in fight.
When weary from the field Achilles came,
Thus with delays he rais'd Briſeïs' flame.
Ah, could thoſe arms, thoſe fatal hands delight,
Inſpire kind thoughts, and raiſe thy appetite!
Couldſt thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,
Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race?
Nor yet with ſpeed the fleeting pleaſures waſte,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haſte:
The baſhful virgin, though appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.

Then

Then view her eyes with humid luſtre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight:
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear,
The eye ſhe charms, and wounds the liſtening ear.
Deſert not then the claſping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raiſe to her heights the tranſports of your ſoul,
And fly united to the happy goal.
Obſerve theſe precepts when with leiſure bleſt,
No threatening fears your private hours moleſt;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager ſpeed the haſty joy:
Then ply your oars, then practiſe this advice,
And ſtrain with whip and ſpur, to gain the prize.
The work's complete: triumphant palms prepare,
With flowery wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
As to the Greeks was Podalirius' art,
To heal with medicines the afflicted part:
Neſtor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
Automedon for chariot-driving ſkill'd;
As Chalchas could explain the myſtic bird,
And Telemon could wield the brandiſh'd ſword:
Such to the town my fam'd inſtructions prove,
So much am I renown'd for arts of love:
Me every youth ſhall praiſe, extol my name,
And o'er the globe diffuſe my laſting fame.
I arms provide againſt the ſcornful fair;
Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war.
Whatever youth ſhall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his Amazon in triumph home;

Let him that conquers, and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his inſtructed flame,
Inſcribe the ſpoils with my auſpicious name.
The tender girls my precepts next demand:
Them I commit to a more ſkilful hand.

AN ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON, LATE OF ASTON IN CHESHIRE, 1704.

TO THE LADY CREWE OF UTKINTON.

MADAM,

AS when the eagle, with a parent's love,
Prepares her young to viſit realms above:
With heaven's full luſtre ſhe allures him on,
Firſt to admire, and then approach the ſun;
Unweary'd he ſurveys the orb of light,
Charm'd by the object to maintain his flight.
To you th' aſpiring Muſe her labour brings,
Thus tries its fate, and thus expands her wings:
Tempted to gaze on your auſpicious light,
This haſty birth to you directs its flight;
The beauties of your mind tranſported views,
Admiring ſings, and pleas'd her flight purſues.
Permit theſe looſe, unfiniſh'd lines to claim
The kind protection of your parent's name:

Though

Though void of ornaments, and every grace,
Accept the piece, as ſacred to your race.
Where you behold your great forefathers fame,
And trace the ſprings from whence your virtues came:
Survey the triumphs, and the honours view,
That by a long deſcent devolve on you.
In vain the Muſe her vanquiſh'd pencil tries,
Where unexhauſted ſtores of beauty riſe:
Languid and faint her labours muſt appear,
Whilſt you tranſcend her faireſt character.
So bright in you your father's graces ſhine,
And all the virtues of your ancient line;
That none with pleaſure can the copy view,
Whilſt the original ſurvives in you.

WHAT man renown'd! what Britiſh worthy's praiſe
Inſpires the Muſe! and conſecrates her lays!
Record thy Aſton's celebrated name,
Diſplay his virtues, and tranſmit his fame.
Illuſtrious actions to thy care belong,
And form the beauties of heroic ſong:
None e'er appear'd with ſo immenſe a ſtore,
Nor ever grac'd harmonious numbers more.
Nor ſtain, my Muſe, with thy officious tears,
The bright example for ſucceeding years:
Whilſt others in dejected notes complain,
Sublime thy ſong, attempt a nobler ſtrain.
With verſe aſſuage his pious off-ſpring's care,
And calm the ſorrows of the weeping fair:

Diſpel

Diſpel the ſhades that fate untimely ſpread,
And ceaſe to mourn for the immortal dead.
Where outſtretch'd Britain in the ocean 's loſt,
And Dee and rapid Mercy bound the coaſt;
There hills ariſe with ſylvan honours crown'd,
There fruitful vales and ſhady ſtreams abound,
Not Median groves, nor Tempe's boaſted plain,
Nor where Pactolus' ſands inrich the main,
Can yield a proſpect fairer to the ſight,
Nor charm with ſcenes of more auguſt delight.
Here Lupus and his warlike chiefs obtain'd
Imperial ſway, and great in honours reign'd:
Deriving titles from their ſwords alone,
Their laws preſerv'd, and liberties their own.
As when two ſwelling floods their waves oppoſe,
Nor would confound the urns from whence they roſe:
But by degrees uniting in a ſtream,
Forget their fountains, and become the ſame.
Thus ſtrove the Britains with the Norman race,
Fierce with their wrongs, and conſcious of diſgrace:
But when the fury of their arms was o'er,
Whom thirſt of empire had engag'd before,
Now Friendſhip binds, and Love unites the more.
From whom a long deſcent of worthies ſhine,
Juſt to the glories of their martial line:
Admiring Fame their matchleſs force records,
Their bounteous minds, and hoſpitable boards.
Where Weever haſtens to receive the Dane,
Refreſhing with united ſtreams the plain;

A riſing

A riſing fabrick, with majeſtic grace,
Demands the tribute of thy lofty praiſe,
There Aſton ſtands conſpicuous to the ſight;
To Aſton, Muſe, direct thy pleaſing flight!
From far the pompous edifice behold,
Juſt the proportions, and the ſtructure bold.
Beauty is there with elegance expreſs'd,
Improv'd with art, with native grandeur bleſs'd.
What nobler object could the worthy find,
To ſignalize the greatneſs of his mind:
Than to adorn, with ſo auguſt a frame,
The place that gave his anceſtors a name?
  Delightful ſcene! thy patron's early care,
Who rais'd thee up magnificently fair:
He form'd thy beauties, and encreas'd thy ſtore,
Great in thyſelf, but in thy founder more.
  From generous Hudard, whoſe victorious ſword
Made Aſton ſtoop beneath a foreign lord,
Twenty ſucceſſive chiefs deſcended down;
Illuſtrious all, and matchleſs in renown.
When injur'd barons durſt by arms reſtrain
Their ſovereign's pride, on the embattled plain;
And rival roſes, with impetuous rage,
Involv'd in blood the next deſcending age:
Or when abroad we nobler conqueſts ſought,
For Empire ſtrove, for Fame and Beauty fought;
Their great exploits our Britiſh annals grace,
And ancient bards immortalize the race.
No lineage can a nobler ſubject yield,
Nor oftener ſhar'd the triumphs of the field:

Renown'd

Renown'd in war, by arts indear'd to fame,
Worthy their high deſcent, and glorious name.
But though ſo many pious worthies join,
To form the luſtre of a noble line:
Paſs not, ungrateful nymph, neglected by
A ſhade renown'd! a name that cannot die!
His father's fame with awful ſteps purſue,
And raiſe thy flight with the tranſporting view.
When loud Sedition call'd him early forth,
To merit wreaths, and ſignalize his worth;
His bounteous mind ſupply'd the royal part
With flowing fortunes, and a faithful heart.
His ſword and pen were drawn in juſt defence
Of ſuffering prelates, and an injur'd prince:
And as ſome midnight wolf, by hunger preſs'd,
With boundleſs fury would the plains infeſt;
But if he hears the lion's awful voice,
His head he couches, and contracts his paws:
Thus raging Faction murmur'd in its den,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by his ſublimer pen:
And when Rebellion rear'd its guilty head,
Before his arms the vanquiſh'd monſter fled.
Immortal ſhade! to endleſs ages reſt!
With joys, that never rebel taſted, bleſs'd:
As champion for the ſacred'ſt race of men,
Accept this tribute from a grateful pen;
Firm to the church, and loyal to the crown
Is more than fame, and ſanctifies renown.
Nor wonder then ſo many graces join'd,
To form the perfect beauties of his mind:
He

He from his anceſtors deriv'd them down,
Improving virtues by deſcent his own.
And firſt thy Aſton's matchleſs form ſurvey,
From early youth to nature's laſt decay:
The lively features of his beauty trace,
And give each lineament its native grace.
Grandeur and ſweetneſs in his perſon join'd,
Auguſt his preſence, and his aſpect kind;
His lofty ſtature, and diſtinguiſh'd mien,
Confeſs'd the greatneſs of a ſoul within;
For generous natures purify their clay,
And o'er the body ſpread a lucid ray:
Through every part informing ſpirits fly,
Diſdain reſtraint, and ſparkle at the eye.
Such general luſtre, ſuch reſiſtleſs grace,
His limbs adorn'd, and triumph'd in his face.
But as the earth in her capacious veins,
The ſplendid treaſure of her mines contains:
With fading flowers ſhe paints the ſurface o'er,
But inward ſhines with unexhauſted ſtore;
So lovely forms are on mankind beſtow'd,
Only to dignify the ſoul's abode:
Within the beams of ſparkling wit we find,
The charms of ſenſe, and treaſures of the mind.
Indulgent Nature thus her bounty ſhow'd,
Thus every ſhining faculty beſtow'd:
With ſtores inrich'd his intellectual ſeat,
And form'd the luſtre of his mind compleat.
Where aged Cham in fam'd meanders flows,
His early youth a ſoft retirement choſe:

To reſt beneath the venerable ſhade,
Where Spenſer ſung, and Cowley's Muſe was laid.
Propitious Nature had prepar'd before,
A mind tenacious of the learned ſtore:
The flowing ſprings of knowledge to receive,
And take impreſſions faſt as art could give.
Auſpicious Cham! not all thy boaſted race
Of tuneful youths, that celebrate thy praiſe;
That in the various ſpheres of learning ſhine,
Belov'd by Phœbus and the ſacred Nine;
With nobler wreaths did e'er thy temples crown,
Or add, like him, to thy diffus'd renown.
And next the flowing robe employ'd his care,
And bulky volumes of the painful bar:
Though wealth and fame the toilſome ſearch attend,
Yet he purſued it for a nobler end.
Obſcure and intricate our laws appear,
Perplex'd with comments that ſhould make them clear:
His juſtice through the gloomy miſts ſurvey'd,
And Reaſon found by ſubtleties betray'd;
With Eloquence he ſmooth'd the rugged way,
And ſcatter'd ſhades with Judgment's piercing ray.
He Nature in her dark receſſes ſought,
And with Philoſophy ſublim'd his thought.
In all the various parts of learning ſkill'd,
That Grecian ſages, or the Roman, yield:
He from the ancients drain'd their richeſt ſtore,
Refining ſtill with wit the ſparkling ore.
Nor did he want the lyre's harmonious ſound,
Whoſe pleaſing accents all his labours crown'd:

The

The tuneful lyre, that charms us with delight,
Repels our cares, and glads the tedious night;
Reſtrains our paſſions, calms our furious rage,
The joy of youth, and the relief of age.
His piercing faculties, ſerenely bright,
Let inward to the ſoul diſtincter light:
His ſenſes exquiſite, and reaſon ſound,
Surmounted all the obſtacles they found,
Inknowledge vers'd, in learning's depths profound.
Nor were his hours to books alone confin'd,
His perſon was accompliſh'd as his mind:
He us'd his weapons with admir'd ſucceſs,
Excell'd in courtſhip, and a kind addreſs.
Whether he urg'd the courſer to his ſpeed,
Or temper'd with his ſkill, the fiery ſteed;
When foaming at the ring he ſpurns the ſands,
Repeats his ſtrokes, and launches as he ſtands:
With grateful geſture he did each command,
And ply'd his reins with an inſtructive hand.
Or whether, to the ſportive dance inclin'd,
In lively meaſures he the concert join'd:
None ever mov'd with more majeſtic pace,
Show'd greater art, or more becoming grace.
His flowing wit, with ſolid judgment join'd,
Talents united rarely in a mind,
Had all the graces and engaging art,
That charm the ear and captivate the heart.
No pointed ſatire, nor moroſe diſdain,
Allay'd the pleaſure of his words with pain:

His inoffenſive tongue, from ſlander free,
From Flattery's vice, or blaſted Calumny;
Knew all the ſprings that ſecret paſſions move,
Raiſe admiration, or inſpire with love.
Sententious and inſtructive his diſcourſe,
He urg'd his reaſons with reſiſtleſs force.
A lively eloquence adorn'd his thought,
And happy turns of wit occurr'd unſought:
Expreſſive words his flowing ſenſe convey'd,
Juſt were his thoughts, and powerful to perſuade.
But, goddeſs, now a nobler ſcene ſurvey,
Expand thy wings, thy brighteſt charms diſplay!
What various beauties here diſtract thy ſight!
What virtues that ſurmount thy towering flight!
As nameleſs ſtars, that form the galaxy,
With undiſtinguiſh'd luſtre gild the ſky;
So ſhone the graces that adorn'd his mind,
And with concenter'd rays their beauties join'd:
Whoſe lucid numbers but repel thy ſight,
And, thus united, form one glorious orb of light.
His riper years to wiſdom he apply'd,
Each path purſued, and every conqueſt try'd:
Wiſdom, the darling attribute alone,
By which th' Almighty's more diſtinctly known:
And, when contracted to a narrow ſpan,
Becomes the nobleſt faculty of man.
Through books he trac'd her in the pleaſing chace,
Ranſack'd their ſtores, and ſtill maintain'd his pace.
With crowds, and buſy men, he ſtrove to find
The flying fair, the object of his mind:

Through

Through ſpecious arts, through all their vain diſguiſe,
He ſaw, diſtinguiſh'd, and obtain'd the prize.
His mind, with each ſuperior talent fraught,
For councils form'd his enterprizing thought:
Quick of diſpatch, diſcreet in every truſt,
Rigidly honeſt, and ſeverely juſt.
Though kindneſs in his generous boſom reign'd,
The dignity of pow'r he ſtill maintain'd:
None e'er diſcharg'd affairs with more addreſs,
Serv'd better public poſts, or ſought them leſs.
His conſtancy appear'd in every ſtate,
Fix'd and unmov'd as the decrees of fate:
No fluctuating doubts his mind diſtreſs'd,
Nor ſhook the ſtrong foundations of his breaſt.
His reſolution bore him ſtill above
The raſh effects of enmity or love:
Firm on the baſis of himſelf he ſtood,
Of right tenacious, permanent in good.
Hence flow'd a courage unallay'd with fear,
A mind undaunted, and a conſcience clear:
With innocence and virtue for a guide,
Succeſsfully he ſtem'd th' impetuous tide.
Intrepid thus he revolutions bore,
Nor deviated from paths he trod before:
The power of fortune ſtill diſdain'd to own,
Nor courted ſmiles, nor ſunk beneath her frown.
He ſerv'd his country, with regards above
The common views of mercenary love:
His paſſion ſuch, if not extended more,
As pious Romans to their Latium bore.

No ſpecious kindneſs popularly feign'd,
By intereſt rais'd, or with ambition ſtain'd:
The tender piety his actions ſhow'd,
From duty ſprung, from fond affection flow'd.
Untainted with the ſtain of either vice,
Of laviſh waſte, or graſping avarice:
Nor ſquander'd wealth, nor with a ſordid breaſt
Condemn'd to hoards the treaſures he poſſeſs'd.
His hoſpitable roof, with plenty ſtor'd,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings of a ſmiling board:
Heav'n, that had bleſs'd him with a large increaſe,
Gave him a ſoul deſerving to poſſeſs.
The father's loyalty deſcended down,
Endear'd by ſufferings, to his eldeſt ſon.
As Hannibal purſued the Roman ſtate,
With double portions of his father's hate:
Such fix'd averſion in his boſom ſprung,
And arm'd his ſoul againſt our factions, young:
A murder'd prince, and ſlaughter'd parent's fate,
On the rebellious race entail'd his hate:
Firm to the crown his duty he retain'd,
And o'er his heart his rightful monarch reign'd.
View beauties yet of a ſublimer kind,
The heavenly offspring of a pious mind:
Charms that from innocence and virtue flow,
That to religion all their ſplendor owe;
Where no obſcuring ſpots their luſtre hide,
By crimes untainted, undeform'd with pride.
Bleſs'd Charity, the pure etherial ray,
That Heaven itſelf does to our breaſts convey;

In larger portions to his boſom came,
And o'er his ſoul diffus'd a ſtronger flame.
In him the wretched always found relief,
Patron of want, redreſſer of their grief:
To him th' afflicted never ſued in vain,
He felt their miſeries, and eas'd their pain.
In midſt of plenty free from ſenſual vice,
Nor more indulg'd than nature would ſuffice:
The calm and equal temper of his ſoul
Did every guilty appetite control;
Within their womb the vicious ſeeds ſuppreſs'd,
And ſtrangled forming paſſions in his breaſt.
The Church in him enjoy'd a faithful ſon,
Whoſe duty with his early years begun:
A virtuous life his juſt obedience ſhow'd,
And from religion his affection flow'd;
Long application fix'd his heart ſecure,
He ſearch'd her doctrines, and he found them pure.
The Liturgy employ'd his daily care,
His public worſhip, and his private prayer:
To all its rites conformity he paid,
The ſervice lov'd, and diſcipline obey'd.
Such ſtrong devotion, ſuch celeſtial fire,
Inflam'd his heart, and did his breaſt inſpire:
As if religion had engroſs'd the whole,
And Heaven remain'd the object of his ſoul.
Deſcend, my Muſe; here ſtop thy pleaſing flight,
For mournful proſpects, gloomy ſhades of night.
Attend the laſt expiring ſcene of life,
A painful conflict, and unequal ſtrife:

Where Nature languiſhes beneath the weight
Of racking torments, and approaching fate.
With matchleſs patience, and undaunted mind,
He bore his anguiſh, and his ſoul reſign'd:
As he the glorious proſpect kept in view,
And our old world rejected for the new.

The bounteous heavens their fruitful bleſſings ſhed,
And chaſte Lucina crown'd his nuptial bed:
From whence a fair and numerous off-ſpring came,
The happy pledges of a mutual flame.
From warlike Hudard, founder of his race,
Twenty renown'd deſcents his lineage grace:
And from his loins compleat the number ſprung,
For every anceſtor a ſmiling young.

The happy huſband of a matchleſs dame,
Endear'd by virtues, and unblemiſh'd fame:
No guilty paſſion ever claim'd a part,
The conſort of his bed engroſs'd his heart.
As two fair tapers burn with equal flame,
Their heat proportion'd, and their light the ſame:
And though by ſlow degrees they both decline,
Both to the laſt with the ſame luſtre ſhine:
Such equal flames inſpir'd the happy pair,
Mutual their paſſions, and the ſame their care:
Though years expir'd, and youth conſum'd away,
Their fond affections never felt decay.

As when the ſun our hemiſphere reſigns,
He leaves us light, and by reflection ſhines:
And when the gloomy interval is o'er,
He riſes bright and glorious as before.

Such

Such likeneſs in his ſucceſſor we find,
Left as the image of himſelf behind;
With all the virtues of his race endued;
The happy father 's in the ſon renew'd.
Methinks I ſee a pompous tomb ariſe,
Beauteous the form, magnificent the ſize:
Enchas'd with ore, with well-wrought marble made,
Worthy the artiſt, and the glorious ſhade.
Crowds of officious angels weep around,
With lamps extinguiſh'd, and their robes unbound!
With heads reclin'd, and drooping wings they mourn,
Form'd to ſuſtain, and grace the ponderous urn.
In abject poſtures, and a flowing dreſs,
Poſtures that love and tenderneſs expreſs:
The ſacred Nine ſurround the ſpacious tomb,
And ſpread infectious ſorrows o'er the dome;
Their lyres unſtrung are thrown neglected by,
And ſcatter'd wreaths in juſt diſorder lie.
High in the midſt is his effigies plac'd,
The boaſt of art, with every beauty grac'd.
Advancing age in every line appears,
And ſhades his brow with honourable years:
Juſt to his form, his looks diſſembled right,
With joy detain the fond ſpectator's ſight.
Deſcending Phœbus crowns the upper ſcene,
His arm extended with triumphant green:
The ſacred wreath around his brows to place,
And ſhedding on him the paternal rays.
In vain, alas! we mauſoleums raiſe,
Statues erect, and pyramids of praiſe:

A nobler monument remains behind,
The lively image of his generous mind,
The ſacred pile rais'd by his pious care,
Magnificent with coſt, with order fair;
Adorn'd with all that laviſh art could give,
To late poſterity ſhall make him live.
This ſhall diffuſe his celebrated name,
More than the hundred tongues of buſy fame:
His memory from dark oblivion ſave,
Elude his fate, and triumph o'er the grave.

TO THE MEMORY

OF A FAIR YOUNG LADY, 1697.

WHEN black with ſhades this mourning vault appears,
And the relenting marble flows with tears;
Think then what griefs a parent's boſom wound,
Whoſe fatal loſs enrich'd this hallow'd ground.
Strew lilies here, and myrtle wreaths prepare,
To crown the fading triumphs of the fair:
Here blooming youth and charming beauties lie,
Till Earth reſigns them to their native ſky;
Like china laid for ages to refine,
And make her body, like the ſoul, divine.
Unmingled may the fragrant duſt remain,
No common earth the ſacred ſweets prophane;
But let her urn preſerve its virgin ſtore,
Chaſte and unſully'd as ſhe liv'd before!

T

TO MYRA; WRITTEN IN HER CLEOPATRA.

HERE, lovely Myra, you behold
The wonders Beauty wrought of old,
In every mournful page appears
The nymph's diſdain, and lover's tears.
Whilſt theſe feign'd tragic tales you view,
Fondly you weep, and think them true;
Lament the hero's ſlighted flame,
Yet praiſe the fair ungrateful dame.
For youths unknown no longer grieve,
But rather heal the wounds you give;
The ſlaves your eyes have ruin'd, mourn,
And pity flames with which your lovers burn.
Oh, hadſt thou liv'd in former days,
Thus Fame had ſung lov'd Myra's praiſe:
The triumphs of thy haughty reign,
Thy matchleſs form and cold diſdain:
Thy beauties had remain'd as long
The theme of every poet's ſong:
Then Myra's conqueſts had been wrote,
And Cleopatra died forgot.

ADVICE TO A LOVER.

FOR many unſucceſsful years,
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
Battering them often with my tears,
I ſigh'd, but durſt not pray.
No proſtrate wretch, before the ſhrine
Of ſome lov'd Saint above,
E'er thought his goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the diſdainful nymph look'd down
With coy inſulting pride;
Receiv'd my paſſion with a frown,
Or turn'd her head aſide.
Then Cupid whiſper'd in my ear,
"Uſe more prevailing charms;
You modeſt whining fool, draw near,
And claſp her in your arms.

With eager kiſſes tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart;
The lips he briſkly muſt invade,
That would poſſeſs the heart."
With that I ſhook off all the ſlave,
My better fortunes tried;
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What ſhe for years denied.

ON THE

CONQUEST OF NAMUR.

A PINDARIC ODE.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO HIS MOST SACRED AND VICTORIOUS

MAJESTY; 1695.

I.

ONCE more, my Muſe, reſume thy lyre!
Of heroes, arms, and lofty triumphs ſing:
Strike, boldly ſtrike th' unpractis'd ſtring;
'Tis WILLIAM's acts my ſoaring thoughts inſpire,
And animate my breaſt with nobler fire.
My daring hand the willing lyre obeys,
Untaught it ſounds the Hero's praiſe:
Each tuneful ſtring repeats the Victor's name,
And echoes back the loud applauſe of Fame.
No longer, Muſe, the bleſt MARIA mourn,
With trophies now her brighter ſhrine adorn:
Now ſing her Hero's fame in lofty ſtrains,
Worthy the captive MASE, and NAMUR's vanquiſh'd pains.

II. Nature

II.

Nature ne'er brought a fierce Deſtroyer forth,
Of that portentous ſize and growth:
But ſtill, to poize the balance of the age,
She introduc'd a Hero on the ſtage.
Injurious LEWIS like a torrent grows,
A rapid torrent that the bank o'erflows,
And robs our Weſtern world of its repoſe;
In vain th' Imperial Eagle ſtops his courſe,
In vain confederate arms oppoſe:
On you (great Prince!) th' infeſted nations wait,
And from your ſword attend a milder fate.

III.

The injur'd Belgians WILLIAM's aid implore,
A numerous army waſtes their ſhore:
Embark, my Muſe, upon the Britiſh fleet,
And on the ready Hero wait.
He flies, like Jove to meet the Theban dame,
When arm'd with lightning's pointed flame,
And in his hand th' avenging thunder bore:
The terror of his enſigns ſtill confeſs his power.
Quick of diſpatch, preventing fear,
As cowards cautious, bolder than deſpair:
Silent, yet ſwift as light, his active ſoul
Reaches at once the barriers and the diſtant goal.

IV.

What labour will the Hero chuſe
What action worthy of a Muſe!

T' employ

T' employ the hundred buſy tongues of Fame,
And make her hundred mouths too few to ſound his name.

NAMUR 's the goal in Honour's race,
Tempting the prize, but fatal is the chace:
At once a lovely and amazing ſight,
Striking the eye with terror and delight.
Founded on rocks th' imperial fortreſs ſtands,
And all around the diſtant plain commands:
Beauty and ſtrength their utmoſt force impart,
'Tis wrought by nature, and improv'd with art;
An awful pile! immoveable as fate,
Fix'd like the ſolid rock that proudly bears its weight.
A thouſand brazen mouths the walls ſurround,
That vomit flames, with fatal fury wound:
Death ſhines with terror thro' each ſmoking cloud,
Like lightning ſwift, and as the thunder loud.
Not the fam'd Colchean fleece could boaſt
So dread a guard, ſo terrible an hoſt:
NASSAU attempts a nobler enterprize,
The danger 's more, and richer is the prize;
Alone his arms can ſuch a power engage,
Deſtroy with fiercer flames, and thunder back their rage.

V.

Why are the rapid SAMBRE's ſtreams ſo ſlow!
The tardy MASE forgets to flow:
Their lagging waves upon the turrets gaze,
Proud to reflect their NAMUR's awful face;
Whilſt to th' aſtoniſh'd ſhores they tell,
Thoſe wondrous walls are inacceſſible.

The

The lofty Ilion towers for beauty fam'd,
And ſacred walls, though rais'd by hands divine,
Though mercenary Gods her turrets fram'd,
In ſtrength and form inferior were to thine;
Walls, that nor Grecian arms, nor arts could gain,
And the divine Achilles ſtorm'd in vain.
Your greater arms, NASSAU, were then unknown,
Where-e'er your bellowing engines ſhake,
Where-e'er your more deſtructive bombs are thrown,
Nature and art in vain reſiſtance make,
Nor durſt the powers that built defend their ſhatter'd town.

VI.

Two rival armies now poſſeſs the field,
In all the horrid pomp of war:
With ſhining arms and brighter heroes far,
Though both with different looks, and different paſſions fill'd.
Betwixt both hoſts the ſtake of honour lies,
The object that employs their arms and eyes,
How to defend, or how to gain the prize.
The Britons are a warlike race,
In arms expert, and fam'd for arts in peace:
Your matchleſs deeds, NASSAU, they imitate,
Like you they death purſue, and ruſh on certain fate.
Not all the bellowing engines of the war,
Amidſt the ſtorm can Britiſh minds affright:
Nor ſulphur's blaſting flames deter,
That glare thro' clouds of ſmoke with horrid light;

Though

Though bullets there deſcend in ſcalding ſhowers,
And thoſe the cannon ſpare, the ambuſht flame devours.

VII.

In fatal caverns now the teeming earth
Labours with a deſtructive birth:
The loud volcanos ſtretch their flaming jaws,
And every dreadful blaſt a hoſt deſtroys;
This wreck of war the upper regions ſhare,
Whilſt arms, and men, and rocks lie ſcatter'd in the air.
Yet death in every form the Britons face,
And march with an undaunted pace:
Their faithleſs ſteps to various ruins lead,
They walk in ſepulchres, on graves they tread;
Whilſt rocks and mountains rooted from the ground,
Inter the hoſts they ſlay, are tombs to thoſe they wound.

VIII.

With horrid groans diſtorted Nature 's rent,
Loud as the peals that ſhake the firmament:
Whilſt roaring ordinance confirm the ſound,
And mimic thunder bellows under ground.
Thus on Trinacria's mournful ſhores,
With ruin big the raging Ætna roars:
The riſing ſmoke obſcures the darken'd ſky,
Whilſt high as heaven its flaming entrails fly;
Mountains and rocks its fury hurls around,
Spreading with ruins o'er the deſolate ground.

IX.

Whence ſpring thoſe flowing rays of light!
That pierce through war's obſcurer night?
Or does the ſuppliant flag diſplay
Its chearful beams of white?

See! like the Phoſphorus of peace,
The ſhades retire before thoſe ſacred rays,
Which introduce the bright victorious day.
The trumpet's interceding voice I hear,
Now ſoft and tun'd unto the ear:
The drums in gentler parlees beat,
The drums and trumpets both intreat;
Whilſt war's alarms are charm'd with muſic's voice,
And all the bloody ſcene of death withdraws.
Fam'd Boufflers' ſelf conſents to fear,
Ev'n Boufflers dreads the Britiſh thunderer:
He ſues for mercy whilſt he feels his power,
And with a trembling hand ſubſcribes him conqueror.

X.

And here your worthies ſhall your triumphs grace,
In war your guard, your ornaments in peace:
Heroes are WILLIAM's and the Muſe's care,
Partake their labours, and their laurels ſhare.
Let willing Fame her trumpet ſound,
Great Ormond's name ſhall all her breath employ,
And fill the echoing ſhores with joy:
Whilſt each officious wind conveys the ſound,
And wafts it all th' attentive world around.
In bloody camps he early gain'd renown,
Early the diſtant goal of honour won:
What toils, what labours, has the Hero bore?
Not the fam'd Oſſory encounter'd more:
Of whom the Belgic plains ſuch wonders tell,
Who liv'd ſo lov'd, and ſo lamented fell.

Triumphant

Triumphant Prince! thou Patron of the Muſe,
Unweary'd thee ſhe ſings, thy acts with wonder views:
Renown'd in war! thy Rhedecina's pride!
Thou doſt o'er wit, and glorious camps preſide;
To thee the care of arms and arts belong,
Whoſe fame ſhall live to ages in heroic ſong.

XI.

For all thy victories in war,
You, valiant Cutts, th' officious Muſes crown,
For you triumphant wreaths prepare,
Immortal as your fame, and fair as your renown.
Well did you execute your great command,
And ſcatter deaths with a deſtructive hand:
What wonders did your ſword perform,
When urging on the fatal ſtorm,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!
Up to the walls inclos'd with flames you led,
And overlook'd the works on mighty heaps of dead.
In you the Hero and the Poet meet,
Your ſword is fatal, but your numbers ſweet.
When in MARIA's praiſe your lyre was ſtrung,
You charm'd the heavenly nymph to whom you ſung.
Oh Honour! more than all thy bays,
Than all the trophies fame and conqueſt raiſe,
To've charm'd MARIA's breaſt, and gain'd MARIA's praiſe.

XII.

Indulge one grateful labour more, my Muſe,
A ſubject Friendſhip bids thee chuſe:
Let Codrington's lov'd name inſpire thy thought,
With ſuch a warmth and vigour as he fought:

In

In vain thou doſt of arms and triumphs ſing,
Unleſs he crown thy verſe, and tune thy ſounding ſtring.
Victorious youth! your Charwell's greateſt pride,
Whom glorious arms, and learned arts divide:
Whilſt imitating great NASSAU you fight,
His perſon guard, and conquer in his ſight:
Too ſwift for Fame your early triumphs grow,
And groves of laurel ſhade your youthful brow.
In you the Muſes and the Graces join,
The glorious palm, and deathleſs laurels thine:
Like Phœbus' ſelf your charming Muſe hath ſung,
Like his your warlike bow and tuneful lyre is ſtrung.

XIII.

But who, fam'd WILLIAM's valour dares expreſs,
No Muſe can ſoar ſo high, nor fancy paint,
Each image will appear too faint: [verſe.
Too weak 's the pencil's art, and all the pow'r of
How calm he look'd, and how ſerene!
Amidſt the bloody labours of the field:
Unmov'd he views the bullets round him fly,
And dangers move with horror by;
Whilſt judgment ſway'd his nobler rage within,
And his preſaging brow with hopes of conqueſt ſmil'd.
His chearful looks a gayer dreſs put on,
His eyes with decent fury ſhone:
Dangers but ſerv'd to heighten every grace,
And add an awful terror to the Hero's face.

XIV. Where-

XIV.

Where-e'er in arms the great NASSAU appears,
Th' extreme of action 's there:
Himſelf the thickeſt danger ſhares,
Himſelf th' informing ſoul that animates the war.
Heroes of old in wondrous armour fought,
By ſome immortal artiſt wrought:
Achilles' arms, and Ajax' ſeven-fold ſhield,
Were proof againſt the dangers of the field.
But greater WILLIAM dares his breaſt expoſe
Unarm'd, unguarded to his foes:
A thouſand deaths and ruins round him fled,
But durſt not violate his ſacred head;
For angels guard the prince's life and throne,
Who for his empire's ſafety thus neglects his own.
Had he in ages paſt the ſceptre ſway'd,
When ſacred rites were unto heroes paid;
His ſtatue had on every altar ſtood,
His court a temple been, his greater ſelf a God.

XV.

Now tune thy lyre, my Muſe, now raiſe thy voice,
Let Albion hear, her diſtant ſhores rejoice:
Thy ſolemn Pæans now prepare,
Sweet as the hymns that fill'd the air,
When Phœbus' ſelf return'd the Python's conqueror.
When every grove, with a triumphant ſong,
Confeſs'd the victor as he paſs'd along:
Whilſt with the trophies every hill was crown'd,
And every echoing vale diſpers'd his fame around.

As loud the Britiſh ſhores their voices raiſe,
And thus united ſing the godlike WILLIAM's praiſe.
What the fam'd Merlin's ſacred verſe of old,
And Noſtradam's prophetic lines foretold;
To thee, oh happy Albion, 's ſhown,
And, in NASSAU, the promiſe is out-done.
Behold a Prince indulgent Heaven has ſent,
Thy boundleſs wiſhes to content:
A prophet great indeed, whoſe powerful hand
Shall vanquiſh hoſts of plagues, and heal the groaning land.

XVI.

The great NASSAU now leads thy armies forth,
And ſhews the world the Britiſh worth:
Beneath his conduct they ſecurely fight,
Their cloud by day, their guardian flame by night.
His bounty too ſhall every bard inſpire,
Reward their labours, and protect their lyre;
For poets are to warlike princes dear,
And they are valiant WILLIAM's care:
His victories inſtruct them how to write,
WILLIAM 's the glorious theme and patron of their wit.

ÆSOP

ÆSOP AT COURT.

OR,

SELECT FABLES. 1702.

" Vendidit hic auro patriam——
" ——fixit leges pretio atque refixit."
VIRG. Æn.

ÆSOP TO THE KING.

VICTORIOUS Prince! form'd for ſupreme command,
Worthy the empire of the ſeas and land!
Whilſt impious Faction ſwells with native pride,
Parties diſtract the State, and Church divide!
And ſenſeleſs libels, with audacious ſtyle,
Inſult thy Senate, and thy power revile!
Vouchſafe to hear th' admired truths of old,
Which Birds and Beaſts in ſportive Tales unfold;
To curb the inſolent, advance the good,
And quell the ragings of the multitude.

O fam'd for arms, and matchleſs in renown!
Permit old Æſop to approach thy throne:
To you the labours of his Muſe belong;
Accept the humble, but inſtructive Song.

FABLE I.

THE RIVER AND THE FOUNTAINS.

A RIVER, inſolent with pride,
The Fountain and its Springs defied;
That Fountain, from whoſe watery bed
Th' ungrateful Flood was daily fed.

And thus the Rabble Waves began:
"We're the delight of Gods and Man!
How charming do our banks appear!
How ſwift the ſtream, the flood how clear!

"See how, by Nature's bounty ſtrong,
We whirl our legion waves along:
In ſoft mæanders winding play,
And glitter in the face of day.

"But thou, poor Fountain, ſilly foul!
Thy head abſconding in a hole,
Run'ſt meddling on from place to place,
Aſham'd to ſhew thy dirty face;
In rocks and gloomy caverns found,
Thou creep'ſt inglorious under ground:
D' you hear? henceforth your Lords obey!
We the grand Waves aſſume the ſway."

"Well,

" Well, angry Sirs, the Fountain cry'd,
And how 's your ſtreams to be ſupply'd?
Ye ſenſeleſs fools, that would command,
Should I withdraw my bounteous hand,
Or backward turn my watery ſtore,
That hour you 'd ceaſe, and be no more.
Go aſk that bluſtering fop the Wind,
That puts this whimſy in your mind,
And makes your factious ſurges riſe,
If he 'll recruit you with ſupplies.

" And when to native mud you turn,
Such as a common-ſewer would ſcorn,
Too late you 'll curſe this frantic whim,
When carriers' ſteeds ſhall piſs a nobler ſtream.

THE MORAL.

Unhappy Britain! I deplore thy fate,
When juries pack'd, and brib'd, inſult thy ſtate:
Like waves tumultuous, inſolently wiſe,
They tutor Kings, and Senators adviſe;
Whilſt old Republicans direct the ſtream,
Not France and Rome, but Monarch 's their aim:
Fools rode by Knaves! and paid as they deſerve,
Deſpis'd whilſt us'd! then left to hang or ſtarve.

FABLE II.

THE LION'S TREATY OF PARTITION.

A MIGHTY Lion heretofore,
Of monſtrous paws and dreadful roar,
Was bent upon a chace:
Inviting friends and near allies
Frankly to ſhare the ſport and prize,
During the hunting-ſpace.

The Lynx and Royal Panther came,
The Boar and Wolf of Wolfingham,
The articles were theſe:
Share and ſhare like, whate'er they got,
The dividend upon the ſpot,
And ſo depart in peace.

A Royal Hart, delicious meat!
Deſtin'd by inauſpicious Fate,
Was ſtarted for the game:
The Hunters run him one and all,
The chace was long, and, at the fall,
Each enter'd with his claim.

One lov'd a haunch, and one a ſide,
This ate it powder'd, t' other dried,
Each for his ſhare alone:
Old Grey-beard then began to roar,
The whiſkers twirl'd, bully'd, and ſwore,
The Hart was all his own.

" And

" And thus I prove my title good;
My friend deceas'd ſprung from our blood,
Half 's mine as we 're ally'd:
My valour claims the other part;
In ſhort, I love a hunted Hart:
And who dares now divide?"

The bilk'd Confederates they ſtare,
And cry'd, " Old Gentleman, deal fair,
For once be juſt and true."
Quoth he, and, looking wondrous grum,
" Behold my paws, the word is Mum;
And ſo, Meſſieurs, adieu!"

THE MORAL.

Tyrants can only be reſtrain'd by might,
Power's their conſcience, and the ſword their right:
Allies they court, to compaſs private ends,
But at the dividend diſclaim their friends.
Yet boaſt not, France, of thy ſucceſsful fraud,
Maintain'd by blood, a torment whilſt enjoy'd:
Imperial Cæſar drives the ſtorm along,
And Naſſau's arms avenge the public wrong.

FABLE III.

THE BLIND WOMAN AND HER DOCTORS.

A WEALTHY matron, now grown old,
Was weak in every part:
Afflicted ſore with rheums and cold,
Yet pretty ſound at heart.

But moſt her eyes began to fail,
Depriv'd of needful light:
Nor could her ſpectacles avail,
To rectify their ſight.

Receipts ſhe try'd, ſhe doctors fee'd,
And ſpar'd for no advice
Of men of ſkill, or quacks for need
That practiſe on ſore eyes.

Salves they daub'd on, and plaiſters both,
And this, and that was done:
Then flannels, and a forehead-cloth,
To bind and keep them on.

Her houſe, though ſmall, was furniſh'd neat,
And every room did ſhine
With pictures, tapeſtry, and plate,
All rich, and wondrous fine.

Whilſt they kept blind the ſilly ſoul,
Their hands found work enough!
They pilfer'd plate, and goods they ſtole,
Till all was carry'd off.

When they undam'd their patient's eyes,
And now pray how 's your ſight:
Cries t' other, this was my advice,
I knew 't would ſet you right.

Like a ſtuck pig the woman ſtar'd,
And up and down ſhe run:
With naked houſe and walls quite ſcar'd,
She found herſelf undone.

" Doctors,

" Doctors, quoth she, your cure 's my pain,
For what are eyes to me:
Bring salves and forehead-cloths again,
I 've nothing left to see."

THE MORAL.

See, injur'd Britain, thy unhappy case,
Thou patient with distemper'd eyes:
State-quacks but nourish the disease,
And thrive by treacherous advice.

If fond of the expensive pain,
When eighteen millions run on score:
Let them clap mufflers on again,
And physick thee of eighteen more.

FABLE IV.

THE SATYR'S ADDRESS.

FIVE Satyrs of the woodland sort,
Thought politicians then:
Their ears prick'd up, their noses short,
And brows adorn'd like Aldermen;
With asses hoofs, great gogle eyes,
And ample chins of Be—m's size:

To Jove tript up with an address,
In favour of the plains:
That it would please him to suppress
All heats and colds, his winds and rains;
The sun that he 'd extinguish too,
And in the skies hang something new.

" My

" My wiſe reforming friends, quoth Jove,
Our elements are good!
We manage for the beſt above,
Though not ſo rightly underſtood;
But ſince ſuch profound Squires are ſent,
We 'll treat you like the cream of Kent."

Then Jove brought out ætherial fire
In a gilt chafing-diſh:
The ſparkling flame they all admire,
'Twas fine, they vow'd, as heart could wiſh:
They gap'd, they grinn'd, they jump'd about!
Jove, give us that, the ſun put out!

The charming flames they all embrace,
Which, urg'd by Nature's laws,
Their ſhaggy hides ſet in a blaze,
And ſoundly ſing'd their paws;
In corners then they ſneak'd with terror dumb,
And o'er th' immortal pavements ſcud it home.

THE MORAL.

How ſenſeleſs are our modern Whiggiſh tools,
Beneath the dignity of Britiſh fools!
With beef reſolv'd, and fortify'd with ale,
They cenſure Monarchs, and at Senates rail;
So eagerly to public miſchief run,
That they prevent the hands, which loo them on.
O true machines! and heads devoid of brains!
Affront that Senate which your rights maintains!
Thus ideots ſport with power, and flames embrace,
Till ſmarting Folly glares them in the face.

FABLE

FABLE V.

THE FARMER AND HIS DOG.

THERE dwelt a Farmer in the Weſt,
As we 're in ſtory told;
Whoſe herds were large and flocks the beſt
That ever lin'd a fold.

Arm'd with a ſtaff, his ruſſet coat,
And Towſer by his ſide,
Early and late he tun'd his throat
And every wolf defy'd.

Lov'd Towſer was his heart's delight,
In cringe and fawning ſkill'd,
Entruſted with the flocks by night,
And guardian of the field.

" Towſer, quoth he, I 'm for a Fair;
Be regent in my room:
Pray of my tender flocks take care,
And keep all ſafe at home.

I know thee watchful, juſt, and brave,
Right worthy ſuch a place:
No wily Fox ſhall thee deceive,
Nor Wolf dare ſhow his face."

But ne'er did Wolves a fold infeſt,
At regent Towſer's rate:
He din'd and ſupp'd upon the beſt,
And frequent breakfaſts ate.

The

The Farmer oft receiv'd advice,
And laugh'd at the report:
But, coming on him by ſurprize,
Juſt found him at the ſport.

" Ingrateful beaſt, quoth he, what means
That bloody mouth and paws?
I know the baſe, the treacherous ſtains,
Thy breach of truſt and laws.

The fruits of my paſt love I ſee:
Roger, the halter bring;
E'en truſs him on that pippin tree,
And let friend Towſer ſwing.

I 'll ſpare the famiſh'd Wolf and Fox,
That ne'er my bounty knew:
But, as the guardian of my flocks,
This neckcloth is your due."

THE MORAL.

When miniſters their prince abuſe,
And on the ſubjects prey:
With ancient monarchs 'twas in uſe,
To ſend them Towſer's way.

FABLE VI.

THE FOX AND BRAMBLE.

REN, an old poacher after game,
Saw grapes look tempting fine:
But, now grown impotent and lame,
Could not command the vine;
His lips he lick'd, ſtood ogleing with his eyes,
Strain'd at a running jump, but miſs'd the prize:

Quoth he, that honeſt buſh hard-by
Might give a friend a lift:
In troth, its curteſy I 'll try,
And venture for a ſhift.
Without more words he bounces to the top,
But gor'd and wounded is compell'd to drop.

Down Reynard came, batter'd and tore,
He blow'd and lick'd his paws:
Then mutter'd to himſelf and ſwore,
Curſing the fatal cauſe;
Damn'd raſcal ſhrub, quoth he, whom hedge-ſtakes ſcorn,
Beneath a furs-buſh, or the ſcoundrel thorn!

" Good words, friend Ren, the buſh reply'd,
Here no incroacher 'ſcapes:
Thoſe Foxes that on brambles ride
Love thorns, as well as grapes;
But better language would your mouth become:
If you muſt curſe, go curſe the fool at home."

THE

THE MORAL.

Who firſt offend, then in diſputes engage,
Should check their paſſions and indecent rage:
But peeviſh age, of weak reſentments proud,
Like woman's ſtubborn, impotent, and loud.

Ill-manners never found a juſt pretence,
And rude expreſſions ſhew a barren ſenſe:
But, when high birth deſcends to mean abuſe,
The crime runs fouleſt, and finds no excuſe.

FABLE VII.

THE FOX AND WEAZLE.

To the late Honourable the COMMISSIONERS of the PRIZE-OFFICE.

A NEEDY Weazle heretofore,
Very rapacious, lank, and poor;
That had no place, ſmall comings-in,
And liv'd in terror of the gin;
Nor got a morſel to his hole,
But what he either begg'd or ſtole;
One night a foraging for prey,
He found a ſtore-houſe in his way:
Each cranny then he nimbly paſt,
With lantern jaws and ſlender waiſt;
And made long time his quarters good,
On ſlaughter'd mice and wheaten food.

But,

But, growing corpulent and round,
Too ſmall the wideſt chink was found:
And now he ſqueez'd and thruſt in vain,
For liberty and home again.

A Fox that chanc'd to ſtroll that way,
For meditation's ſake, or prey,
Stood grinning at him for a while,
With rogueiſh looks and ſneering ſmile;
And though he ſhrewdly gave a gueſs,
Yet aſk'd him how and what's the caſe;
And why his Weazleſhip would keep
In durance vile, and play boh-peep.

Quoth he, "Alack, Sir, I was lean,
Haggard and poor, when I came in:
A ſkeleton, mere ſkin and bone!
Though now ſo groſs and bulky grown,
That, with good chear and dainties fed,
My rump is bigger than my head.
But if a helping paw you'll lend,
To force a board, and ſerve a friend;
So fain I would my bacon ſave,
I'll kiſs your foot, and live your ſlave."

Quoth Ren, "We Doctors hold it beſt,
After a long debauch, to faſt:
Then as for diſcipline, 'tis fit,
You take a *quantum ſufficit*.
Slacken with abſtinence your ſkin,
And you'll return as you got in:
For, till each collop you refund,
You're like to quarter in Lob's-pound."

THE MORAL.

Cæſar, no more in foreign camps expoſe
Your ſacred life, to Britain's generous foes:
Thy dread tribunal now erect at home,
And, arm'd with vengeance, to her reſcue come.

In power her baſeſt enemies remain,
Oppreſs thy ſubjects, and thy treaſures drain:
With ſums immenſe they raiſe their fortunes high,
Though armies ſtarve, and fleets neglected lie.

Bane of the war! curſe of thy martial reign!
You ſhare the toil and dangers, they the gain:
To juſtice then the known offenders bring,
Avenge thy people, and aſſert the king.

FABLE VIII.

AN OWL AND THE SUN.

A SAUCY buffle-headed Owl
One morning on the Sun fell foul,
Becauſe it made him blind:
But by his ſophiſtry you'll gueſs
Him not of the Athenian race,
But a more modern kind.

The morn was fragrant, cool, and bright,
The Sun illuſtrious with his light,
Diſpenſing warmth to all:
Madge on a pinnacle was got,
Sputtering and hooting like a ſot,
And thus began the brawl.

"D'ye

" D' ye hear, you prince of red-fac'd fools!
Hot-headed puppy! foe to owls!
Why this offenſive blaze?
Behind ſome cloud go ſneak aſide,
Your carbuncles and rubies hide,
And quench that flaming face.

" When I 'm a taking the freſh air,
Whip in my eyes you come full glare,
And ſo much rudeneſs ſhow!
I wonder when the modeſt Moon
Would ſerve an Owl as you have done,
Or tan and burn one ſo!

Bright Phœbus ſmil'd at what was ſaid,
And cry'd, " 'Tis well, Sir Logger-head,
You' ve neither ſenſe nor ſhame!
Becauſe a blinking fool can't bear
An object ſo tranſcending fair,
The Sun muſt take the blame.

Shall I the univerſe benight,
And rob the injur'd world of light,
Becauſe you rail and ſcoul;
When birds of the moſt abject ſort
Deride and grin you for their ſport,
And treat you like an Owl?"

THE MORAL.

Who libel ſenates, and traduce the great,
Meaſure the public good by private hate:
Intereſt 's their rule of Love; fierce to oppoſe
All whom ſuperior virtue makes their foes.

Thy merits, Rocheſter *, thus give offence;
The guilty faction hates diſcerning ſenſe:
This Harley †, Seymour ‡, Howe ||, and Mackworth find,
Great eye-ſores to the loud rapacious kind;
But, whilſt in holes Addreſſing Owls repine,
Bright as the Sun their patriot names will ſhine.

FABLE IX.

THE SEA AND THE BANKS.

AS out at ſea a ruffling gale it blew,
And clouds o'ercaſt the gloomy ſkies:
The ſurges they began to riſe,
And terrify the ſailors, jocund crew.

This to the wanton billows was but ſport,
They roar'd and gambol'd it along,
This was the burden of their ſong,
They'd have a ſtorm, and ſhew good reaſon for't.

Then a freſh maggot takes them in the head,
To have one merry jaunt on ſhore:
They'd not be fetter'd-up, they ſwore,
But thus to the inſulted margin ſaid:

* Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rocheſter, was then Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. See an account of him in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

† Afterwards Earl of Oxford. N.

‡ Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerſet. N.

|| John Howe, Eſq; of famous memory. N.

"Hey,

"Hey, ſlugs! d'ye hear, ye lazy hounds!
Open to right and left! make way,
And give free paſſage to the Sea,
Down with your ramparts and obſtructing mounds.

"See how they ſtir! awake, ye brutes!
And let us have one friſk at land;
Or, 'zbud, we'll waſh you into ſand,
Without the tedious form of long diſputes."

"Hold! ſoft and fair! the Banks reply'd; we're bound,
In honour, to make good our poſt:
And will, for all your windy boaſt,
As barriers to the Sea, maintain our ground.

Go, lord it in your watery realms, the Main!
There rage and bluſter as you pleaſe,
Licentious in your native Seas,
But not an inch as treſpaſſers you'll gain.

So, my fierce mutineers, be jogging home!
For if you dare invade our coaſt,
You'll run your heads againſt a poſt,
And ſhamefully retire in empty foam."

THE MORAL.

Though Diſcord forms the elements for war,
Their well-pois'd ſtrength prevents the fatal jar:
Harmonious Nature ſets the balance right,
And each compels the other to unite.

In empire thus true union is maintain'd,
Each power's by a ſubordinate reſtrain'd:

But, when like raging waves they overflow
Their ſtated bounds, and on the weaker grow;
Thrice happy realms! where there are Patriots found,
To check invaders, and maintain their ground.

FABLE X.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND CUCKOW.

A TUNEFUL Nightingale, whoſe warbling throat
Was form'd for lofty ſong,
With every ſweet harmonious note
He charm'd the liſtening throng:
The hooting Cuckow was diſpleas'd alone,
Condemn'd his manner, and extoll'd her own.

"This ſcreaming ſop, quoth ſhe, that ſcares
All creatures with his din;
When folks are liſtening to my airs,
Forſooth he 's putting in.
Here 's ſuch a chattering kept, and odious noiſe,
My ſong 's quite ſpoil'd with his confounded voice."

The injur'd ſongſter modeſtly reply'd;
"Since you perform ſo fine,
The conteſt let ſome judge decide,
And try your ſkill with mine;
Vanquiſh'd, I 'll your ſuperior genius own."
The Cuckow ſhook her head, and cry'd 'twas done.

A ſolemn

A ſolemn plodding Aſs that graz'd the plain
Was for an umpire choſe:
The Nightingale advanc'd his ſtrain,
And charm'd with every cloſe.
The Cuckow's note was one unvary'd tone,
Exceeding hoarſe, yet pleas'd, ſhe roar'd it on.
Appeal was made; the judge this ſentence gave,
"You, Sirrah, Nightingale!
Of muſick you ſome ſmatterings have,
And may in time do well;
But for ſubſtantial ſong, I needs muſt ſay,
My friend, the Cuckow, bears the bell away."

THE MORAL.

Mackworth*, who reads thy well-digeſted lines,
Where eloquence with nervous reaſon ſhines,
Sees art and judgment flow through every page,
The Patriot's zeal free from indecent rage;
So pure thy ſtyle, thy manners ſo refin'd,
Your pen tranſmits the candour of your mind.

Yet happier he that has the Anſwer wrote,
In penury of ſenſe, and dearth of thought:
Whilſt Aſſes judge, and Faction claims a vote,
Abuſive nonſenſe is th' admired note;
Where want of art and manners merit praiſe,
He robs the Cuckow of her ancient bays.

* Sir Humphry Mackworth, to whom Yalden addreſſed an excellent poetical epiſtle "On the Mines late "of Sir Carbery Price," p. 52.—Sir Humphry wrote ſome political pamphlets about this time. N.

FABLE XI.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

THE Sun and Wind one day fell out
In matters they diſcours'd about.
Old Boreas, in a rage,
Call'd the Sun fool, and ſwore he ly'd,
Spit in his face, his power defy'd,
And dar'd him to engage.

Quoth he, "Yon goes a Traveller,
With formal cloak and looks demure,
The Whiggiſh ſigns of grace:
Who fairly off the cloak can force,
From one ſo ſtiff, proud, and moroſe,
Deſerves the upper place."

With that the Wind began to riſe,
Bluſter'd and ſtorm'd it through the ſkies,
Making a diſmal roar:
The Non-con. wrapp'd his cloak about,
Trudg'd on, reſolv'd to weather 't out,
And ſee the tempeſt o'er.

The ſtorm being ſpent, with piercing rays,
Full on his ſhoulders Phœbus plays,
Which ſoon the Zealot felt;
Aſide the cumberous cloak was thrown,
Panting and faint, he laid him down,
More decently to melt.

The Sun then aſk'd his bluſtering friend,
If farther yet he durſt contend,

And

And try ſome other way:
But, conſcious of ſo plain a truth,
He put his finger in his mouth,
Without a word to ſay.

THE MORAL.

Your Whigs diſgrac'd, like Bullies of the town,
Libel and rail, the more they 're tumbled down:
Superior merit ſtill prevails at laſt,
The fury of their feeble ſtorm is paſt.
But when the Senate darts its piercing rays,
Faction unbuttons, and rebates its pace:
The hypocritic cloak is tireſome found,
And the faint Zealot pants upon the ground.

FABLE XII.

THE BOAR AND FOREST.

A LION, generous and brave,
For wars renown'd, belov'd in peace;
His lands in royal bounties gave,
And treaſures much impair'd by acts of grace.

His Miniſters whole realms obtain'd;
And Courtiers, much inclin'd to want,
His manors begg'd, and forfeits gain'd,
With patents to confirm the royal grant.

The Boar, to ſhew a ſubject's love,
Crav'd for the public good a boon,
His ancient Foreſt to improve,
By felling trees, and cutting timber down.

" Alcoves and ſhady walks, quoth he,
Are laid aſide, become a jeſt;
Your viſtos lofty, wide, and free,
Are *à la mode*, and only in requeſt."

The grant being paſs'd, the ravenous Boar,
A Deſert of the Foreſt made:
Up by the roots vaſt oaks he tore,
And low on earth the princely cedars laid.

This act of violence and wrong
Alarum'd all the ſavage race;
With loud complaints to Court they throng,
Stripp'd of their ſhades, and ancient reſting-place.

With generous rage the Lion ſhook,
And vow'd the Boar ſhould dearly pay;
" I hate, quoth he, a down-caſt look,
That robs the publick in a friendly way.

" Unhappy groves, my empires pride!
Lov'd ſolitudes, ye ſhades divine!
The rage of tempeſts ye defy'd,
Condemn'd to periſh by a ſordid Swine

" Ye rural Deities, and Powers unknown,
What can ſo great a loſs ſuffice!
If a hung Brawner will atone,
Accept friend Chucky for a ſacrifice."

THE MORAL.

The Britiſh oak 's our nation's ſtrength and pride,
With which triumphant o'er the main we ride;

Inſulting

Inſulting foes are by our navies aw'd,
A guard at home, our dreaded power abroad.

Like Druids then your foreſts ſacred keep,
Preſerve with them your empire of the deep.
Subjects their Prince's bounty oft abuſe,
And ſpoil the public for their private uſe;
But no rapacious hand ſhould dare deface,
The royal ſtores of a well-timber'd chace.

FABLE XIII.

THE FOX AND FLIES.

AS crafty Reynard ſtrove to ſwim
The torrent of a rapid ſtream,
To gain the farther ſide;
Before the middle ſpace was paſt,
A whirling eddy caught him faſt,
And drove him with the tide.

With vain efforts and ſtruggling ſpent,
Half drown'd, yet forc'd to be content,
Poor Ren a ſoaking lay;
Till ſome kind ebb ſhould ſet him free,
Or chance reſtore that liberty
The waves had took away.

A ſwarm of half-ſtarv'd haggard Flies,
With fury ſeiz'd the floating prize,
By raging hunger led;
With many a curſe and bitter groan,
He ſhook his ſides, and wiſh'd them gone,
Whilſt plenteouſly they fed.

A Hedge-

A Hedge-hog ſaw his evil plight;
Touch'd with compaſſion at the ſight,
Quoth he, "To ſhow I 'm civil,
I 'll bruſh thoſe ſwigging dogs away,
That on thy blood remorſeleſs prey,
And ſend them to the Devil."

"No, courteous Sir, the Fox reply'd,
Let them infeſt and gore my hide,
With their inſatiate thirſt;
Since I ſuch fatal wounds ſuſtain,
'Twill yield ſome pleaſure midſt the pain,
To ſee the blood-hounds burſt."

THE MORAL; FROM NOSTRADAMUS.

"Le ſang du Juſte à Londres fera faute
"Bruſſer par feu, &c."

Thus guilty Britain to her Thames complains,
"With royal blood defil'd, O cleanſe my ſtains!
Whence plagues ariſe! whence dire contagions come!
And flames that my Auguſta's pride conſume!"

"In vain, ſaith Thames; the Regicidal breed
Will ſwarm again, by them thy land ſhall bleed:
Extremeſt curſe! but ſo juſt Heaven decreed!
Republicans ſhall Britain's treaſures drain,
Betray her Monarch, and her Church prophane!
Till, gorg'd with ſpoils, with blood the leeches burſt,
Or Tyburn add the ſecond to the firſt."

FABLE

FABLE XIV.

THE BEAR AND MOUNTEBANK.

THERE liv'd a Quack in high repute,
By virtue of a velvet ſuit,
And celebrated bill;
As for his knowledge, 'tis allow'd,
He had enough to cheat the crowd,
And that 's good modern ſkill.

Once as this Orator held forth
On topicks of his medicines' worth,
And wondrous cures they wrought;
Though not a word they underſtood,
His eloquence ſo charm'd the crowd,
That ſtill they gap'd and bought.

Midſt his harangue, one day it chanc'd,
Tom Dove * the Bear that way advanc'd,
In proceſſion to his ſtake;
The Rabble quit their Doctor ſtraight,
And with huzzas on Bruin wait,
Who thus the chief beſpake:

"D' ye hear, ye pack of bawling louts,
Compos'd of vermin, ſtink, and clouts,
Why all this noiſe and do?
Though through my noſe a ring is got,
And here I'm baited like a ſot,
Still I reſemble you.

* Tom Dove has been celebrated by Dryden and King.
N.

"Obſerve

" Obſerve that Mountebanking Fool,
Perch'd yonder on his three-legg'd ſtool,
With poiſonous drugs to ſell;
See o'er his ſhoulder how he ſneers,
Three hours to lug you by the ears,
Yet pleaſes wondrous well.

" With fulſome lyes and ſtupid ſtuff,
He cheats and banters you enough,
Yet there ye flock by ſhoals;
But if by chance a bear 's brought out,
At him ye hollow, laugh, and ſhout,
And who 's the greater fools?

" So, brother Monſters, face about,
The Quack your keeper wants his rout;
For, underneath the roſe,
Another ſort of Brutes there are,
Beſides a ſtupid Ruſſian Bear,
That 's miſled by the noſe."

THE MORAL.

Ill Miniſters, like Quacks, the crowd deceive,
Defraud them for their good; and they believe:
At France and Rome they rail with ſpecious arts,
And, whilſt they cheat the vulgar, gain their hearts.

But if ſagacious Bruin ſmells them out,
Their frauds expoſing to the injur'd rout;
To miſchief prone, implacable, and ſtrong,
Ten thouſand tongues and hands revenge the wrong.

FABLE

FABLE XV.

THE PEACOCK PROCLAIMED KING.

A VULTURE, old and feeble grown,
Took up and much reform'd his life;
His beak decay'd, and talons gone,
Yet ſtill he reliſh'd noiſe and ſtrife.
Once a young Peacock to the Birds brought forth,
On his high birth harangued, and blooming worth.

"The iſles and watery realm, ſaid he,
This hopeful Monarch ſhall command!
His ſceptre to depend on me,
And rule the tributary land;
Reſerving only for our royal uſe,
Whate'er the ſeas and fertile coaſts produce."

The Peacock, a pert dapper ſpark,
Made the ſagacious Vulture's choice;
His title and deſcent, though dark,
Soon gain'd the whole aſſembly's voice,
The Pye except, a member of the board,
Who, midſt their acclamations, crav'd a word.

"His Highneſs' merits and deſert,
Quoth he, 'tis needleſs to diſpute;
In giving empires we 're too pert,
With neither right nor power to do 't;
You 've made a Peacock King: pray, now 'tis done,
What champion here conducts him to his throne.

"Where

" Where the imperial Eagle reigns,
Renown'd for arms, and warlike might,
Who ſuch a feeble youth diſdains,
And Vultures dares engage in fight?
Therefore, Meſſieurs, it is my private voice,
That the poſſeſſor firſt approve our choice."

THE MORAL.

Cæſar, that Prince betrays his fears,
Who ſtyles thee Monarch in the field,
But, when thy army diſappears,
To weak Pretenders will thy titles yield.

But wiſer Politicians ſay,
True conduct is not ſo much ſhewn,
In giving others' realms away,
As in defending well their own.

FABLE XVI.

A LACONIC CONDEMNED.

A SAGE Laconic, truly wiſe,
Whoſe converſation was conciſe,
Train'd up in rigid ſchools;
Once, when a ſingle word would do,
Had laviſhly made uſe of two,
In high contempt of rules.

A Bill

A Bill againſt him was preferr'd,
The charge by evidence averr'd,
That fully prov'd the fact:
The Judges aggravate the crime,
In words as few, and little time,
As anſwer'd men compact.

Quoth one, "The being too verboſe
A miſdemeanor is ſo groſs,
Of that pernicious kind!
The puniſhment muſt reach your ſenſe,
And reaſon ſmart for this offence,
By torturing your mind.

"Read Jura Populi o'er twice,
Pittis and Bunyan, books of price!
And Oats's modeſt vein:
Read Baxter's volumes, Tindal's works,
Yorkſhire Petiſh with that of Bucks,
True cant, and libel ſtrain.

"For ſolid nonſenſe, thoughtleſs words,
The vindication of the Lords,
That anſwers 'Mackworth's State:'
Read firſt and ſecond paragraph,
If poſſible drudge on through half,
Your crime you 'll expiate."

The wretch with ſtrong convulſions ſhook,
Deſpair and anguiſh in his look,
To Heaven for mercy cry'd:
Quoth he, "Send gibbets, racks, or wheel,
Algiers and gallies pleaſe me well,
Such torments I 'll abide.

"But

" But damn me not for one offence,
To volumes unally'd to ſenſe,
Vainly to waſte my breath:
That Anſwer to the Commons' Rights
With labour'd dullneſs ſo affrights,
The thoughts are worſe than death."

CONTENTS

OF

YALDEN'S POEMS.

AGAINST immoderate Grief. To a young Lady weeping. An Ode in Imitation of Caſimire - - - Page 3
Hymn to the Morning, in Praiſe of Light - 5
Hymn to Darkneſs - - 7
Human Life, ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by an Epicure. In Imitation of the ſecond Chapter of the Wiſdom of Solomon - - 11
Againſt Enjoyment - - 15
The Curſe of Babylon. Iſaiah, Chapter xiii. paraphraſed - - - 17
To Mr. Congreve. An Epiſtolary Ode, 1693. Occaſioned by the Old Bachelor - - 23

The Inſect; againſt Bulk - - Page 26
To his Friend Captain Chamberlain, in Love with a Lady he had taken in an Algerine Prize at Sea. In Alluſion to Horace, Ode ii. 4. - 29
To Mr. Watſon, on his Ephemeris of the Celeſtial Motions, preſented to her Majeſty 30
The Rape of Theutilla. Imitated from the Latin of Famianus Strada - - 32
Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, 1693 - - 38
The Force of Jealouſy. To a Lady aſking if her Sex was as ſenſible of that Paſſion as Man 41
To his perjured Miſtreſs - - 44
Imitation of Horace, Book I. Ode xii. - - 46
Patroclus's Requeſt to Achilles for his Arms. Imitated from the Beginning of the 16th Iliad of Homer - - - 48
On the re-printing of Milton's Proſe Works, with his Poems; written in his Paradiſe Loſt 51
To Sir Humphry Mackworth, on the Mines late of Sir Carbery Price - - 52
Ovid's Art of Love. Book II. - - 60
Eſſay on the Character of Sir Willoughby Aſton 88
To the Memory of a fair young Lady, 1697 102
To Myra; written in her Cleopatra - - 103

Advice

Advice to a Lover - - Page 104
On the Conqueſt of Namur. A Pindaric Ode. Humbly inſcribed to his Moſt Sacred and victorious Majeſty; 1695 - - - 105

ÆSOP AT COURT:

OR,

SELECT FABLES.

Æsop to the King - - Page 115
Fable I. The River and the Fountains - 116
II. The Lion's Treaty of Partition - 118
III. The Blind Woman and her Doctors 119
IV. The Satyr's Addreſs - - 121
V. The Farmer and his Dog - - 123
VI. The Fox and Bramble - - 125
VII. The Fox and Weazle. To the late Honourable the Commiſſioners of the Prize-office - - - 126
VIII. An Owl and the Sun - - 128

Fable IX. The Sea and the Banks - Page 130
X. The Nightingale and Cuckow - 132
XI. The Sun and the Wind - - 134
XII. The Boar and Foreſt - - 135
XIII. The Fox and Flies - - 137
XIV. The Bear and Mountebank - - 139
XV. The Peacock proclaimed King - 141
XVI. A Laconic condemned - - 142

END OF YALDEN'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

THOMAS TICKELL.

TICKELL'S POEMS.

ON QUEEN CAROLINE'S REBUILDING THE LODGINGS OF THE BLACK PRINCE, AND HENRY V. AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WHERE bold and graceful ſoars, ſecure of fame,
The pile, now worthy great Philippa's name,
Mark that old ruin, Gothic and uncouth,
Where the Black Edward paſs'd his beardleſs youth;
And the Fifth Henry, for his firſt renown,
Out-ſtripp'd each rival in a ſtudent's gown.
In that coarſe age were Princes fond to dwell
With meagre monks, and haunt the ſilent cell:
Sent from the Monarch's to the Muſe's court,
Their meals were frugal, and their ſleeps were ſhort;
To couch at curfeu-time they thought no ſcorn,
And froze at matins every winter-morn;

They read, an early book, the ſtarry frame,
And liſp'd each conſtellation by its name;
Art after art ſtill dawning to their view.
And their mind opening as their ſtature grew.

Yet, whoſe ripe manhood ſpread our fame ſo far,
Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war!
Who, ſtern in fight, made echoing Creſſi ring.
And, mild in conqueſt, ſerv'd his captive king!
Who gain'd, at Agincourt, the victor's bays;
Nor took himſelf, but gave good Heaven, the praiſe!
Thy nurſelings, ancient dome! to virtue form'd;
To mercy liſtening, whilſt in fields they ſtorm'd;
Fierce to the fierce; and warm th' oppreſt to ſave;
Through life rever'd, and worſhip'd in the grave!

In tenfold pride the mouldering roofs ſhall ſhine,
The ſtately work of bounteous Caroline;
And bleſt Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
From Heaven behold her Rival's fabric riſe.
If ſtill, bright Saint, this ſpot deſerves thy care,
Incline thee to th' ambitious Muſe's prayer:
O, could'ſt thou win young William's bloom to grace
His Mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
How would that genius, whoſe propitious wings
Have here twice hover'd o'er the Sons of Kings,
Deſcend triumphant to his ancient ſeat,
And take in charge a third Plantagenet!

TO THE SUPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

IN courts licentious, and a ſhameleſs ſtage,
How long the war ſhall wit with virtue wage?
Inchanted by this proſtituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal ſnare;
In height of rapture claſp unheeded pains,
And ſuck pollution through their tingling veins?
Thy ſpotleſs thoughts unſhock'd the prieſt may hear;
And the pure veſtal in her boſom wear.
To conſcious bluſhes and diminiſh'd pride,
Thy glaſs betrays what treacherous love would hide;
Nor harſh thy precepts, but infus'd by ſtealth,
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor ſhare the fopling's heart:
Laſh'd in thy ſatire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himſelf, and finds no harm in wit:
From felon gameſters the raw ſquire is free,
And Britain owes her reſcued oaks to thee.
His miſs the frolic Viſcount dreads to toaſt,
Or his third cure the ſhallow Templar boaſt;
And the raſh fool, who ſcorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quakes at thunder, and confeſs his God.
The brainleſs ſtripling, who, expell'd the town,
Damn'd the ſtiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.

A ſauntering

A ſauntering tribe! ſuch born to wide eſtates,
With *yea* and *no* in ſenates hold debates:
At length deſpis'd each to his fields retires,
Firſt with the dogs, and king amidſt the ſquires;
From pert to ſtupid, ſinks ſupinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.

Such reader's ſcorn'd, thou wing'ſt thy daring flight,
Above the ſtars, and tread'ſt the fields of light;
Fame, heaven and hell, are thy exalted theme,
And viſions ſuch as Jove himſelf might dream;
Man ſunk to ſlavery, though to glory born,
Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his ſcorn.

Such hints alone could Britiſh Virgil lend,
And thou alone deſerve from ſuch a friend;
A debt ſo borrow'd is illuſtrious ſhame,
And fame when ſhar'd with him is double fame.
So, fluſh'd with ſweets by Beauty's Queen beſtow'd,
With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd:
Such generous ſtrifes Eugene and Marlborough try.
And as in glory, ſo in friendſhip vie.

Permit theſe lines by thee to live—nor blame
A Muſe that pants and languiſhes for fame;
That fears to ſink when humbler themes ſhe ſings,
Loſt in the maſs of mean forgotten things:
Receiv'd by thee, I propheſy, my rhymes,
The praiſe of virgins in ſucceeding times:
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds ſhall ſee,
But ſtand protected, as inſpir'd, by thee.

So ſome weak ſhoot, which elſe would poorly riſe,
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the ſkies;

Through

Through the new pupil foſtering juices flow,
Thruſt forth the gems, and give the flowers to blow.
Aloft; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

A POEM,

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD PRIVY-SEAL, ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

" —— Sacerdos
" Fronde ſuper Mitram, & felici comptus Oliva."
VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the ſubject of the Britiſh ſong.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with ſlain!
Exhauſted themes! a gentler note I raiſe,
And ſing returning peace in ſofter lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the ſylvan ſhade:
Diſbanding hoſts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,
While eaſe and pleaſure make the nations ſmile,
And Heaven and Anna bleſs Britannia's iſle.

Well

Well ſends our queen her mitred Briſtol forth,
For early counſels fam'd, and long-try'd worth;
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft withheld
The Swede and Saxon from the duſty field;
Completely form'd to heal the Chriſtian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds;
The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
By leagues to ſoften earth, and heaven by prayer,
To gain by love, where rage and ſlaughter fail,
And make the croſier o'er the ſword prevail.

So when great Moſes, with Jehovah's wand,
Had ſcatter'd plagues o'er ſtubborn Pharaoh's land,
Now ſpread an hoſt of locuſts round the ſhore,
Now turn'd Nile's fattening ſtreams to putrid gore;
Plenty and gladneſs mark'd the prieſt of God,
And ſudden almonds ſhot from Aaron's rod.

O thou, from whom theſe bounteous bleſſings flow,
To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To ſtile companion, and to make their friend,
Great Strafford, rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the ſecond place)
From Britain's iſle, and Iſis' ſacred ſpring,
One hour, oh! liſten while the Muſes ſing.
Though miniſters of mighty monarchs wait,
With beating hearts to learn their maſters' fate,
One hour forbear to ſpeak thy queen's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected ſtands;

The

The bliſsful proſpects, in my verſe diſplay'd,
May lure the ſtubborn, the deceiv'd perſuade:
Ev'n thou to peace ſhalt ſpeedier urge the way,
And more be haſten'd by this ſhort delay.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'erthrown,
Now ceas'd to think the weſtern world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boaſting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks ſmoking on the ground:
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made timorous vows, and brib'd the ſaints in vain;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and ſkulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,
At feaſts he ſtarts, and ſeems dethron'd in dreams;
On glory paſt reflects with ſecret pain,
On mines exhauſted, and on millions ſlain.
To Britain's Queen the ſcepter'd ſuppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with Chriſtian blood to buy,
Nor aſks for glory at a price ſo high.
At her decree, the war ſuſpended ſtands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands,
Their open brows no threatening frowns diſguiſe,
But gentler paſſions ſparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,

Doubt

Doubt if they 're thoſe, whom dreadful to the view
In forms ſo fierce their fearful fancies drew;
At whoſe dire names ten thouſand widows preſt
Their helpleſs orphans clinging to the breaſt.
In ſilent rapture each his foe ſurveys;
They vow firm friendſhip, and give mutual praiſe.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are ſecret friends;
Their generous diſcord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence diſſenſion roſe,
And aſk how ſouls ſo like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly ſhouts rebound,
And ſocial clarions mix their ſprightly ſound.
The Britiſh flags are furl'd, her troops diſband,
And ſcatter'd armies ſeek their native land.
The hardy veteran, proud of many a ſcar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to ſhare his friends' illuſtrious doom,
And in the battle find a ſoldier's tomb,
Leans on his ſpear to take his farewell view,
And ſighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with ſmiles,
O'er-pay their ſleepleſs nights, and crown their toils;
Soft beauty is the gallant ſoldier's due,
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boaſtful Spain conſpires,
When Engliſh valour Engliſh beauty fires;
The nations dread your eyes, and kings deſpair
Of chiefs ſo brave, till they have nymphs ſo fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of tranſport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,

Hangs

Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And ſmiles, or trembles, at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then ſets th' inveſted fort before his eyes,
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the ſkies:
His little liſtening progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire atchievements ſings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic ſpells,
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
And cleave a giant at a random blow,
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to diſtant nations run,
To viſit fields, their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's ſhore their country's fame they trace,
Till far Germania ſhews her blaſted face.
Th' exulting Briton aſks his mournful guide,
Where his hard fate the loſt Bavaria try'd:
Where Stepney grav'd the ſtone to Anna's fame,
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name;
Here fled the Houſhold, there did Tallard yield,
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field,
On thoſe ſteep banks, near Danube's raging flood:
The Gauls thrice ſtarted back, and trembling ſtood:
When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they ſtood not long,
But plung'd amidſt the waves, a deſperate throng,
Crowds whelm'd on crowds daſh'd wide the waterybed,
And drove the current to its diſtant head.

As

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courſer on the canvas ſtands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or ſet young Ammon on the Granic ſhore;
If chance a generous ſteed the work behold,
He ſnorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold:
So, Hocſtet ſeen, tumultuous paſſions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's ſoul,
In fancy'd fights he ſees the troops engage,
And all the tempeſt of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye powers, with ſcenes leſs nobly bright,
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muſe delight,
Content to ſee the honours of the field
By plough-ſhares level'd, or in flowers conceal'd.
O'er ſhatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And graſs luxuriant clothe the harmleſs mine.
Tame flocks aſcend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the baſtion, now a fruitful ground;
While ſhepherds ſleep, along the rampard laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable ſhade.

Who was the man? Oblivion blaſt his name,
Torn out, and blotted from the liſt of fame!
Who, fond of lawleſs rule, and proudly brave,
Firſt ſunk the filial ſubject to a ſlave,
His neighbour's realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
In guiltleſs blood the ſacred ermine ſtain'd,
Laid ſchemes for death, to ſlaughter turn'd his heart,
And fitted murder to the rules of art.

Ah! curſt ambition, to thy lures we owe
All the great ills, that mortals bear below.

Curſt by the hind, when to the ſpoil he yields
His year's whole ſweat, and vainly ripen'd fields;
Curſt by the maid, torn from her lover's ſide,
When left a widow, though not yet a bride;
By mothers curſt, when floods of tears they ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs roſes on the dead.
Oh, ſacred Briſtol! then, what dangers prove
The arts, thou ſmil'ſt on with paternal love?
Then, mixt with rubbiſh by the brutal foes,
In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows;
To ſhades obſcure the glittering ſword purſues
The gentle poet, and defenceleſs Muſe.
A voice like thine, alone, might then aſſwage
The warrior's fury, and control his rage;
To hear thee ſpeak, might the fierce Vandal ſtand,
And fling the brandiſh'd ſabre from his hand.

Far hence be driven to Scythia's ſtormy ſhore
The drum's harſh muſic, and the cannon's roar;
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawleſs plain,
Where Tartar clans and grizly Coſſacks reign;
Let the ſteel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
See virgins raviſh'd with relentleſs eyes,
To death gray heads and ſmiling infants doom,
Nor ſpare the promiſe of the pregnant womb,
O'er waſted kingdoms ſpread his wide command,
The ſavage lord of an unpeopled land.

Her guiltleſs glory juſt Britannia draws
From pure religion, and impartial laws,
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid ſhe brings,
And holds in equal ſcales the rival kings:

Her generous ſons in choiceſt gifts abound,
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.
As when ſweet Venus (ſo the fable ſings)
Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean ſprings,
With ſmiles ſhe ſees the threatening billows riſe,
Spread ſmooth the ſurge, and clears the louring ſkies.
Light, o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd,
The pearly conch and ſilver turtles bound;
Her treſſes ſhed ambroſial odours round.
Amidſt the world of waves ſo ſtands ſerene
Britannia's iſle, the ocean's ſtately queen;
In vain the nations have conſpir'd her fall,
Her trench the ſea, and fleets her floating wall:
Defenceleſs barks, her powerful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader, or what land oppreſt,
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redreſt!
Say, where have e'er her union-croſſes ſail'd,
But much her arms, her juſtice more prevail'd!
Her labours are, to plead th' Almighty's cauſe,
Her pride, to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:
Who conquers wins by brutal ſtrength the prize;
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.
Have we forgot how from great Ruſſia's throne
The king, whoſe power half Europe's regions own,
Whoſe ſceptre waving, with one ſhout ruſh forth
In ſwarms the harneſs'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice purſued his tedious way
To court our friendſhip, and our fame ſurvey!
Hence the rich prize of uſeful arts he bore,
And round his empire ſpread the learned ſtore:

(T' adorn

(T' adorn old realms is more than new to raiſe,
His country's parent is a monarch's praiſe.)
His bands now march in juſt array to war,
And Caſpian gulphs unuſual navies bear;
With Runick lays Smolenſko's foreſts ring,
And wondering Volga hears the Muſes ſing.
Did not the painted kings of India greet
Our Queen, and lay their ſceptres at her feet?
Chiefs who full bowls of hoſtile blood had quaff'd,
Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd ſhaft,
Whoſe haughty brows made ſavages adore,
Nor bow'd to leſs than ſtars or ſun before.
Her pitying ſmile accepts their ſuppliant claim,
And adds four monarchs to the Chriſtian name.
Bleſt uſe of power! O virtuous pride in kings!
And like his bounty, whence dominion ſprings!
Which o'er new worlds makes heaven's indulgence ſhine,
And ranges myriads under laws divine!
Well bought with all that thoſe ſweet regions hold,
With groves of ſpices, and with mines of gold.
Fearleſs our merchant now purſues his gain,
And roams ſecurely o'er the boundleſs main.
Now o'er his head the polar bear he ſpies,
And freezing ſpangles of the Lapland ſkies;
Now ſwells his canvas to the ſultry line,
With glittering ſpoils where Indian grottos ſhine,
Where fumes of incenſe glad the ſouthern ſeas,
And wafted citron ſcents the balmy breeze.
Here nearer ſuns prepare the ripening gem,
To grace great Anne's imperial diadem,

And here the ore, whoſe melted maſs ſhall yield
On faithful coins each memorable field,
Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
May clear diſputes, and teach the times to come.
In circling beams ſhall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's ſword hang o'er the proſtrate foe;
In comely wounds ſhall bleeding worthies ſtand,
Webb's firm platoon, and Lumley's faithful band,
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies dreſt,
And Campbell's dragon on his dauntleſs breaſt,
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's ſpoils enroll'd,
And Guiſcard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
And if the Muſe, O Briſtol, might decree,
Here Granville noted by the lyre ſhould be,
The lyre for Granville, and the croſs for thee.
Such are the honours grateful Britain pays;
So patriots merit, and ſo monarchs praiſe.
O'er diſtant times ſuch records ſhall prevail,
When Engliſh numbers, antiquated, fail:
A trifling ſong the Muſe can only yield,
And ſooth her ſoldiers panting from the field.
To ſweet retirements ſee them ſafe convey'd,
And raiſe their battles in the rural ſhade.
From fields of death to Woodſtock's peaceful glooms,
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my Muſe, and ſoftly touch the ſtring:
Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to ſing.
Hail, fabled grotto! hail, Elyſian ſoil!
Thou faireſt ſpot of fair Britannia's iſle!
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to ſhine unknown;

Where

Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear;
The weary'd champion lull in ſoft alcoves,
The nobleſt boaſt of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muſe preſage, ſhall he be ſeen
By Roſamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty ſhades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades,
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name ſhall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favourite ſound.

Here, here at leaſt thy love for arms give o'er,
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wiſh for more.
Vice of great ſouls alone! O thirſt of fame!
The Muſe admires it, while ſhe ſtrives to blame.
Thy toils be now to chace the bounding deer,
Or view the courſers ſtretch in wild career.
This lovely ſcene ſhall ſooth thy ſoul to reſt,
And wear each dreadful image from thy breaſt.
With pleaſure, by thy conqueſts ſhalt thou ſee
Thy queen triumphant, and all Europe free.
No cares henceforth ſhall thy repoſe deſtroy,
But what thou giv'ſt the world, thyſelf enjoy.

Sweet Solitude! when life's gay hours are paſt,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at laſt:
Toſt through tempeſtuous ſeas (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bleſs thy friendly ſhore.
Our own ſtrict judges our paſt life we ſcan,
And aſk if glory hath enlarg'd the ſpan:
If bright the proſpect, we the grave defy,
Truſt future ages, and contented die.

When ſtrangers from far diſtant climes ſhall come,
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
Where rear'd aloft diſſembled trophies ſtand,
And breathing labours of the ſculptor's hand,
Where Kneller's art ſhall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes ſhall fill the ſtory'd wall;
Heirs of thy blood ſhall o'er their bounteous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental ſword,
Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gaſping Gauls.
Fair dames ſhall oft, with curious eye, explore
The coſtly robes that ſlaughter'd generals wore,
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
(Heſperian nuns the gorgeous broidery wrought)
Belts ſtiff with gold, the Boian horſeman's pride,
And Gaul's fair flowers, in human crimſon dy'd.
Of Churchill's race perhaps ſome lovely boy
Shall mark the burniſh'd ſteel that hangs on high,
Shall gaze tranſported on its glittering charms,
And reach it ſtruggling with unequal arms,
By ſigns the drum's tumultuous ſound requeſt,
Then ſeek, in ſtarts, the huſhing mother's breaſt.
So, in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the ſoft Paphian dame,
The little Loves in ſport his fauchion wield,
Or join their ſtrength to heave his ponderous ſhield:
One ſtrokes the plume in Tityon's gore embrued,
And one the ſpear, that reeks with Typhon's blood:
Another's infant brows the helm ſuſtain,
He nods his creſt, and frights the ſhrieking train.

Thus,

Thus, the rude tempeſt of the field o'er-blown,
Shall whiter rounds of ſmiling years roll on,
Our victors, bleſt in peace, forget their wars,
Enjoy paſt dangers, and abſolve the ſtars.
But, oh! what ſorrows ſhall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd ſhades, whom widow'd Albion mourns!
If your thin forms yet diſcontented moan,
And haunt the mangled manſions, once your own;
Behold what flowers the pious Muſes ſtrow,
And tears, which in the midſt of triumph flow;
Cypreſs and bays your envy'd brows ſurround,
Your names the tender matron's heart ſhall wound,
And the ſoft maid grow penſive at the ſound.

Accept, great Anne, the tears their memory draws,
Who nobly periſh'd in their ſovereign's cauſe:
For thou in pity bid'ſt the war give o'er,
Mourn'ſt thy ſlain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
Vaſt price of blood on each victorious day!
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
Lamented triumphs! when one breath muſt tell
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.

Great Queen! whoſe name ſtrikes haughty monarchs pale,
On whoſe juſt ſceptre hangs Europa's ſcale,
Whoſe arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
On whoſe decree the nations anxious wait:
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
So vaſt a tract whoſe wide domain ſhall run,
Its circling ſkies ſhall ſee no ſetting ſun.

Thee, thee an hundred languages ſhall claim,
And ſavage Indians ſwear by Anna's name;
The line and poles ſhall own thy rightful ſway,
And thy commands the ſever'd globe obey.
Round the vaſt ball thy new dominions chain
The watery kingdoms, and control the main;
Magellan's ſtraits to Gibraltar they join,
Acroſs the ſeas a formidable line;
The ſight of adverſe Gaul we fear no more,
But pleas'd ſee Dunkirk, now a guiltleſs ſhore;
In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;
Her giant genius takes a mighty ſtride,
And ſets his foot beyond th' incroaching tide;
On either bank the land its maſter knows,
And in the midſt the ſubject ocean flows.
So near proud Rnodes, acroſs the raging flood,
Stupendous form! the vaſt Coloſſus ſtood,
(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride,
A whole hour's ſail ſcarce reach the further ſide)
Betwixt his brazen thighs, in looſe array,
Ten thouſand ſtreamers on the billows play.
By Harley's counſels Dunkirk now reſtor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which ſwell'd that patriot's veins,
Who boldly faithful met his ſovereign's frown,
And ſcorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.
His ſon was born the raviſh'd prey to claim,
And France ſtill trembles at an Harley's name.

A fort

A fort ſo dreadful to our Engliſh ſhore,
Our fleets ſcarce fear'd the ſands or tempeſts more,
Whoſe vaſt expences to ſuch ſums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul ſcarce furniſh'd out th' account,
Whoſe walls ſuch bulwarks, ſuch vaſt towers reſtrain,
Its weakeſt ramparts are the rocks and main,
His boaſt great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendſhip, Anna, with the mighty prize.
Holland repining, and in grief caſt down,
Sees the new glories of the Britiſh crown:
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes, more dreadful than the Gaul, invite.
Soon may they hold the olive, ſoon aſſwage
Their ſecret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
Thy realm, the ſea, o'er their precarious land.
Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the ſkies,
Scorn'd worth to raiſe, and vice in robes chaſtiſe,
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
Chace the brib'd judge, and huſh the wordy war,
Deny the curſt blaſphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age.
Bleſt change! the ſoldier's late deſtroying hand
Shall rear new temples in his native land;
Miſtaken zealots ſhall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our ſacred fold;
On her own works the pious queen ſhall ſmile,
And turn her cares upon her favourite iſle.
So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames;

He

He bears a tempeſt on his ſounding wings,
And his red arm the forky vengeance flings;
At length, heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
To roll his orb, and guide his deſtin'd ſtar,
To ſhed kind fate, and lucky hours beſtow,
And ſmile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne ſhall faithful nobles wait,
Theſe guard the church, and thoſe direct the ſtate.
To Briſtol, graceful in maternal tears,
The church her towery forehead gently rears;
She begs her pious ſon t' aſſert her cauſe,
Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws,
With holy zeal the ſacred work begin,
To bend the ſtubborn, and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's earl in careful thought ſhall ſtand,
To raiſe his queen, and ſave a ſinking land.
The wealthieſt glebe to ravenous Spaniards known
He marks, and makes the golden world our own,
Content with hands unſoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the ſtore with undeſiring eyes.

So round the tree, that bore Heſperian gold,
The ſacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,
His eyes up-rearing to th' untaſted prey,
The ſleepleſs guardian waſted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride ſhall every art renew,
(The arts with you fam'd Harcourt ſhall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke the Muſe's friend.)
With piercing eye ſome ſearch where nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darkſome maze,

Whence

Whence health from herbs; from ſeeds how groves
How vital ſtreams in circling eddies run. [begun,
Some teach why round the ſun the ſpheres advance,
In the fix'd meaſures of their myſtic dance,
How tides, when heav'd by preſſing moons, o'erflow,
And ſun-born Iris paints her ſhowery bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall ſport no more in arbitrary ſound,
But buſkin'd bards henceforth ſhall wiſely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's ſtage:
Till Congreve bids her ſmile, Auguſta ſtands
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
Britain's Spectators ſhall their ſtrength combine
To mend our morals, and our taſte refine,
Fight virtue's cauſe, ſtand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into ſenſe.
Nor, Prior, haſt thou huſh'd the trump in vain,
Thy lyre ſhall now revive her mirthful ſtrain,
New tales ſhall now be told; if right I ſee,
The ſoul of Chaucer is reſtor'd in thee.
Garth, in majeſtic numbers, to the ſtars
Shall raiſe mock heroes, and fantaſtic wars;
Like the young ſpreading laurel, Pope, thy name
Shoots up with ſtrength, and riſes into fame;
With Philips ſhall the peaceful vallies ring,
And Britain hear a ſecond Spenſer ſing.
That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,
To Briſtol's praiſes ſhall his Strafford's join:
He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for juſt thinking, and poetic laws,

To growing bards his learned aid ſhall lend,
The ſtricteſt critic, and the kindeſt friend.
Ev'n mine, a baſhful Muſe, whoſe rude eſſays
Scarce hope for pardon, not aſpire to praiſe,
Cheriſh'd by you in time may grow to fame,
And mine ſurvive with Briſtol's glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glittering ſcene diſplays,
And ſmit with paſſion for my country's praiſe,
My artleſs reed attempts this lofty theme,
Where ſacred Iſis rolls her ancient ſtream;
In cloiſter'd domes the great Philippa's pride,
Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preſide,
Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
And Edward form'd his Creſſy, yet unfought,
Where laurel'd bards have ſtruck the warbling ſtrings,
The ſeat of ſages, and the nurſe of kings.
Here thy commands, O Lancaſter, inflame
My eager breaſt to raiſe the Britiſh name,
Urge on my ſoul, with no ignoble pride,
To woo the Muſe, whom Addiſon enjoy'd,
See that bold ſwan to heaven ſublimely ſoar,
Purſue at diſtance, and his ſteps adore.

TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

" ——Ne fortè pudori
" Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo."

THE Opera firſt Italian maſters taught,
Inrich'd with ſongs, but innocent of thought;
Britannia's learned theatre diſdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate ſtrains;
And bluſhes, on her injur'd ſtage to ſee
Nonſenſe well-tun'd, and ſweet ſtupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful ſong,
Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil ſtrong.
From words ſo ſweet new grace the notes receive,
And muſic borrows helps, ſhe us'd to give.
Thy ſtyle hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
Their cadence in ſuch eaſy ſound convey'd,
The height of thought may ſeem ſuperfluous aid;
Yet in ſuch charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the ſweets of eaſy ſound.
Landſkips how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and laviſh fancy builds!
What art can trace the viſionary ſcenes,
The flowery groves, and everlaſting greens,
The babbling ſounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy ſhade, and its eternal maze?
Nature and Art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elyſium to one view confin'd!

No

No further could imagination roam, [dome.
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlborough rais'd the

Ten thouſand pangs my anxious boſom tear,
When drown'd in tears I ſee th' imploring fair;
When bards leſs ſoft the moving words ſupply,
A ſeeming juſtice dooms the nymph to die;
But here ſhe begs, nor can ſhe beg in vain
(In dirges thus expiring ſwans complain);
Each verſe ſo ſwells expreſſive of her woes,
And every tear in lines ſo mournful flows;
We ſpite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think ſhe ought to live.

Let joy ſalute fair Roſamonda's ſhade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghoſt ſhe roves,
And hears and tells the ſtory of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bleſs their fate,
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them great.
Nor longer that relentleſs doom bemoan, [great.
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addiſon.

Accept, great monarch of the Britiſh lays,
The tribute ſong an humble ſubject pays.
So tries the artleſs lark her early flight,
And ſoars, to hail the god of verſe and light.
Unrival'd as unmatch'd be ſtill thy fame,
And thy own laurels ſhade thy envy'd name:
Thy name, the boaſt of all the tuneful quire,
Shall tremble on the ſtrings of every lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies
Feels correſponding joys or ſorrows riſe,
And views thy Roſamond with Henry's eyes.

TO

TO THE SAME, ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TOO long hath love engroſs'd Britannia's ſtage,
And ſunk to ſoftneſs all our tragic rage:
By that alone did empires fall or riſe,
And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:
The ſweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it ſooth'd the heart.
You ſcorn to raiſe a grief thyſelf muſt blame,
Nor from our weakneſs ſteal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may juſtly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, ſhed for all mankind.
How do our ſouls with generous pleaſure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero ſtands beneath the weight
Of all his ſufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains ſtill ſheltering by his ſide,
With conſcious virtue, and becoming pride!
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His ſap exhauſted, and his branches bare;
'Midſt ſtorms and earthquakes, he maintains his ſtate,
Fixt deep in earth, and faſten'd by his weight:
His naked boughs ſtill lend the ſhepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful ſhade.
Amidſt the joys triumphant peace beſtows,
Our patriots ſadden at his glorious woes;
Awhile they let the world's great buſineſs wait,
Anxious for Rome, and ſigh for Cato's fate.

Here

Here taught how ancient heroes roſe to fame,
Our Briton's crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
Where ſtates and ſenates well might lend an ear,
And kings and prieſts without a bluſh appear.
France boaſts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now firſt pays homage to her rival's ſtage,
Haſtes to learn thee, and learning ſhall ſubmit
Alike to Britiſh arms, and Britiſh wit:
No more ſhe'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford ſmiles this glorious work to ſee,
And fondly triumphs in a ſon like thee.
The ſenates, conſuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word expreſt,
And every thought that ſwell'd a Roman breaſt,
We trace each hint that could thy ſoul inſpire
With Virgil's judgement, and with Lucan's fire;
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boaſt,
We moſt admire, becauſe we know thee moſt.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN Brunſwick firſt appear'd, each honeſt heart,
Intent on verſe, diſdain'd the rules of art;
For him the ſongſters, in unmeaſur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the ſultan's head.

One,

One, in old fables, and the pagan ſtrain,
With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes ſome druid, to foretel
Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauſeates what ſhe can't believe.
My Muſe th' expected hero ſhall purſue
From clime to clime, and keep him ſtill in view;
His ſhining march deſcribe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor preſume to praiſe;
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth ſupplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties riſe.
By longing nations for the throne deſign'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind;
With ſecret grief his god-like ſoul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyleſs luſtre ſhines,
While prayers and tears his deſtin'd progreſs ſtay,
And crowds of mourners choke their ſovereign's way.
Not ſo he march'd, when hoſtile ſquadrons ſtood
In ſcenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courſer paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
And adverſe legions ſtood the ſhock in vain.
His frontiers paſt, the Belgian bounds he views,
And croſs the level fields his march purſues.
Here pleas'd the land of freedom to ſurvey,
He greatly ſcorns the thirſt of boundleſs ſway.
O'er the thin ſoil, with ſilent joy, he ſpies
Tranſplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure riſe;

Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruit and flowers the careful hind ſupplies,
And clothes the marſhes in a rich diſguiſe.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth heaven decree,
And ſuch thy gifts, celeſtial Liberty!

Through ſtately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main,
Whole nations croud around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with inſatiate eyes.

In Haga's towers he waits, till eaſtern gales
Propitious riſe to ſwell the Britiſh ſails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendſhips of the neighbouring kings;
Mature in wiſdom, his extenſive mind
Takes in the blended intereſts of mankind,
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breaſt,
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy reſt;
Henceforth thy kingdoms ſhall remain confin'd
By rocks or ſtreams, the mounds which heaven deſign'd;
The Alps their new-made monarch ſhall reſtrain,
Nor ſhall thy hills, Pirene, riſe in vain.

But ſee! to Britain's iſle the ſquadrons ſtand,
And leave the ſinking towers, and leſſening land.
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vaſt deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
A watery proſpect bounded by the ſkies:
Ten thouſand veſſels, from ten thouſand ſhores,
Bring gums and gold, and either India's ſtores:

Behold

Behold the tributes haſtening to thy throne,
And ſee the wide horizon all thy own.
Still is it thine; though now the chearful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs; juſt whitening to the view.
Before the wind with ſwelling ſails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
Nor miſſes yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarſe-reſounding main.
As in the flood he ſails, from either ſide
He views his kingdom in his rural pride;
A various ſcene the wide-ſpread landſkip yields,
O'er rich incloſures and luxuriant fields;
A lowing herd each fertile paſture fills,
And diſtant flocks ſtray o'er a thouſand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
Shade above ſhade, now riſes to the ſight;
His woods ordain'd to viſit every ſhore,
And guard the iſland which they grac'd before.
The ſun now rolling down the weſtern way,
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge enfold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Leſs thick the finny ſhoals, a countleſs fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vaſt ſhout he ſeeks the crowded ſtrand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
Welcome, great ſtranger, to our longing eyes,
Oh! king deſir'd, adopted Albion cries.

For thee the Eaſt breath'd out a proſperous breeze,
Bright were the ſuns, and gently ſwell'd the ſeas.
Thy preſence did each doubtful heart compoſe,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.
That joyful day they loſt each hoſtile name,
The ſame their aſpect, and their voice the ſame.
So two fair twins, whoſe features were deſign'd
At one ſoft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the ſame beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled ſtrangers which is which enquire;
Deluſion grateful to the ſmiling ſire.
From that fair * hill, where hoary ſages boaſt
To name the ſtars, and count the heavenly hoſt,
By the next dawn doth great Auguſta riſe,
Proud town! the nobleſt ſcene beneath the ſkies.
O'er Thames her thouſand ſpires their luſtre ſhed,
And a vaſt navy hides his ample bed,
A floating foreſt. From the diſtant ſtrand
A line of golden carrs ſtrikes o'er the land:
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king triumphant, lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright proceſſion, ſhines along the plain.
So, haply, through the heaven's wide pathleſs ways
A comet draws a long extended blaze;
From eaſt to weſt burns through the ethereal frame,
And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.

Now

* Mr. Flamſtead's houſe.

Now to the regal towers ſecurely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
Reſumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and reſtores the brave.
Whom ſhall the Muſe from out the ſhining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her ſong?
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth conſign'd.
Her coin, while Naſſau fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we ſee,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every ſcene to awe and pleaſe,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with eaſe:
Though call'd to ſhine aloft, thou wilt not ſcorn
To ſmile on arts thyſelf did once adorn:
For this thy name ſucceeding time ſhall praiſe,
And envy leſs thy garter, than thy bays.
The Muſe, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
Perhaps ſhall aim at more exalted themes,
Record our monarch in a nobler ſtrain,
And ſing the opening wonders of his reign;
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant conſort, and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love ſupplies,
A glorious ſcene to Albion's raviſh'd eyes;
Who ſees by Brunſwick's hand her ſceptre ſway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

AN IMITATION OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

FROM HORACE. BOOK II. ODE XV.

" Dicam inſigne, recens, adhuc
" Indictum ore alio: non ſecus in jugis
" Ex ſomnis ſtupet Euias
" Hebrum proſpiciens, & nive candidam
" Thracen, ac pede barbaro
" Luſtratam Rhodopen." HOR.

AS Mar his round one morning took,
(Whom ſome call earl, and ſome call duke)
And his new brethren of the blade,
Shivering with fear and froſt, ſurvey'd,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to ſpy
An aged wizard ſix foot high,
With briſtled hair and viſage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and ſecond-ſighted.
The grizly ſage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back ſo round,
Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of ſnow,
And into theſe tremendous ſpeeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches.
Into what ills betray'd, by thee,
This ancient kingdom do I ſee!
Her realms un-peopled and forlorn!
Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!

Proud

Proud Engliſh loons (our clans o'ercome)
On Scottiſh pads ſhall amble home;
I ſee them dreſt in bonnets blue
(The ſpoils of thy rebellious crew);
I ſee the target caſt away,
And chequer'd plaid become their prey,
The chequer'd plaid to make a gown
For many a laſs in London town.

In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all thy warlike geers,
The ſhield, the piſtol, durk, and dagger,
I which they daily wont to ſwagger,
And oft have ſally'd out to pillage
The hen-rooſts of ſome peaceful village,
Or, while their neighbours were aſleep,
Have carry'd off a low-land ſheep.

What boots thy high-born hoſt of beggars,
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
With popiſh cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
And Foſter's troop of raggamuffins?

In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bag-pipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the truſty,
With heart ſo true, and voice ſo ruſty,
(A loyal ſoul) thy troops affright,
While hoarſely he demands the fight?
Doſt thou not generous Ilay dread,
The braveſt hand, the wiſeſt head?
Undaunted doſt thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol ſheath'd in arms?

Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From Thanes and Peers of high renown,
Fiery, and young, and uncontrol'd,
With knights, and ſquires, and barons bold,
(His noble houſhold-band) advances,
And on the milk-white courſer prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown ſwarthy in Iberian wars:
And Monroe, kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er ſo many,
And horſe to boot—if thou hadſt any.

But ſee Argyll, with watchful eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep entrenchments lies!
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,
He waits to ſpring upon his prey;
While, like a herd of timorous deer,
Thy army ſhakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's ſkill,
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

Is thus thy haughty promiſe paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didſt oaths and duty barter,
For dukedom, generalſhip, and garter?
Three moons thy Jemmy ſhall command,
With Highland ſceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth,
——Then down ſhall fall the king of Perth.

'Tis ſo decreed: for George ſhall reign,
And traitors be forſworn in vain.

Heaven

Heaven ſhall for ever on him ſmile,
And bleſs him ſtill with an Argyll.
While thou, purſued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and ſnows,
And hinder'd paſſing Inverlocky,
Shall burn the clan, and curſe poor Jocky.

AN EPISTLE FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON.

TO thee, dear rover, and thy vanquiſh'd friends,
The health, ſhe wants, thy gentle Chloe ſends.
Though much you ſuffer, think I ſuffer more,
Worſe than an exile on my native ſhore.
Companions in your maſter's flight you roam,
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
For ever near the royal outlaw's ſide
You ſhare his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
On glorious ſchemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles ſwell.
Say, for thou know'ſt I own his ſacred line,
The paſſive doctrine, and the right divine,
Say, what new ſuccours does the chief prepare?
The ſtrength of armies? or the force of prayer?
Does he from heaven or earth his hopes derive?
From ſaints departed, or from prieſts alive?
Nor ſaints nor prieſts can Brunſwick's troops withſtand,
And beads drop uſeleſs through the zealot's hand;

Heaven

Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But ſkill and courage win the crowns below
Ere to thy cauſe, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had ſeduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night:
But now, with fears and public cares poſſeſt,
The church, the church, for ever breaks my reſt.
The poſtboy on my pillow I explore,
And ſift the news of every foreign ſhore,
Studious to find new friends, and new allies;
What armies march from Sweden in diſguiſe;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her bleſſings, and her gold:
Then o'er the map my finger, taught to ſtray,
Croſs many a region marks the winding way;
From ſea to ſea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a meer geographer by love:
But ſtill Avignon, and the pleaſing coaſt
That holds thee baniſh'd, claims my care the moſt:
Oft on the well-known ſpot I fix my eyes,
And ſpan the diſtance that between us lies.
Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, deſpair,
Whilſt on his ſide he reckons half the fair:
In Britain's lovely iſle a ſhining throng
War in his cauſe, a thouſand beauties ſtrong.
Th' unthinking victors vainly boaſt their powers;
Be theirs the muſket, while the tongue is ours.
We reaſon with ſuch fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,

Againſt

Againſt her prelates plead the church's cauſe,
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapleſs prince, thy kingdoms loſt;
A crown, though late, thy ſacred brows may boaſt;
Heaven ſeems through us thy empire to decree;
Thoſe who win hearts, have given their hearts to thee.
Haſt thou not heard that when, profuſely gay,
Our well-dreſt rivals grac'd their ſovereign's day,
We ſtubborn damſels met the public view
In lothſome wormwood, and repenting rue?
What Whig but trembled, when our ſpotleſs band
In virgin roſes whiten'd half the land!
Who can forget what fears the foe poſſeſt,
When oaken-boughs mark'd every loyal breaſt!
Leſs ſcar'd than Medway's ſtream the Norman ſtood,
When croſs the plain he ſpy'd a marching wood,
Till, near at hand, a gleam of ſwords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering ſhade?
Thoſe who the ſuccours of the fair deſpiſe,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
Thy female bards, O prince by fortune croſt,
At leaſt more courage than thy men can boaſt:
Our ſex has dar'd the mug-houſe chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought ſtreet.
From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
Fair patriots ſallying oft have put to flight
With all their poles the guardians of the night,
And bore, with ſcreams of triumph, to their ſide
The leader's ſtaff in all its painted pride.

Nor

Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the diſcontented ſtateſman's thought,
Though red with ſtripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore ſmitten for the love of ſacred ſong,
The tuneful ſiſters ſtill purſue their trade,
Like Philomela darkling in the ſhade.
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his eaſy chair.
Meanwhile, regardleſs of the royal cauſe,
His ſword for James no brother ſovereign draws.
The Pope himſelf, ſurrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corſu ſends his arms,
And though he hears his darling ſon's complaint,
Can hardly ſpare one tutelary ſaint,
But liſts them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntleſs Swede, purſued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary ſnows;
Nor muſt the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feaſts regale our garter'd youth again.
Safe, Bar-le-Duc, within thy ſilent grove
The pheaſant now may perch, the hare may rove:
The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
Th' adventurous knight, now quits the ſylvan war:
Thy brinded boars may ſlumber undiſmay'd,
Or grunt ſecure beneath the cheſnut ſhade.
Inconſtant Orleans (ſtill we mourn the day,
That truſted Orleans with imperial ſway,)
Far o'er the Alps our helpleſs monarch ſends,
Far from the call of his deſponding friends.

Such

Such are the terms, to gain Britannia's grace!
And ſuch the terrors of the Brunſwick race!
Was it for this the ſun's whole luſtre fail'd,
And ſudden midnight o'er the moon prevail'd!
For this did heaven diſplay to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the ſkies!
Was it for this Northumbrian ſtreams look'd red!
And Thames driv'n backward ſhow'd his ſecret bed!
Falſe auguries! th' inſulting victor's ſcorn!
Ev'n our own prodigies againſt us turn!
O portents conſtrued on our ſide in vain!
Let never Tory truſt eclipſe again!
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye ſkies!
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders riſe!
To Rome then muſt the royal wanderer go,
And fall a ſuppliant at the papal toe?
His life in ſloth inglorious muſt he wear,
One half in luxury, and one in prayer?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with eaſe,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may pleaſe.
Shall he, whoſe ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In ſolemn conclave ſit, devoid of thought,
And pole for points of faith his truſty vote!
Be ſummon'd to his ſtall in time of need,
And with his caſting ſuffrage fix a creed!
Shall he in robes on ſtated days appear,
And Engliſh heretics curſe once a year!
Garnet and Faux ſhall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may ſmoke!

Forbid

Forbid it, heaven! my ſoul, to fury wrought,
Turns almoſt Hanoverian at the thought.
From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunſwick, 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet ſtill his ſhare thy rival will conteſt,
And ſtill the double claim divides my breaſt.
The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wiſh my homage were not Brunſwick's due:
To James my paſſion and my weakneſs guide,
But reaſon ſways me to the victor's ſide.
Though griev'd I ſpeak it, let the truth appear!
You know my language, and my heart, ſincere.
In vain did falſehood his fair fame diſgrace;
What force had falſehood, when he ſhow'd his face!
In vain to war our boaſtful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire ſhock they fled:
France ſhuns his wrath, nor raiſes to our ſhame
A ſecond Dunkirk in another name:
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows:
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious town ſees fifty churches riſe:
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And ſits more firmly on his ſhaken throne.
To my ſad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long proſpect of ſucceeding years.
The ſon, aſpiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his fire: another and the ſame.
He, bleſt in lovely Carolina's arms,
To future ages propagates her charms:

With pain and joy at ſtrife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face;
Half ſickening at the ſight, too well I ſpy
The father's ſpirit through the mother's eye:
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And ſtrive to hate their innocence in vain.
O princeſs! happy by thy foes confeſt!
Bleſt in thy huſband! in thy children bleſt!
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
While Europe laſts, ſhall Europe's thrones adorn.
Tranſplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy ſmile celeſtial and unfading bloom,
Great Auſtria's ſons with ſofter lines ſhall grace,
And ſmooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
The fair deſcendants of thy ſacred bed,
Wide-branching o'er the weſtern world ſhall ſpread,
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whoſe pliant ſhoot
To earthward bending of itſelf takes root,
Till, like their mother plant, ten thouſand ſtand
In verdant arches on the fertile land;
Beneath her ſhade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt, at large, through the wide echoing grove.
O thou, to whom theſe mournful lines I ſend,
My promis'd huſband, and my deareſt friend;
Since heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottiſh fields in vain;
Muſt I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's ſake,
Tir'd out at length, ſubmit to fate's decree?
If not to Brunſwick, O return to me!

Proſtrate

Proſtrate before the victor's mercy bend:
What ſpares whole thouſands, may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunſwick's virtue ſhall ſecure thy fame:
Say theſe invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch, heaven vouchſafes to own:
The world, convinc'd, thy reaſons will approve;
Say this to them; but ſwear to me 'twas love.

AN ODE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF STANHOPE'S VOYAGE TO FRANCE, 1718.

" Idem
" Pacis eras mediuſque belli." HOR.

I.

FAIR daughter once of Windſor's woods!
In ſafety o'er the rolling floods,
Britannia's boaſt and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear.
May winds propitious on his way
The miniſter of peace convey;
Nor rebel wave, nor riſing ſtorm,
Great George's liquid realms deform.

II.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded ſails
Already ſwell with weſtern gales;

Already

Already Albion's coaſt retires,
And Calais multiplies her ſpires:
At length has royal Orleans preſt,
With open arms, the well-known gueſt;
Before in ſacred friendſhip join'd,
And now in counſels for mankind:

III.

Whilſt his clear ſchemes our patriot ſhows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repoſe,
They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bleſs whole ages yet to come.
Henceforth great Brunſwick ſhall decree
What flag muſt awe the Tyrrhene ſea;
From whom the Tuſcan grape ſhall glow,
And fruitful Arethuſa flow.

IV.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
The Seine, the Maeſe, and diſtant Rhine!
Nor, Ebro, let thy ſingle rage
With half the warring world engage.
Oh! call to mind thy thouſands ſlain,
And Almanara's fatal plain;
While yet the Gallic terrors ſleep,
Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1713.

WHAT kings henceforth ſhall reign, what ſtates be free,
Is fixt at length by Anna's juſt decree:
Whoſe brows the Muſe's ſacred wreath ſhall fit,
Is left to you the arbiters of wit.
With beating hearts the rival poets wait,
Till you, Athenians, ſhall decide their fate;
Secure, when to theſe learned ſeats they come,
Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.
Poor is the player's fame, whoſe whole renown
Is but the praiſe of a capricious town;
While, with mock-majeſty, and fancy'd power,
He ſtruts in robes, the monarch of an hour.
Oft wide of nature muſt he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombaſt break his heart:
In turn and ſimile reſign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.
We bluſh, when plays like theſe receive applauſe;
And laugh, in ſecret, at the tears we cauſe;
With honeſt ſcorn our own ſucceſs diſdain,
A worthleſs honour, and inglorious gain.
No trifling ſcenes at Oxford ſhall appear;
Well, what we bluſh to act, may you to hear.
To you our fam'd, our ſtandard plays we bring,
The work of poets, whom you taught to ſing:
Though crown'd with fame, they dare not think it due,
Nor take the laurel till beſtow'd by you.

Great

Great Cato's ſelf the glory of the ſtage,
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
Begs here he may be try'd by Roman laws;
To you, O fathers, he ſubmits his cauſe;
He reſts not in the people's general voice,
Till you, the ſenate, have confirm'd his choice.
Fine is the ſecret, delicate the art,
To wind the paſſions, and command the heart;
For fancy'd ills to force our tears to flow,
And make the generous ſoul in love with woe;
To raiſe the ſhades of heroes to our view;
Rebuild fall'n empires, and old time renew.
How hard the taſk! how rare the godlike rage!
None ſhould preſume to dictate for the Stage,
But ſuch as boaſt a great extenſive mind,
Enrich'd by Nature, and by Art refin'd;
Who from the ancient ſtores their knowledge bring,
And taſted early of the Muſes' ſpring.
May none pretend upon her throne to ſit,
But ſuch as, ſprung from you, are born to wit:
Choſen by the mob, their lawleſs claim we ſlight:
Yours is the old hereditary right.

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I.

TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, Esq.

"—— Animum pictura paſcit inani
"Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum."
VIRG.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be ſunk by heaven to ſuch a diſmal ſtate!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What ſteady ſadneſs, and auguſt deſpair!
In thoſe ſunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And ſorrow ſeems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart diſdain'd, from me o'erflow,
Thus to ſurvey God's ſubſtitute below,
In ſolemn anguiſh, and majeſtic woe.
When ſpoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,
Sold by his ſlaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from, what oft had ſweeten'd anxious life,
His helpleſs children, and his boſom wife;
Doom'd for the faith, plebeian rage to ſtand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;
Then thus was ſeen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The king, the father, and the ſaint to mourn.—
How could'ſt thou, artiſt, then thy ſkill diſplay?
Thy ſteady hands thy ſavage heart betray:

Near

Near thy bold work the ſtunn'd ſpectators faint,
Nor ſee unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'ſt paint.
What brings to mind each various ſcene of woe,
Th' inſulting judge, the ſolemn-mocking ſhow,
The horrid ſentence, and accurſed blow.

Where then, juſt heaven, was thy unactive hand,
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
Thy adamantine ſhield, thy angel wings,
And the great Genii of anointed kings!
Treaſon and fraud ſhall thus the ſtars regard!
And injur'd virtue meet this ſad reward!
So ſad, none like, can Time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell.
All names but one too low—that one too high:
All parallels are wrongs, or blaſphemy.

O power ſupreme! How ſecret are thy ways!
Yet man, vain man, would trace the myſtic maze,
With fooliſh wiſdom, arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod;
New-mould the ſpheres, and mend the ſky's deſign,
And ſound th' immenſe with his ſhort ſcanty line.
Do thou, my ſoul, the deſtin'd period wait,
When God ſhall ſolve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal diſpenſations clear,
And make all wiſe and beautiful appear;
When ſuffering ſaints aloft in beams ſhall glow,
And proſperous traitors gnaſh their teeth below.

Such boding thoughts did guilty conſcience dart,
A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:
Then this pale image ſeem'd t' invade his room,
Gaz'd him to ſtone, and warn'd him to the tomb.

While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,
And the ſtorm wings his ſpotted ſoul away.

A blaſt more bounteous ne'er did heaven command
To ſcatter bleſſings o'er the Britiſh land.
Not that more kind, which daſh'd the pride of Spain,
And whirl'd her cruſh'd Armada round the main;
Not thoſe more kind, which guide our floating towers,
Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours:
That only kinder, which to Britain's ſhore
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race reſtore,
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.

O Clarke, to whom a Stuart truſts her reign
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main;
Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath ſworn,
Tranſmit this piece to ages yet unborn.
This ſight ſhall damp the raging ruffian's breaſt,
The poiſon ſpill, and half-drawn ſword arreſt;
To ſoft compaſſion ſtubborn traitors bend,
And, one deſtroy'd, a thouſand kings defend.

A FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON HUNTING.

" Dona cano divûm, lætas venantibus artes,
" Auſpicio, Diana, tuo——" GRATIUS.

HORSES and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beaſts, that range the rural chace,
The huntſman's choſen ſcenes, his friendly ſtars,
The laws and glory of the ſylvan wars,

I firſt

I firſt in Britiſh verſe preſume to raiſe;
A venturous rival of the Roman praiſe.
Let me, chaſte Queen of Woods, thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and ſprightly train:
If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
To rouſe the foe, and preſs the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the taſk to join,
And grant me genius for the bold deſign.
In this ſoft ſhade, O ſooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-ſtring to the trembling lyre;
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we ſing,
The groves to echo, and the vales to ring.

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Thy care be firſt the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant race.
In powers diſtinct the different clans excel,
In ſight, or ſwiftneſs, or ſagacious ſmell;
By wiles ungenerous ſome ſurprize the prey,
And ſome by courage win the doubtful day.
Seeſt thou the gaze-hound! how with glance ſevere
From the cloſe herd he marks the deſtin'd deer!
How every nerve the greyhound's ſtretch diſplays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze;
The luckleſs prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
And dauntleſs wolf-dogs ſhake the lion's mane;
O'er all, the blood-hound boaſts ſuperior ſkill,
To ſcent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill!
His fellows' vain alarms rejects with ſcorn,
True to the maſter's voice, and learned horn.

His noſtrils oft, if ancient fame ſing true,
Trace the ſly felon through the tainted dew;
Once ſnuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the choſen game;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
Springs on relentleſs, and to death purſues.

Some hounds of manners vile (nor leſs we find
Of fops in hounds, than in the reaſoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the plain,
And from the ſcent divert the wiſer train;
For the foe's footſteps fondly ſnuff their own,
And mar the muſic with their ſenſeleſs tone;
Start at the ſtarting prey, or ruſtling wind,
And, hot at firſt, inglorious lag behind.
A ſauntering tribe! may ſuch my foes diſgrace!
Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.
Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown
I ſing, and make Athenian arts our own.

Doſt thou in hounds aſpire to deathleſs fame?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient ſtem.
Each tribe with joy old ruſtic heralds trace,
And ſing the choſen worthies of their race;
How his ſire's features in the ſon were ſpy'd,
When Die was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride.
Leſs ſure thick lips the fate of Auſtria doom,
Or eagle noſes rul'd almighty Rome.

Good ſhape to various kinds old bards confine,
Some praiſe the Greek, and ſome the Roman line;
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims,
As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.

Immenſe

Immenſe to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thouſand families of hounds:
Firſt count the ſands, the drops where oceans flow,
Or Gauls by Marlborough ſent to ſhades below.
The taſk be mine, to teach Britannia's ſwains,
My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.
Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'ſt to train,
His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
Of fillet ſtretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind;
Truſs-thigh'd, ſtraight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd his paw,
Large-leg'd, dry ſol'd, and of protended claw.
His flat, wide noſtrils ſnuff the ſavory ſteam,
And from his eyes he ſhoots pernicious gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and cheſt that daſh the morning dew:
He beſt to ſtem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the Dryads with his voice profound;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the ſylvan hero's plenteous board.
The matron bitch whoſe womb ſhall beſt produce
The hopes and fortune of th' illuſtrious houſe,
Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign ſeed,
For various nature loaths inceſtuous breed,
Is like the ſire throughout. Nor yet diſpleaſe
Large flanks, and ribs, to give the teemer eaſe.
In Spring let looſe thy pairs. Then all things prove
The ſtings of pleaſure, and the pangs of love:
Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial ſhowers,
Earth's mighty womb, and ſtrews her lap with flowers.

Hence

Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
More kindly breezes, and a ſofter ſky:
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough,
In lulling ſtrains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tigers ſoften in th' infectious flames,
And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great Love pervades the deep; to pleaſe his mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monſtrous weight,
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.
All Nature ſmiles; come now, nor fear, my love,
To taſte the odours of the woodbine grove,
To paſs the evening glooms in harmleſs play,
And, ſweetly ſwearing, languiſh life away.
An altar, bound with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, beſt ſeaſon of the various year;
All hail! ſuch days in beauteous order ran,
So ſwift, ſo ſweet, when firſt the world began,
In Eden's bowers, when man's great ſire aſſign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
Wondrous to tell! but when, with luckleſs hand,
Our daring mother broke the ſole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign:
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry churls enſnar'd the nightly prey;
Rude arts at firſt; but witty want refin'd
The huntſman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold

Bold Nimrod firſt the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the briſtling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courſer in his mid career:
Ah! had he there reſtrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye powers, an humbler wreath demand.
No pomps I aſk, which crowns and ſceptres yield,
Nor dangerous laurels in the duſty field;
Faſt by the foreſt, and the limpid ſpring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to ſing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful preſs the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltleſs name.
And now thy female bears in ample womb
The bane of hares, and triumphs yet to come.
No ſport, I ween, nor blaſt of ſprightly horn,
Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
Unlock'd, in covers let her freely run,
To range thy courts, and baſk before the ſun;
Near thy full table let the favourite ſtand,
Strok'd by thy ſon's, or blooming daughter's hand.
Careſs, indulge, by arts the matron bribe,
T' improve her breed, and teem a vigorous tribe.
So, if ſmall things may be compar'd with great,
And Nature's works the Muſes imitate,
So, ſtretch'd in ſhades, and lull'd by murmuring ſtreams,
Great Maro's breaſt receiv'd the heavenly dreams.
Recluſe, ſerene, the muſing prophet lay,
Till thoughts in embryo, ripening, burſt their way.

Hence

Hence bees in ſtate, and foaming courſers come,
Heroes, and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

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TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

I.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath, the coy virgin purſued,
When his wiſdom, in manner moſt ample, expreſt
The long liſt of the graces his godſhip poſſeſt:

II.

I'm the god of ſweet ſong, and inſpirer of lays;
Nor for lays, nor ſweet ſong, the fair fugitive ſtays;
I'm the god of the harp—ſtop my faireſt—in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.

III.

Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of phyſic below:
At the dreadful word phyſic, the nymph fled more faſt;
At the fatal word phyſic ſhe doubled her haſte.

IV.

Thou fond god of wiſdom, then, alter thy phraſe,
Bid her view the young bloom, and thy raviſhing rays,
Tell her leſs of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damſel will fly to thy arms.

THE

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
The laviſh praiſes of the babler, Fame:
I thought them ſuch, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye.
Reſolv'd to find ſome fault, before unſpy'd,
And diſappointed, if but ſatisfy'd.
Love pierc'd the vaſſal heart, that durſt rebel,
And, where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
On thoſe dear eyes, with ſweet perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my pride and ſoul away;
All o'er I felt the luſcious poiſon run,
And, in a look, the haſty conqueſt won.
Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And ſports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
Raviſh'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
Nor dreams of ruin in ſo clear a light;
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
A bright deſtruction, and a ſhining tomb.

TO A LADY;
WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

LAVISH of wit, and bold, appear the lines,
Where Claudian's genius in the Phœnix ſhines;
A thouſand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
A tale more ſtrange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,
Nor e'er did fiction play ſo wild a part.

Each

Each fabled charm in matchleſs Cælia meets,
The heavenly colours, and ambroſial ſweets;
Her virgin boſom chaſter fires ſupplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.
O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom diſcloſe,
Th' untainted lily, and unfolding roſe;
Eaſe in your mien, and ſweetneſs in your face,
You ſpeak a Syren, and you move a Grace;
Nor time ſhall urge theſe beauties to decay,
While virtue gives, what years ſhall ſteal away:
The fair, whoſe youth can boaſt the worth of age,
In age ſhall with the charms of youth engage;
In every change ſtill lovely, ſtill the ſame,
A fairer Phœnix in a purer flame.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

IN utmoſt ocean lies a lovely iſle,
Where ſpring ſtill blooms, and greens for ever ſmile,
Which ſees the ſun put on his firſt array,
And hears his panting ſteeds bring on the day;
When, from the deep, they ruſh with rapid force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious courſe;
When firſt appear the ruddy ſtreaks of light,
And glimmering beams diſpel the parting night.
In theſe ſoft ſhades, unpreſt by human feet,
The happy Phœnix keeps his balmy ſeat,

Far

Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
A god-like bird! whoſe endleſs round of years
Out-laſts the ſtars, and tires the circling ſpheres;
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the cryſtal of the murmuring rill;
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And ſlak'd by ſtreams which eaſtern ſeas convey;
Still he renews his life in theſe abodes,
Contemns the power of fate, and mates the gods.
His fiery eyes ſhoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thouſand glories play;
High on his creſt, a ſtar celeſtial bright
Divides the darkneſs with its piercing light;
His legs are ſtain'd with purple's lively dye,
His azure wings the fleeting winds out-fly;
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,
Enrich'd with ſpangles, and bedropt with gold.
Begot by none himſelf, begetting none,
Sire of himſelf he is, and of himſelf the ſon;
His life in fruitful death renews his date,
And kind deſtruction but prolongs his fate:
Ev'n in the grave new ſtrength his limbs receive,
And on the funeral pile begin to live.
For when a thouſand times the ſummer ſun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal ſigns have roll'd,
As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold;
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.

So

So falls the ſtately pine, that proudly grew,
The ſhade and glory of the mountain's brow.
When pierc'd by blaſts, and ſpouting clouds o'erſpread,
It, ſlowly ſinking, nods its tottering head,
Part dies by winds, and part by ſickly rains,
And waſting age deſtroys the poor remains.

Then, as the ſilver empreſs of the night,
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So, froz'n with age, and ſhut from light's ſupplies,
In lazy rounds ſcarce roll his feeble eyes,
And thoſe fleet wings, for ſtrength and ſpeed renown'd,
Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground.

Myſterious arts a ſecond time create
The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his ſire the ſun's intenſeſt rays;
The pile deſign'd to form his funeral ſcene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids his ſpicy heap at once become
A grave deſtructive, and a teeming womb.

On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phœbus with perſuaſive cries,
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new-create him in a deadly blaze.

The god beholds the ſuppliant from afar,
And ſtops the progreſs of his heavenly carr.
" O thou, ſays he, whom harmleſs fires ſhall burn,
" Thy age the flame to ſecond youth ſhall turn,
" An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.
" Thou, on whom heaven has fix'd th' ambiguous doom
" To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,

" Thy

"Thy life, thy ſtrength, thy lovely form renew,
"And with freſh beauties doubly charm the view."
Thus ſpeaking, 'midſt the aromatic bed
A golden beam he toſſes from his head;
Swift as deſire, the ſhining ruin flies,
And ſtraight devours the willing ſacrifice,
Who haſtes to periſh in the fertile fire,
Sink into ſtrength, and into life expire.
In flames the circling odours mount on high,
Perfume the air, and glitter in the ſky,
The moon and ſtars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
And nature ſtartles at the doubtful ſight;
For, whilſt the pregnant urn with fury glows,
The goddeſs labours with a mother's throes,
Yet joys to cheriſh, in the friendly flames,
The nobleſt product of the ſkill ſhe claims.
Th' enlivening duſt its head begins to rear,
And on the aſhes ſprouting plumes appear;
In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
And life returning revels in his veins:
A new-born Phœnix ſtarting from the flame,
Obtains at once a ſon's, and father's name;
And the great change of double life diſplays,
In the ſhort moment of one tranſient blaze.
On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
And to the gods his parent urn commends,
To Egypt bearing, with majeſtic pride,
The balmy neſt, where firſt he liv'd and dy'd.
Birds of all kinds admire th' unuſual ſight,
And grace the triumph of his infant flight;

In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
Oppreſs the air, and cloud the ſpacious ſky;
Nor dares the fierceſt of the winged race
Obſtruct his journey through th' ethereal ſpace;
The hawk and eagle uſeleſs wars forbear,
Forego their courage, and conſent to fear;
The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
And bleſs the gaudy flight of their ambroſial king.
Leſs glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
Commanding legions to the duſty field;
Though ſparkling jewels on his helm abound,
And royal gold his awful head ſurround;
Though rich embroidery paint his purple veſt,
And his ſteed bound in coſtly trappings dreſt,
Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.
Fam'd for the worſhip of the ſun, there ſtands
A ſacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
Hither, 'tis ſaid, he brings the precious load,
A grateful offering to the beamy god;
Upon whoſe altar's conſecrated blaze
The ſeeds and relicks of himſelf he lays,
Whence flaming incenſe makes the temple ſhine,
And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine.
The wafted ſmell to far Peluſium flies,
To chear old Ocean, and enrich the ſkies,
With nectar's ſweets to make the nations ſmile,
And ſcent the ſeven-fold channels of the Nile.

Thrice

Thrice happy Phœnix! heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyſelf thyſelf's ſurviving heir;
By death thy deathleſs vigour is ſupply'd,
Which ſinks to ruin all the world beſide;
Thy age, not thee, aſſiſting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
Whate'er events have been, thy eyes ſurvey,
And thou art fixt, while ages roll away;
Thou ſaw'ſt when raging Ocean burſt his bed,
O'er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'er-ſpread;
When the raſh youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the ſkies, and ſcar'd the deathleſs gods.
When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot ſhall brave,
Baffle deſtruction, and elude the grave.

VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER ON HER MARRIAGE.

FROM MENAGE.

THE greateſt ſwain that treads th' Arcadian grove,
Our ſhepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph, his ſofter fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains;
He, 'midſt the graceful, of ſuperior grace,
And ſhe the lovelieſt of the lovelieſt race.
Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno, ſhed,
And crown the pleaſures of the genial bed:

Raiſe thence, their future joy, a ſmiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'ſt thou ſhower thy choiceſt gifts on thoſe,
Who boldly rival thy moſt hated foes;
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

TO A LADY;
WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

THE fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
The choiceſt ſtores that youthful ſummer yields,
Strephon to fair Eliſa hath convey'd,
The ſweeteſt garland to the ſweeteſt maid.
O cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them reſt
On the Elyſium of thy ſnowy breaſt,
And there regale the ſmell, and charm the view,
With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.
Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flower,
Thy form divine, and beauty's matchleſs power:
Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
And thy ripe lips out-bluſh the opening roſe:
The lily's ſnow betrays leſs pure a light,
Loſt in thy boſom's more unſullied white;
And wreaths of jaſmine ſhed perfumes, beneath
Th' ambroſial incenſe of thy balmy breath.
Ten thouſand beauties grace the rival pair,
How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!
But ah! too ſoon theſe fleeting charms decay,
The fading luſtre of one haſtening day.

This night ſhall ſee the gaudy wreath decline,
The roſes wither, and the lilies pine.
The garlands fate to thine ſhall be apply'd,
And what advance thy form, ſhall check thy pride:
Be wiſe, my fair, the preſent hour improve,
Let joy be now, and now a waſte of love;
Each drooping bloom ſhall plead thy juſt excuſe,
And that which ſhew'd thy beauty, ſhew its uſe.

ON A LADY'S PICTURE:

TO GILFRED LAWSON, Esq.

AS Damon Chloe's painted form ſurvey'd,
He ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for the jilting ſhade:
For Cupid taught the artiſt hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
Now he laments a look ſo falſely fair,
And almoſt damns, what yet reſembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing eyes;
Now ſated, from the lovely phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her ivory neck his lips preſume to kiſs,
And his bold hands the ſwelling boſom preſs;
The ſwain drinks in deep draughts of vain deſire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.
Strange power of paint! thou nice creator art!
What love inſpires, may life itſelf impart.
Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;

Claſp, new Pygmalion, claſp the ſeeming charms,
Perhaps ev'n now th' enlivening image warms,
Deſtin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms:
Thy arms, which ſhall with fire ſo fierce invade,
That ſhe at once ſhall be, and ceaſe to be a maid.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæſar, having reſolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the ſame field. The behaviour of their ſoldiers, at their ſeeing and knowing one another, is the ſubject of the following verſes.

THEIR ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering ſoldiers knew;
Brother, with brother in unnatural ſtrife,
And the ſon arm'd againſt the father's life:
Curſt civil war! then conſcience firſt was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb ſorrow all at once they ſtand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltleſs hand;
To vent ten thouſand ſtruggling paſſions move,
The ſtings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run, with tranſport, to the longing foe:
Here the long-loſt acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,

Youths,

Youths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hoſts they view.
Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
And kiſſes, broke by ſobs, the words of grief;
Though yet no blood was ſpilt, each anxious mind
With horror thinks on what his rage deſign'd.
Ah! generous youths, why thus, with fruitleſs pain,
Beat ye thoſe breaſts? why guſh thoſe eyes in vain?
Why blame ye heaven, and charge your guilt on fate?
Why dread the tyrant, whom yourſelves make great?
Bids he the trumpet ſound? the trumpet ſlight.
Bids he the ſtandards move? refuſe the fight.
Your generals, left by you, will love again
A ſon and father, when they're private men.
Kind Concord, heavenly born! whoſe bliſsful reign
Holds this vaſt globe in one ſurrounding chain,
Whoſe laws the jarring elements control,
And knit each atom cloſe from pole to pole;
Soul of the world! and love's eternal ſpring!
This lucky hour, thy aid fair goddeſs bring!
This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly ſtain the times.
No veil henceforth for ſin, for pardon none;
They know their duty, now their friends are known.
Vain wiſh! from blood ſhort muſt the reſpite be,
New crimes, by love inhanc'd, this night ſhall ſee:
Such is the will of fate, and ſuch the hard decree.
'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
The ſoldiers mingling chearful feaſts prepare:

On the green ſod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
And haſty banquets pil'd upon the ground:
Around the fire they talk; one ſhews his ſcars,
One tells what chance firſt led him to the wars;
Their ſtories o'er the tedious night prevail,
And the mute circle liſtens to the tale;
They own they fought, but ſwear they ne'er could hate,
Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate;
Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow,
A ſhort-liv'd bleſſing, but to heighten woe.
When to Petreius firſt the news was told,
The jealous general thought his legions ſold.
Swift with the guards, his head-ſtrong fury drew,
From out his camp he drives the hoſtile crew;
Cuts claſping friends aſunder with his ſword,
And ſtains with blood each hoſpitable board.
Then thus his wrath breaks out. 'Oh! loſt to fame!
'Oh! falſe to Pompey, and the Roman name!
'Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands?
'Oh! die at leaſt; 'tis all that Rome demands.
'What! will ye own, while ye can wield the ſword,
'A rebel ſtandard, and uſurping lord?
'Shall he be ſued to take you into place
'Amongſt his ſlaves, and grant you equal grace?
'What? ſhall my life be begg'd? inglorious thought!
'And life abhorr'd, on ſuch conditions bought!
'The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life,
'Too mean a prize in ſuch a dreadful ſtrife;
'But peace would lead to ſervitude and ſhame,
'A fair amuſement, and a ſpecious name.

'Never

'Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
'Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tower,
'Ne'er had the ſteed in harneſs fought the plain,
'Or fleets encounter'd on th' unſtable main;
'Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd
'Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.
'By guilty oaths the hoſtile army bound,
'Holds faſt its impious faith, and ſtands its ground;
'Are you perfidious, who eſpouſe the laws,
'And traitors only in a righteous cauſe?
'Oh ſhame! in vain through nations far and wide,
'Thou call'ſt the crowding monarchs to thy ſide,
'Fall'n Pompey! while thy legions here betray
'Thy cheap-bought life, and treat thy fame away.'
He ended fierce. The ſoldier's rage returns,
His blood flies upward, and his boſom burns.
So, haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,
Leſs grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands;
But if by chance he taſtes forbidden gore,
He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar.
He glares, he foams, he aims a deſperate bound,
And his pale maſter flies the dangerous ground.
Now deeds are done, which man might charge aright
On ſtubborn fate, or undiſcerning night,
Had not their guilt the lawleſs ſoldiers known,
And made the whole malignity their own.
The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,
And breaſts are ſtabb'd, that were embrac'd before:
Pity awhile their hands from ſlaughter kept.
Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept.

But

But every blow their wavering rage aſſures,
In murder hardens, and to blood inures.
Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends deſcry,
But ſires by ſons, and ſons by fathers die.
Black, monſtrous rage! each, with victorious cries,
Drags his ſlain friend before the general's eyes,
Exults in guilt, that throws the only ſhame
On Pompey's cauſe, and blots the Roman name.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

THE DEDICATION.

WHEN I firſt entered upon this tranſlation, I was ambitious of dedicating it to the earl of Halifax; but being prevented from doing myſelf that honour, by the unſpeakable loſs which our country hath ſuſtained in the death of that extraordinary perſon, I hope I ſhall not be blamed for preſuming to make a dedication of it to his memory. The greatneſs of his name will juſtify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work, which (if it had deſerved his patronage) is perhaps the only one inſcribed to his lordſhip, that will eſcape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from ſuch a dedication, that nothing, I could ſay in it, would be ſuſpected of flattery. Beſides that the world would take a pleaſure in hearing thoſe things ſaid of this great man, now he is dead, which he himſelf would have been offended at when living. But though I am ſenſible, ſo amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the publick, were I able to draw it in its full extent: I ſhould be cenſured very deſervedly, ſhould I venture upon an undertaking, to which I am by no means equal.

His conſummate knowledge in all kinds of buſineſs, his winning eloquence in public aſſemblies, his active zeal

zeal for the good of his country, and the ſhare he had in conveying the ſupreme power to an illuſtrious family famous for being friends to mankind, are ſubjects eaſy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhauſted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune, which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of ſo generous and univerſal a patron.

He reſted not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himſelf was ſo great a maſter; but was acted by that humanity they naturally inſpire: which gave riſe to many excellent writers, who have caſt a light upon the age in which he lived, and will diſtinguiſh it to poſterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been publiſhed for ſeveral years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or ſupported by his approbation, or recompenſed by his bounty. And if the ſucceſſion of men, who excel in moſt of the refined arts, ſhould not continue; though ſome may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen; thoſe, who are unacquainted with his lordſhip's character, will know more juſtly how to account for it.

The cauſe of liberty will receive no ſmall advantage in future times, when it ſhall be obſerved that the earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that moſt of thoſe, who were eminent in the ſeveral parts of polite or uſeful learning, were by his influence and example engaged in the ſame intereſt.

I hope

I hope therefore the publick will excuſe my ambition for thus intruding into the number of thoſe applauded men, who have paid him this kind of homage: eſpecially ſince I am alſo prompted to it by gratitude, for the protection with which he had begun to honour me; and do it at a time when he cannot ſuffer by the importunity of my acknowledgments.

TO THE READER.

I MUST inform the reader, that when I began this firſt book, I had ſome thoughts of tranſlating the whole Iliad: but had the pleaſure of being diverted from that deſign, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publiſhing this ſmall ſpecimen of Homer's Iliad, than to beſpeak, if poſſible, the favour of the publick to a tranſlation of Homer's Odyſſeis, wherein I have already made ſome progreſs.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence diſcord roſe,
That brought the ſons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O goddeſs, ſing. Full many a hero's ghoſt
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coaſt,
While in promiſcuous heaps their bodies lay,
A feaſt for dogs, and every bird of prey.

So

So did the ſire of gods and men fulfil
His ſtedfaſt purpoſe, and almighty will;
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
Atrides, king of men, and Peleus' godlike ſon.
What god in ſtrife the princes did engage?
Apollo burning with vindictive rage
Againſt the ſcornful king, whoſe impious pride
His prieſt diſhonour'd, and his power defy'd.
Hence ſwift contagion, by the god's commands,
Swept thro' the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.
For, wealth immenſe the holy Chryſes bore,
(His daughter's ranſom) to the tented ſhore:
His ſceptre ſtretching forth, the golden rod,
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god,
Of all the hoſt, of every princely chief,
But firſt of Atreus' ſons he begg'd relief:
'Great Atreus' ſons and warlike Greeks attend.
'So may th' immortal gods your cauſe befriend,
'So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
'And rich in gather'd ſpoils to Greece return,
'As for theſe gifts my daughter you beſtow,
'And reverence due to great Apollo ſhow,
'Jove's favourite offspring, terrible in war,
'Who ſends his ſhafts unerring from afar.'
Throughout the hoſt conſenting murmurs riſe,
The prieſt to reverence, and give back the prize;
When the great king, incens'd, his ſilence broke
In words reproachful, and thus ſternly ſpoke:
'Hence, dotard, from my ſight. Nor ever more
'Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden ſhore;
'Leſt

'Leſt thou ſtretch forth, my fury to reſtrain,
'The wreaths and ſceptre of thy god, in vain.
'The captive maid I never will reſign,
'Till age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine.
'To diſtant Argos ſhall the fair be led:
'She ſhall; to ply the loom, and grace my bed.
'Begone, ere evil intercept thy way.
'Hence on thy life: nor urge me by thy ſtay.'
He ended frowning. Speechleſs and diſmay'd,
The aged ſire his ſtern command obey'd.
Silent he paſs'd, amid the deafening roar
Of tumbling billows, on the lonely ſhore;
Far from the camp he paſs'd: then ſuppliant ſtood;
And thus the hoary prieſt invok'd his god:
'Dread warrior with the ſilver bow, give ear.
'Patron of Chryſa and of Cilla, hear.
'To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs;
'Propitious Smintheus! Oh! redreſs my wrongs.
'If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,
'The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
'O! hear my prayer. Let Greece thy fury know,
'And with thy ſhafts avenge thy ſervant's woe.'
Apollo heard his injur'd ſuppliant's cry.
Down ruſh'd the vengeful warrior from the ſky;
Acroſs his breaſt the glittering bow he ſlung,
And at his back the well-ſtor'd quiver hung:
(His arrows rattled, as he urg'd his flight.)
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal ſight;
Then took his ſtand, the well-aim'd ſhaft to throw:
Fierce ſprung the ſtring, and twang'd the ſilver bow.

The

The dogs and mules his firſt keen arrow flew;
Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,
A deathful dart. The funeral piles around
For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.

Nine days entire he vex'd th' embattled hoſt,
The tenth, Achilles through the winding coaſt
Summon'd a council, by the queen's command
Who wields heaven's ſceptre in her ſnowy hand:
She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now incloſe
The hero, ſwiftly ſpeaking as he roſe:

'What now, O Atreus' ſon, remains in view,
'But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,
'Doom'd to deſtruction, while our waſted powers
'The ſword and peſtilence at once devours?
'Why haſte we not ſome prophet's ſkill to prove,
'Or ſeek by dreams? (for dreams deſcend from Jove.)
'What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
'What vow withheld, what hecatomb unſlain:
'And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
'The price for guilt, and turn this curſe away?'

Thus he. And next the reverend Calchas roſe,
Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians choſe;
The prince of augurs, whoſe enlighten'd eye
Could things paſt, preſent, and to come, deſcry:
Such wiſdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the godlike man:

'Me then command'ſt thou, lov'd of Jove, to ſhow
'What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow?
'Firſt plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
'By words to aid me, or by arms defend.

'For

'For I foreſee his rage, whoſe ample ſway
'The Argian powers and ſceptred chiefs obey.
'The wrath of kings what ſubject can oppoſe?
'Deep in their breaſts the ſmother'd vengeance glows,
'Still watchful to deſtroy. Swear, valiant youth,
'Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I ſpeak the truth?'
To this Achilles ſwift replies: 'Be bold.
'Diſcloſe, what Phœbus tells thee, uncontrol'd.
'By him, who, liſtening to thy powerful prayer,
'Reveals the ſecret, I devoutly ſwear,
'That, while theſe eyes behold the light, no hand
'Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded ſtrand.
'Not Atreus' ſon. Though now himſelf he boaſt
'The king of men, and ſovereign of the hoſt.'
Then boldly he. 'Nor does the god complain
'Of vows withheld, or hecatombs unſlain.
'Chryſeïs to her awful ſire refus'd,
'The gifts rejected, and the prieſt abus'd,
'Call down theſe judgments, and for more they call,
'Juſt ready on th' exhauſted camp to fall;
'Till ranſom-free the damſel is beſtow'd,
'And hecatombs are ſent to ſooth the god,
'To Chryſa ſent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
'The gifts may expiate, and the prieſt aſſuage.'
He ſpoke and ſat. When, with an angry frown,
The chief of kings upſtarted from his throne.
Diſdain and vengeance in his boſom riſe,
Lour in his brows, and ſparkle in his eyes:
Full at the prieſt their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent.

'Augur of ills, (for never good to me
'Did that moſt inauſpicious voice decree)
'For ever ready to denounce my woes,
'When Greece is puniſh'd, I am ſtill the cauſe;
'And now when Phœbus ſpreads his plagues abroad,
'And waſtes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
'Becauſe my blooming captive I detain,
'And the large ranſom is produc'd in vain.
'Fond of the maid, my queen, in beauty's pride,
'Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
'Not Clytæmneſtra boaſts a nobler race,
'A ſweeter temper, or a lovelier face,
'In works of female ſkill hath more command,
'Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.
'Yet ſhe ſhall go. The fair our peace ſhall buy:
'Better I ſuffer, than my people die.
'But mark me well. See inſtantly prepar'd
'A full equivalent, a new reward.
'Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his ſhare,
'Your chief ſhould loſe his portion of the war:
'In vain your chief; whilſt the dear prize, I boaſt,
'Is wreſted from me, and for ever loſt.'
To whom the ſwift purſuer quick reply'd:
'Oh ſunk in avarice, and ſwoln with pride!
'How ſhall the Greeks, though large of ſoul they be,
'Collect their ſever'd ſpoils, a heap for thee
'To ſearch anew, and cull the choiceſt ſhare
'Amid the mighty harveſt of the war?
'Then yield thy captive to the god reſign'd,
'Aſſur'd a tenfold recompence to find,

'When

'When Jove's decree ſhall throw proud Ilion down,
'And give to plunder the devoted town.'
'Think not, Atrides anſwer'd, though thou ſhine,
'Graceful in beauty, like the powers divine,
'Think not, thy wiles, in ſpecious words convey'd,
'From its firm purpoſe ſhall my ſoul diſſuade.
'Muſt I alone bereft ſit down with ſhame,
'And thou inſulting keep thy captive dame?
'If, as I aſk, the large-ſoul'd Greeks conſent
'Full recompence to give, I ſtand content.
'If not: a prize I ſhall myſelf decree,
'From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee.
'While the proud prince, deſpoil'd, ſhall rage in vain.
'But break we here. The reſt let time explain.
'Launch now a well-trim'd galley from the ſhore,
'With hands experienc'd at the bending oar:
'Incloſe the hecatomb; and then with care
'To the high deck convey the captive fair.
'The ſacred bark let ſage Ulyſſes guide,
'Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preſide:
'Or thou, O mighty man, the chief ſhalt be.
'And who more fit to ſoothe the god than thee?'
'Shameleſs, and poor of ſoul,' the prince replies,
And on the monarch caſts his ſcornful eyes,
'What Greek henceforth will march at thy command,
'In ſearch of danger on the doubtful ſtrand?
'Who in the face of day provoke the fight,
'Or tempt the ſecret ambuſh of the night?
'Not I, be ſure. Henceforward I am free.
'For ne'er was Priam's houſe a foe to me.

'Far from their inroads, in my paſtures feed
'The lowing heifer, and the pamper'd ſteed,
'On Phthia's hills our fruits ſecurely grow,
'And ripen careleſs of the diſtant foe,
'Between whoſe realms and our Theſſalian ſhore
'Unnumber'd mountains riſe, and billows roar.
'For thine, and for thy baffled brother's fame,
'Acroſs thoſe ſeas, diſdainful man, I came;
'Yet, inſolent! by arbitrary ſway,
'Thou talk'ſt of ſeizing on my rightful prey,
'The prize whoſe purchaſe toils and dangers coſt,
'And given by ſuffrage of the Grecian hoſt.
'What town, when ſack'd by our victorious bands,
'But ſtill brought wealth to thoſe rapacious hands?
'To me, thus ſcorn'd, contented doſt thou yield
'My ſhare of blood in the tumultuous field;
'But ſtill the flower of all the ſpoil is thine;
'There claim'ſt thou moſt. Nor e'er did I repine.
'Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it beſt,
'With ſlaughter tir'd, and panting after reſt.
'To Phthia now, for I ſhall fight no more,
'My ſhips their crooked prows ſhall turn from ſhore.
'When I am ſcorn'd, I think I well foreſee
'What ſpoils and pillage will be won by thee.
'Hence! cry'd the monarch, hence! without delay
'Think not, vain man! my voice ſhall urge thy ſtay.
'Others thou leav'ſt to the great cauſe inclin'd,
'A league of kings thou leav'ſt, and Jove behind.
'Of all the chiefs doſt thou oppoſe me moſt:
'Outrage and uproar are thy only boaſt.

'Diſcord

'Diſcord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
'If thou art ſtrong, 'tis Jove hath made thee ſo.
'Go, at thy pleaſure. None will ſtop thy way.
'Go, bid thy baſe-born Myrmidons obey.
'Thou, nor thy rage, ſhall my reſolves ſubdue;
'I fix my purpoſe, and my threats renew.
'Since 'tis decreed I muſt the maid reſtore,
'A ſhip ſhall waft her to th' offended power;
'But fair Briſeïs thy allotted prize,
'Myſelf will ſeize, and ſeize before thy eyes:
'That thou and each audacious man may ſee,
'How vain the raſh attempt to cope with me.'
Stung to the ſoul, tumultuous thoughts began
This way and that to rend the godlike man.
To force a paſſage with his falchion drawn,
And hurl th' imperial boaſter from his throne,
He now reſolves: and now reſolves again
To quell his fury, and his arm reſtrain.
While thus by turns his rage and reaſon ſway'd,
And half unſheath'd he held the glittering blade;
That moment, Juno, whoſe impartial eye
Watch'd o'er them both, ſent Pallas from the ſky:
She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
(To him alone the radiant goddeſs ſhin'd.)
Sudden he turn'd, and ſtarted with ſurprize;
Rage and revenge flaſh'd dreadful in his eyes.
Then thus with haſty words: 'O! heavenly-born,
'Com'ſt thou to ſee proud Agamemnon's ſcorn?
'But thou ſhalt ſee (my ſword ſhall make it good)
'This glutted ſand ſmoke with the tyrant's blood.'

'To ſooth thy ſoul, the blue-ey'd maid replies,
'(If thou obey my voice) I left the ſkies. [mand!
'Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this com-
'Suppreſs thy wrath, and ſtay thy vengeful hand.
'Be all thy rage in tauntful words expreſt;
'But guiltleſs let the thirſty falchion reſt.
'Mark what I ſpeak. An hour is on its way,
'When gifts tenfold for this affront ſhall pay.
'Suppreſs thy wrath; and heaven and me obey.'
Then he: 'I yield; though with reluctant mind.
'Who yields to heaven ſhall heaven propitious find.'
The ſilver hilt cloſe-graſping, at the word,
Deep in the ſheath he plung'd his mighty ſword.
The goddeſs, turning, darted from his ſight,
And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.
But fierce Achilles, in a thundering tone,
Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on:
'Valiant with wine, and furious from the bowl!
'Thou fierce-look'd talker with a coward ſoul!
'War's glorious peril ever ſlow to ſhare:
'Aloof thou view'ſt the field; for death is there,
'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to ſway,
'And peel the Greeks, at will, who diſobey:
'A tyrant lord o'er ſlaves to earth debas'd;
'For, had they ſouls, this outrage were thy laſt.
'But, thou, my fix'd, my final purpoſe hear.
'By this dread ſceptre ſolemnly I ſwear:
'By this (which, once from out the foreſt torn,
'Nor leaf nor ſhade ſhall ever more adorn;
'Which never more its verdure muſt renew,
'Lopp'd from the vital ſtem, whence firſt it grew:

'But

'But given by Jove the ſons of men to awe,
'Now ſways the nations, and confirms the law)
'A day ſhall come, when for this hour's diſdain
'The Greeks ſhall wiſh for me, and wiſh in vain;
'Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted aid afford,
'When heaps on heaps ſhall fall by Hector's ſword:
'Too late with anguiſh ſhall thy heart be torn,
'That the firſt Greek was made the public ſcorn.'
He ſaid. And, mounting with a furious bound,
He daſh'd his ſtudded ſceptre on the ground;
Then ſat. Atrides, eager to reply,
On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.
'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compoſe,
The Pylian prince, the ſmooth-ſpeech'd Neſtor roſe.
His tongue dropp'd honey. Full of days was he;
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee:
And, his firſt race of ſubjects long decay'd,
O'er their ſons ſons a peaceful ſceptre ſway'd.
'Alas for Greece! he cries, and with what joy
'Shall Priam hear, and every ſon of Troy!
'That you, the firſt in wiſdom as in wars,
'Waſte your great ſouls in poor ignoble jars!
'Go to! you both are young. Yet oft rever'd
'Greater than you have the wiſe Neſtor heard.
'Their equals never ſhall theſe eyes behold:
'Cæneus the juſt, Pirithous the bold,
'Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
'Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,
'Theſeus unrival'd in his ſire's abodes,
'And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.

'They, greateſt names that ancient ſtory knows,
'In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes:
'Fearleſs thro' rocks and wilds their prey purſued,
'And the huge double Centaur race ſubdued.
'With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam
'Through regions, far from my ſweet native home;
'They call'd me to the wars. No living hand
'Could match their valour, or their ſtrength withſtand;
'Yet wont they oft my ſage advice to hear.
'Then liſten both, with an attentive ear.
'Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous ſlave,
'Th' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave.
'Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone
'Urge him to wrath, who fills that ſacred throne,
'The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
'By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before.
'Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,
'Thou muſt obey a power more great than thine.
'And thou, O king, forbear. Myſelf will ſue
'Great Thetis' ſon his vengeance to ſubdue:
'Great Thetis' valiant ſon, our country's boaſt,
'The ſhield and bulwark of the Grecian hoſt.'
'Wiſe are thy words, O ſire, the king began,
'But what can ſatiate this aſpiring man?
'Unbounded power he claims o'er human-kind,
'And hopes for ſlaves, I truſt he ne'er ſhall find.
'Shall we, becauſe the gods have form'd him ſtrong,
'Bear the lewd language of his lawleſs tongue!
'If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well deſpiſe
'My name,' the prince, precipitate, replies.

'In

'In vain thou nodd'ſt from thy imperial throne.
'Thy vaſſals ſeek elſewhere: for I am none.
'But break we here. The fair, though juſtly mine,
'With ſword undrawn I purpoſe to reſign.
'On aught beſide, I once for all command,
'Lay not, I charge thee, thy preſumptuous hand.
'Come not within my reach. Nor dare advance.
'Or thy heart's blood ſhall reek upon my lance.'
Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day.
The council broke, each takes his ſeparate way.
Achilles ſeeks his tent with reſtleſs mind;
Patroclus and his train move ſlow behind.
Mean time, a bark was haul'd along the ſand,
Twice ten ſelected Greeks, a brawny band,
Tug the tough oars, at the great king's command.
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
Are all intruſted to Ulyſſes' care.
They mount the deck. The veſſel takes its flight,
Bounds o'er the ſurge, and leſſens to the ſight.
Next he ordains along the winding coaſt
By hallow'd rites to purify the hoſt.
A herd of choſen victims they provide,
And caſt their offals on the briny tide.
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die.
In clouds the ſavory ſteam aſcends the ſky.
The Greeks to heaven their ſolemn vows addreſt;
But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breaſt.
Obſequious at his call two heralds ſtand:
To them in frowns he gives this harſh command.
'Ye heralds, to Achilles' tent repair;
'Thence ſwift the female ſlave Briſeïs bear.

'With

'With arms, if diſobey'd, myſelf will come.
'Bid him reſign her, or he tempts his doom.'
The heralds, though unwillingly, obey.
Along the ſea-beat ſhore they ſpeed their way:
And, now the Myrmidonian quarter paſt,
At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.
Diſturb'd the ſolemn meſſengers he ſaw:
They too ſtood ſilent, with reſpectful awe,
Before the royal youth, they neither ſpoke.
He gueſs'd their meſſage, and the ſilence broke:
'Ye miniſters of gods and men, draw near,
'Not you, but him whoſe heralds ye appear,
'Robb'd of my right I blame. Patroclus, bring
'The damſel forth for this diſdainful king.
'But ye, my wrongs, O heralds, bear in mind,
'And clear me to the gods and all mankind,
'Ev'n to your thoughtleſs king; if ever more
'My aid be wanted on the hoſtile ſhore.
'Thoughtleſs he is, nor knows his certain doom,
'Blind to the paſt, nor ſees the woes to come,
'His beſt defence thus raſhly to forego,
'And leave a naked army to the foe.'
He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
And uſher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
Sore ſigh'd ſhe, as the heralds took her hand,
And oft look'd back ſlow-moving o'er the ſtrand.
The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,
Far from his friends ſat bath'd in tears alone.
On the cold beach he ſat, and fix'd his eyes
Where black with ſtorms the curling billows riſe,

And

And as the ſea wide-rolling he ſurvey'd,
With out-ſtretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd:
'Since to ſhort life thy hapleſs ſon was born,
'Great Jove ſtands bound by promiſe to adorn
'His ſtinted courſe, with an immortal name.
'Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
'The ſon of Atreus, proud of lawleſs ſway,
'Demands, poſſeſſes, and enjoys my prey.'
Near her old ſire enthron'd, ſhe heard him weep
From the low ſilent caverns of the deep:
Then in a morning miſt her head ſhe rears,
Sits by her ſon, and mingles tears with tears;
Cloſe graſps her darling's hand. 'My ſon, ſhe cries,
'Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy eyes?
'Oh tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,
'That both may know it, and that both may ſhare.'
'Oh! goddeſs!' cry'd he, with an inward groan,
'Thou know'ſt it all: to thee are all things known.
'Eëtian Thebes we ſack'd, their ranſack'd towers,
'The plunder of a people, all was ours.
'We ſtood agreed the booty to divide.
'Chryſeïs roſy-cheek'd, and gloſſy-ey'd,
'Fell to the king; but holy Chryſes bore
'Vaſt gifts of ranſom, to the tented ſhore:
'His ſceptre ſtretching forth (the golden rod
'Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)
'Of all the hoſt, of every princely chief,
'But firſt of Atreus' ſons, he begg'd relief.
'Throughout the hoſt conſenting murmurs ran,
'To yield her to the venerable man;

'But

'But the harſh king deny'd to do him right,
'And drove the trembling prophet from his ſight.
'Apollo heard his injur'd ſuppliant's cry,
'And dealt his arrows through th' infected ſky;
'The ſwift contagion, ſent by his commands,
'Swept thro' the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands.
'The guilty cauſe a ſacred augur ſhow'd,
'And I firſt mov'd to mitigate the god.
'At this the tyrant ſtorm'd, and vengeance vow'd;
'And now too ſoon hath made his threatnings good.
'Chryſeïs firſt with gifts to Chryſa ſent,
'His heralds came this moment to my tent,
'And bore Briſeïs thence, my beauteous ſlave,
'Th' allotted prize, which the leagu'd Grecians gave.
'Thou goddeſs, then, and thou, I know, haſt power,
'For thine own ſon the might of Jove implore.
'Oft in my father's houſe I've heard thee tell,
'When ſudden fears on heaven's great monarch fell,
'Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,
'And ſav'd the mighty thunderer from ſhame.
'Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno, bound
'The ſire in chains, and hem'd their ſovereign round.
'Thy voice, O goddeſs, broke their idle bands,
'And call'd the giant of the hundred hands,
'The prodigy, whom heaven and earth revere,
'Briareus nam'd above, Ægeon here.
'His father Neptune he in ſtrength ſurpaſs'd;
'At Jove's right hand his hideous form he plac'd,
'Proud of his might. The gods with ſecret dread,
'Beheld the huge enormous ſhape and fled.

'Remind

'Remind him then: for well thou know'ſt the art:
'Go, claſp his knees, and melt his mighty heart.
'Let the driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,
'Seek the laſt verge of this tempeſtuous main:
'There let them periſh, void of all relief,
'My wrongs remember, and enjoy their chief.
'Too late with anguiſh ſhall his heart be torn,
'That the firſt Greek was made the public ſcorn.'
Then ſhe (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er:)
'Why bore I thee! or nouriſh'd, when I bore!
'Bleſt, if within thy tent, and free from ſtrife,
'Thou might'ſt poſſeſs thy poor remains of life.
'Thy death approaching now the fates foreſhow;
'Short is thy deſtin'd term, and full of woe.
'Ill-fated thou! and oh unhappy I!
'But hence to the celeſtial courts I fly,
'Where, hid in ſnow, to heaven Olympus ſwells,
'And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.
'Mean time, my ſon, indulge thy juſt diſdain:
'Vent all thy rage, and ſhun the hoſtile plain,
'Till Jove returns. Laſt night my waves he croſs'd,
'And ſought the diſtant Ethiopian coaſt:
'Along the ſkies his radiant courſe he ſteer'd,
'Behind him all the train of gods appear'd,
'A bright proceſſion. To the holy feaſt
'Of blameleſs men he goes a grateful gueſt.
'To heaven he comes, when twice ſix days are o'er!
'Then ſhall his voice the ſire of gods implore,
'Then to my lofty manſion will I paſs,
'Founded on rocks of ever-during braſs:

'There

'There will I claſp his knees with wonted art,
'Nor doubt, my ſon, but I ſhall melt his heart.'
She ceas'd: and left him loſt in doubtful care,
And bent on vengeance for the raviſh'd fair.
But, ſafe arriv'd near Chryſa's ſacred ſtrand,
The ſage Ulyſſes now advanc'd to land.
Along the coaſt he ſhoots with ſwelling gales,
Then lowers the lofty maſt, and furls the ſails;
Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
And drops his anchors near the faithful ſhore.
The bark now fix'd amidſt the rolling tide,
Chryſeïs follows her experienc'd guide:
The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian hoſt,
A herd of bulls went bellowing o'er the coaſt.
To the god's fane, high looking o'er the land,
He led, and near the altar took his ſtand,
Then gave her to the joyful father's hand.
'All hail! Atrides ſets thy daughter free,
'Sends offerings to thy god, and gifts to thee.
'But thou intreat the power, whoſe dreadful ſway
'Afflicts his camp, and ſweeps his hoſt away.'
He ſaid, and gave her. The fond father ſmil'd
With ſecret rapture, and embrac'd his child.
The victims now they range in choſen bands,
And offer gifts with unpolluted hands:
When with loud voice, and arms up-rear'd in air,
The hoary prieſt prefer'd this powerful prayer:
'Dread warrior with the ſilver bow, give ear:
'Patron of Chryſa and of Cilla, hear.
'About this dome thou walk'ſt thy conſtant round:
'Still have my vows thy power propitious found.

'Rous'd

'Rous'd by my prayers ev'n now thy vengeance burns,
'And ſmit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
'Hear me once more; and let the ſuppliant foe
'Avert thy wrath, and ſlack thy dreadful bow.'
He pray'd: and great Apollo heard his prayer.
The ſuppliants now their votive rites prepare:
Amidſt the flames they caſt the hallow'd bread,
And heaven-ward turn each victim's deſtin'd head:
Next ſlay the fatted bulls, their ſkins divide,
And from each carcaſe rend the ſmoking hide;
On every limb large rolls of fat beſtow,
And choſen morſels round the offerings ſtrow:
Myſterious rites. Then on the fire divine
The great high-prieſt pours forth the ruddy wine;
Himſelf the offering burns. On either hand
A troop of youths, in decent order, ſtand.
On ſharpen'd forks, obedient to the fire,
They turn the taſteful fragments in the fire,
Adorn the feaſt, ſee every diſh well-ſtor'd,
And ſerve the plenteous meſſes to the board.
When now the various feaſts had chear'd their ſouls,
With ſparkling wines they crown the generous bowls,
The firſt libations to Apollo pay,
And ſolemnize with ſacred hymns the day:
His praiſe in Iö Pæans loud they ſing,
And ſooth the rage of the far-ſhooting king.
At evening, through the ſhore diſpers'd, they ſleep,
Huſh'd by the diſtant roarings of the deep.
When now, aſcending from the ſhades of night,
Aurora glow'd in all her roſy light,

The

The daughter of the dawn: th' awaken'd crew
Back to the Greeks encamp'd their courſe renew.
The breezes freſhen: for with friendly gales
Apollo ſwell'd their wide, diſtended, ſails:
Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,
And in hoarſe murmurs break on either ſide.
In ſafety to the deſtin'd port they paſs'd,
And fix'd their bark with grappling haulſers faſt;
Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land coaſt,
Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the hoſt.

But fierce Achilles, ſtill on vengeance bent,
Cheriſh'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
Th' aſſembled chiefs he ſhun'd with high diſdain,
A band of kings: nor ſought the hoſtile plain;
But long'd to hear the diſtant troops engage,
The ſtrife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.

Twelve days were paſt; and now th' ethereal train,
Jove at their head, to heaven return'd again:
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to riſe,
Shot through a big-ſwoln wave, and pierc'd the ſkies.
At early morn ſhe reach'd the realms above,
The court of gods, the reſidence of Jove.

On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
With hills on hills, him far apart ſhe found,
Above the reſt. The earth beneath diſplay'd
(A boundleſs proſpect) his broad eye ſurvey'd.
Her left hand graſp'd his knees, her right ſhe rear'd,
And touch'd with blandiſhment his awful beard;
Then, ſuppliant, with ſubmiſſive voice implor'd
Old Saturn's ſon, the god by gods ador'd:

'If

'If e'er, by rebel deities oppreſt,
'My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one requeſt.
'Since to ſhort life my hapleſs ſon was born,
'Do thou with fame the ſcanty ſpace adorn.
'Puniſh the king of men, whoſe lawleſs ſway
'Hath ſham'd the youth, and ſeiz'd his deſtin'd prey.
'Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
'And doubled honours to my offspring give.'
She ſaid. The god vouchſaf'd not to reply
(A deep ſuſpence ſat in his thoughtful eye):
Once more around his knees the goddeſs clung,
And to ſoft accents form'd her artful tongue:
'Oh! ſpeak. Or grant me, or deny my prayer.
'Fear not to ſpeak, what I am doom'd to bear;
'That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,
'The moſt deſpis'd of all the gods am I.'
With a deep ſigh the Thundering Power replies:
'To what a height will Juno's anger riſe!
'Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
'My partil hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
'I grant thy ſuit. But, hence! depart unſeen,
'And ſhun the ſight of heaven's ſuſpicious queen.
'Believe my nod, the great, the certain ſign,
'When Jove propitious hears the powers divine;
'The ſign that ratifies my high command,
'That thus I will: and what I will ſhall ſtand.'
This ſaid, his kingly brow the ſire inclin'd;
The large black curls fell awful from behind,
Thick ſhadowing the ſtern forehead of the god:
Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.

The goddeſs ſmil'd: and, with a ſudden leap,
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.
But Jove repair'd to his celeſtial towers:
And, as he roſe, up-roſe th' immortal powers.
In ranks, on either ſide, th' aſſembly caſt,
Bow'd down, and did obeiſance as he paſs'd.
To him enthron'd (for whiſpering ſhe had ſeen
Cloſe at his knees the ſilver-footed queen,
Daughter of him, who, low beneath the tides,
Aged and hoary in the deep reſides)
Big with invectives, Juno ſilence broke,
And thus, opprobrious her reſentments ſpoke:
'Falſe Jove! what goddeſs whiſpering did I ſee?
'O fond of counſels, ſtill conceal'd from me!
'To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
'One ſingle thought of thy cloſe-cover'd heart.'
To whom the Sire of gods and men reply'd;
'Strive not to find, what I decree to hide.
'Laborious were the ſearch, and vain the ſtrife,
'Vain ev'n for thee, my ſiſter and my wife.
'The thoughts and counſels, proper to declare,
'Nor god nor mortal ſhall before thee ſhare:
'But, what my ſecret wiſdom ſhall ordain,
'Think not to reach, for know the thought were vain.
'Dread Saturn's ſon, why ſo ſevere?' replies
'The goddeſs of the large majeſtic eyes.
'Thy own dark thoughts at pleaſure hide, or ſhow;
'Ne'er have I aſk'd, nor now aſpire to know.
'Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unſeen
'To thy high throne, the ſilver-footed queen,
'Daughter

'Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides
'Aged and hoary in the deep reſides.
'Thy nod aſſures me ſhe was not deny'd:
'And Greece muſt periſh for a madman's pride.'
To whom the god, whoſe hand the tempeſt forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven with ſtorms,
Thus wrathful anſwer'd: 'Doſt thou ſtill complain?
'Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain!
'Should'ſt thou diſcloſe the dark event to come,
'How wilt thou ſtop th' irrevocable doom!
'This ſerves the more to ſharpen my diſdain;
'And woes foreſeen but lengthen out thy pain.
'Be ſilent then. Diſpute not my command;
'Nor tempt the force of this ſuperior hand:
'Leſt all the gods, around thee leagu'd, engage
'In vain to ſhield thee from my kindled rage.'
Mute and abaſh'd ſhe ſat without reply,
And downward turn'd her large majeſtic eye,
Nor further durſt th' offended ſire provoke:
The gods around him trembled, as he ſpoke.
When Vulcan, for his mother ſore diſtreſt,
Turn'd orator, and thus his ſpeech addreſs'd:
'Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
'Stir up debate among the powers divine,
'If things on earth diſturb the bleſt abodes,
'And mar th' ambroſial banquet of the gods!
'Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
'Though much more wiſe than I pretend to be:
'Let me adviſe her ſilent to obey,
'And due ſubmiſſion to our father pay.

'Nor force again his gloomy rage to riſe,
'Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the ſkies.
'For ſhould he toſs her from th' Olympian hill,
'Who could reſiſt the mighty monarch's will?
'Then thou to love the Thunderer reconcile,
'And tempt him kindly on us all to ſmile.'
He ſaid: and in his tottering hands up-bore
A double goblet, fill'd, and foaming o'er.
'Sit down, dear mother, with a heart content,
'Nor urge a more diſgraceful puniſhment,
'Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, diſmay'd,
'Muſt ſtand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.
'Great Jove ſhall reign for ever, uncontrol'd:
'Remember, when I took thy part of old,
'Caught by the heel he ſwung me round on high,
'And headlong hurl'd me from th' ethereal ſky:
'From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night;
'Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a moſt piteous ſight,
'The Sintians harldly could my breath recall,
'Giddy and gaſping with the dreadful fall.'
She ſmil'd: and, ſmiling, her white arm diſplay'd
To reach the bowl her aukward ſon convey'd.
From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,
And dealt the roſy nectar fairly round.
The gods laugh'd out, unweary'd, as they ſpy'd
The buſy ſkinker hop from ſide to ſide.
Thus, feaſting to the full, they paſs'd away,
In bliſsful banquets, all the live-long day.
Nor wanted melody. With heavenly art
The Muſes ſung; each Muſe perform'd her part,

Alternate

Alternate warbling; while the golden lyre,
Touch'd by Apollo, led the vocal choir.
The ſun at length declin'd, when every gueſt
Sought his bright palace, and withdrew to reſt;
Each had his palace on th' Olympian hill,
A maſter-piece of Vulcan's matchleſs ſkill.
Ev'n he, the god, who heaven's great ſcepter ſways,
And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,
His bed of ſtate aſcending, lay compos'd;
His eyes a ſweet refreſhing ſlumber clos'd:
And at his ſide, all glorious to behold,
Was Juno lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to Addiſon unpaid,
Blame not her ſilence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verſe that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead,
Through breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!

What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And ſleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To ſtrew freſh laurels, let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy aiſles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints who taught, and led, the way to heaven;
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt;
Nor

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind;
A winged *Virtue*, through th' etherial ſky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold ſeraphs tell
How Michael battl'd, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?
Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A taſk well-ſuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend;
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form, which, ſo the heavens decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd and ſtill deplor'd by me;
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If buſineſs calls, or crouded courts invite;
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care;
I meet his ſoul which breathes in Cato there;

If penſive to the rural ſhades I rove;
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong:
There patient ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.

From other hills, however Fortune frown'd;
Some refuge in the Muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to ſing;
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence, they attempt to mourn.
O! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addiſon ſucceeds)
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!

Theſe works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt! farewel,
Farewel! whom, join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

OF Leinſter, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:
Till luckleſs love, and pining care,
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips, and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.

Three

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound:
And thus, in dying words, beſpoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
"Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
"I ſee a hand, you cannot ſee,
"Which beckons me away.
"By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
"In early youth I die:
"Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
"Vows due to me alone:
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
"Nor think him all thy own.
"To-morrow, in the church to wed,
"Impatient, both prepare!
"But know, fond maid; and know, falſe man,
"That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corſe, my comrades, bear,
"This bridegroom blithe to meet,
"He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
"I in my winding-ſheet."

She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd, her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The brideſmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mould with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the ſacred green;
But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

TO Whitton's ſhades, and Hounſlow's airy plain,
Thou, Kneller, tak'ſt thy ſummer flights in vain,
In vain thy wiſh gives all thy rural hours
To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;
To court thy pencil early at thy gates,
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
The boaſtful Muſe, of others fame ſo ſure,
Implores thy aid to make her own ſecure;
The Great, the Fair, and, if aught nobler be,
Aught more belov'd, the Arts ſolicit thee.

How canſt thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe ſever'd by the circling main;
Sought by the kings of every diſtant land,
And every hero worthy of thy hand?
Haſt thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd
He ſtill was mortal, till thy draught appear'd?
That Coſmo choſe thy glowing form to place,
Amidſt her maſters of the Lombard race?
See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,
Her falling arts forlorn Heſperia mourns;
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom firſt, her painting now.

Let the faint copier, on old Tiber's ſhore,
Nor mean the taſk, each breathing buſt explore,
Line after line, with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace:

Vain

Vain care of parts; if, impotent of ſoul,
Th' induſtrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold ſtatue ſtiffens in the frame.
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,
The kindeſt miſtreſs, and the ſureſt guide,
To catch a likeneſs at one piercing ſight,
And place the faireſt in the faireſt light;
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy palette lie the blended oils,
Thy careleſs chalk has half atchiev'd thy art,
And her juſt image makes Cleora ſtart.
A mind that graſps the whole is rarely found,
Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound;
Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the ſame.
Such be thy life, O ſince the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth, flames unſubdued by age;
Though wealth, nor fame, now touch thy fated mind,
Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind;
Since after thee may riſe an impious line,
Coarſe manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on, till Fate diſſolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

ON THE DEATH OF
THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

OF Marlborough's captains, and Eugenio's friends,
The laſt, Cadogan, to the grave deſcends:
Low lies each hand, whence Blenheim's glory ſprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who ſung.
From his cold corſe though every friend be fled,
Lo! Envy waits, that lover of the dead:
Thus did ſhe feign o'er Naſſau's hearſe to mourn;
Thus wept inſidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn;
To blaſt the living, gave the dead their due,
And wreaths, herſelf had tainted, trim'd anew.
Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race,
Take every wiſh a Britiſh heart can frame,
Add palm to palm, and riſe from fame to fame.
An hour muſt come, when thou ſhalt hear with rage
Thyſelf traduc'd, and curſe a thankleſs age:
Nor yet for this decline the generous ſtrife,
Theſe ills, brave man, ſhall quit thee with thy life,
Alive though ſtain'd by every abject ſlave,
Secure of fame and juſtice in the grave.
Ah! no——when once the mortal yields to Fate,
The blaſt of Fame's ſweet trumpet ſounds too late,
Too late to ſtay the ſpirit on its flight,
Or ſooth the new inhabitant of light;
Who hears regardleſs, while fond man, diſtreſs'd,
Hangs on the abſent, and laments the bleſt.

Farewel

Farewel then Fame, ill ſought thro' fields and blood,
Farewel unfaithful promiſer of good:
Thou muſic, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
Thou incenſe waſted on the funeral bier!
Through life purſued in vain, by death obtain'd,
When aſk'd deny'd us, and when given diſdain'd.

AN ODE
INSCRIBED TO
THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND AT WINDSOR.

I.

THOU dome, where Edward firſt enroll'd
His red-croſs knights and barons bold,
Whoſe vacant ſeats, by Virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have ſought:
Where Britain's foremoſt names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
Who made the hoſtile nations moan,
Or brought a bleſſing on their own:

II.

Once more a ſon of Spencer waits,
A name familiar to thy gates;
Sprung from the chief whoſe proweſs gain'd
The Garter while thy founder reign'd,
He offer'd here his dinted ſhield,
The dread of Gauls in Creſſi's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

III. Theſe

III.

Theſe ſeats our ſires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce ſons of war confin'd,
The flower of chivalry, who drew
With ſinew'd arm the ſtubborn yew:
Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;
Or who, in juſts and tourneys ſkill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,
Threw horſe and horſeman to the ground.

IV.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the liſt were join'd.
Not only Warwick ſtain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimſon croſſes glow'd;
But, on juſt lawgivers beſtow'd,
Theſe emblems Cecil did inveſt,
And gleam'd on wiſe Godolphin's breaſt.

V.

So Greece, ere arts began to riſe,
Fix'd huge Orion in the ſkies,
And ſtern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Beſpangled with a thouſand ſtars;
Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler conſtellations roll;
In the blue heavens the lyre ſhe ſtrung,
And near the Maid the * Balance hung.

VI. Then,

* Names of Conſtellations.

VI.

Then, Spencer, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiſcuous ſtand.
What though the hero's flame repreſs'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breaſt!
Yet who more dauntleſs to oppoſe
In doubtful days our home-bred foes!
Who rais'd his country's wealth ſo high,
Or view'd with leſs deſiring eye!

VII.

The ſage who large of ſoul ſurveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide,
Which ſeas, and tongues, and faiths, divide,
A nobler name in Windſor's ſhrine
Shall leave, if right the Muſe divine,
Than ſprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads ſlain.

VIII.

Why praiſe we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that ſets the world on flame?
My guiltleſs Muſe his brow ſhall bind
Whoſe godlike bounty ſpares mankind.
For thoſe, whom bloody garlands crown,
The braſs may breathe, the marble frown,
To him through every reſcued land,
Ten thouſand living trophies ſtand.

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

" —Campos, ubi Troja fuit." VIRG.

WHERE Kenſington high o'er the neighbouring lands
'Midſt greens and ſweets, a regal fabric, ſtands,
And ſees each ſpring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A ſnow of bloſſoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkneſs lies,
They breathe in ſun-ſhine, and ſee azure ſkies;
Each walk, with robes of various dyes beſpread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and gloſſy damaſks glow,
And chints, the rival of the ſhowery bow.
Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, ſurrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the ſhades. She, towering o'er the reſt,
Stands faireſt of the fairer kind confeſt,
Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunſwick's cauſe deny'd,
And charm a people to her father's ſide.
Long have theſe groves to royal gueſts been known,
Nor Naſſau firſt prefer'd them to a throne.
Ere Norman banners wav'd in Britiſh air;
Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
Or Dardan Brutus gave our iſle a name;
A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
The ſcene of wars, and ſtain'd with lovers' blood.

You,

You, who thro' gazing crowds, your captive throng,
Throw pangs and paſſions, as you move along,
Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
Where all unlevel'd the gay garden lies:
If generous anguiſh for another's pains
Ere heav'd your hearts, or ſhiver'd through your veins,
Look down attentive on the pleaſing dale,
And liſten to my melancholy tale.
That hollow ſpace, where now in living rows
Line above line the yew's ſad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfaſhion'd cave.
The landſkip now ſo ſweet we well may praiſe:
But far, far ſweeter in its ancient days,
Far ſweeter was it, when its peopled ground
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd.
Where in the midſt thoſe verdant pillars ſpring,
Roſe the proud palace of the Elfin king;
For every hedge of vegetable green,
In happier years a crowded ſtreet was ſeen;
Nor all thoſe leaves that now the proſpect grace,
Could match the numbers of its pygmy race,
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.
When Albion rul'd the land, whoſe lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the ſprightly fairies play'd
On every hill, and danc'd in every ſhade.
But, foes to ſun-ſhine, moſt they took delight
In dells and dales conceal'd from human ſight:

There hew'd their houſes in the arching rock;
Or ſcoop'd the boſom of the blaſted oak;
Or heard, o'erſhadow'd by ſome ſhelving hill,
The diſtant murmurs of the falling rill.
They, rich in pilfer'd ſpoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched ſons of earth.
Ev'n now, 'tis ſaid, the hinds o'erhear their ſtrain,
And ſtrive to view their airy forms in vain:
They to their cells at man's approach repair,
Like the ſhy leveret, or the mother-hare,
The whilſt poor mortals ſtartle at the ſound
Of unſeen footſteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd ſeat of royal Oberon.
From every region to his palace-gate
Came peers and princes of the fairy ſtate,
Who, rank'd in council round the ſacred ſhade,
Their monarch's will and great beheſts obey'd.
From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd:
Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling ſtage diſplay'd,
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court ſurvey'd,
May gueſs, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and ſplendor of the fairy-race.

By magic fenc'd, by ſpells encompaſs'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, thoſe alone who came
Stol'n from the couch of ſome terreſtrial dame:

For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left ſome ſickly changeling in their ſtead.
It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foſter'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-ſkill'd in charms and many a myſtic ſound,
As through the regal dome ſhe ſought for prey,
Obſerv'd the infant Albion where he lay
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And ſtole him from the ſleeping mother's ſide.
Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time ſhall come when thou ſhalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn ſhalt like the queen repine,
And all her ſorrows doubled ſhall be thine:
He who adorns thy houſe, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, ſhall at length deſtroy.
Two hundred moons in their pale courſe had ſeen
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals meaſure time.
Fluſh'd with reſiſtleſs charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
For ſkilful Milkah ſpar'd not to employ
Her utmoſt art to rear the princely boy;
Each ſupple limb ſhe ſwath'd, and tender bone,
And to the Elfin ſtandard kept him down;
She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,
And fed him early with the daiſy's root,

Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.
Yet ſtill, two inches taller than the reſt,
His lofty port his human birth confeſt;
A foot in height, how ſtately did he ſhow!
How look ſuperior on the crowd below!
What knight like him could toſs the ruſhy lance!
Who move ſo graceful in the mazy dance!
A ſhape ſo nice, or features half ſo fair,
What elf could boaſt! or ſuch a flow of hair!
Bright Kenna ſaw, a princeſs born to reign,
And felt the charmer burn in every vein.
She, heireſs to this empire's potent lord,
Prais'd like the ſtars, and next the moon ador'd.
She, whom at diſtance thrones and princedoms view'd,
To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel ſued,
In her high palace languiſh'd, void of joy,
And pin'd in ſecret for a mortal boy.
He too was ſmitten, and diſcreetly ſtrove
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
For her he cull'd the faireſt flowers that grew,
Ere morning ſuns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
He chac'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
When on ripe fruits ſhe caſt a wiſhing eye,
Did ever Albion think the tree too high!
He ſhow'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
To her th' inſcription on their eggs he read,
(Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred)

To her he ſhow'd each herb of virtuous juice,
Their powers diſtinguiſh'd, and deſcrib'd their uſe:
All vain their powers, alas! to Kenna prove,
And well ſung Ovid, "There 's no herb for love."
As when a ghoſt, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell ſome ſecret woe,
The poor ſhade ſhivering ſtands, and muſt not break
His painful ſilence, till the mortal ſpeak:
So far'd it with the little love-ſick maid,
Forbid to utter, what her eyes betray'd.
He ſaw her anguiſh, and reveal'd his flame,
And ſpar'd the bluſhes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
The day would fail me, ſhould I reckon o'er
The ſighs they laviſh'd, and the oaths they ſwore
In words ſo melting, that compar'd with thoſe
The niceſt courtſhip of terreſtrial beaux
Would ſound like compliments, from country clowns
To red-cheek'd ſweet-hearts in their home-ſpun gowns.
All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flowers (a fairy foreſt) grew;
'Twas here one noon, the gaudieſt of the May,
The ſtill, the ſecret, ſilent, hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample ſhade
Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies ſlept, ah, luckleſs pair!
Hid, but in vain, in the ſun's noon-tide glare!
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breaſt,
Thus all the ſoftneſs of his ſoul expreſt:
'All things are huſh'd. The ſun's meridian rays
'Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:

'Nor moon nor ſtar in heaven's blue arch is ſeen
'With kindly rays to ſilver o'er the green,
'Grateful to fairy eyes; they ſecret take
'Their reſt, and only wretched mortals wake.
'This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
'A world to me, a multitude in one.
'Oh, ſweet as dew-drops on theſe flowery lawns.
'When the ſky opens, and the evening dawns!
'Straight as the pink, that towers ſo high in air,
'Soft as the blow-bell! as the daiſy, fair!
'Bleſt be the hour, when firſt I was convey'd
'An infant captive to this bliſsful ſhade!
'And bleſt the hand that did my form refine,
'And ſhrunk my ſtature to a match with thine!
'Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
'And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
'Thou, if thy breaſt with equal ardour burn,
'Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
'So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
'A race unknown of demi-gods ſhall riſe.
'O ſpeak, my love! my vows with vows repay,
'And ſweetly ſwear my riſing fears away.'

To whom (the ſhining azure of her eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies:

'By all the ſtars, and firſt the glorious moon,
'I ſwear, and by the head of Oberon,
'A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line
'Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
'Where-e'er my footſteps in the dance are ſeen,
'May toadſtools riſe, and mildews blaſt the green,

'May

'May the keen eaſt-wind blight my favourite flowers,
'And ſnakes and ſpotted adders haunt my bowers.
'Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock ſhade
'There rather pine I a neglected maid,
'Or worſe, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
'Parch in the ſun a thouſand ſummer-days,
'Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
'In ſacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'
She ended: and with lips of roſy hue
Dipp'd five times over in ambroſial dew,
Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear'd,
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.
A ſun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing ſight!)
The monarch iſſued, half an ell in height:
Full on the pair a furious look he caſt,
Nor ſpoke; but gave his bugle-horn a blaſt
That through the woodland echoed far and wide,
And drew a ſwarm of ſubjects to his ſide.
A hundred choſen knights, in war renown'd,
Drive Albion baniſh'd from the ſacred ground;
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
Where the proud king, amidſt his demi-gods,
For Kenna's ſudden bridal bids prepare,
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.
If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,
A faultleſs beauty, and a ſpotleſs mind,
To love and praiſe can generous ſouls incline,
That love, Azuriel, and that praiſe, was thine.
Blood, only leſs than royal, fill'd thy veins,
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.

Where

Where now the ſkies high Holland-Houſe invades,
And ſhort-liv'd Warwick ſadden'd all the ſhades,
Thy dwelling ſtood: nor did in him afford
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.
For thee a hundred fields produc'd their ſtore,
And by thy name ten thouſand vaſſals ſwore;
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
All fairy ſhouted with a general voice.
Oriel alone a ſecret rage ſuppreſt,
That from his boſom heav'd the golden veſt.
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.
When cleanly ſervants, if we truſt old tales,
Beſide their wages had good fairy vails,
Whole heaps of ſilver tokens, nightly paid,
The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,
Sunk not his ſtores. With ſmiles and powerful bribes
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
And ere the night the face of heaven had chang'd,
Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.
Meanwhile, driven back to earth, a lonely way
The chearleſs Albion wander'd half the day,
A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns
Ill-meaſur'd by ten thouſand barley-corns.
Tir'd out at length, a ſpreading ſtream he ſpy'd
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide:
'Twas then a ſpreading ſtream, though now, its fame
Obſcur'd, it bears the Creek's inglorious name,
And creeps, as through contracted bounds it ſtrays,
A leap for boys in theſe degenerate days.
On

On the clear cryſtal's verdant bank he ſtood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breaſt,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addreſt.
'If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came
'From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
'Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
'Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive ſound,
'And urge the god, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth,
'To grace his offspring, and aſſert my birth.'
He ſaid. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
Shoots to the ſea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep reſides.
Rouz'd at the news, the ſea's ſtern ſultan ſwore
Revenge, and ſcarce from preſent arms forbore;
But firſt the nymph his harbinger he ſends,
And to her care the favourite boy commends.
As thro' the Thames her backward courſe ſhe guides,
Driv'n up his current by the refluent tides,
Along his banks the pigmy legions ſpread
She ſpies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the hoſt ſhe fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his ſires;
'The ocean's god, by whom ſhall be o'erthrown,
'(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.
'See here beneath a toadſtool's deadly gloom
'Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.
'Hear, and obey; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,
'By him Azuriel and his king ſhall fall.'

She

She ſaid. They bow'd: and on their ſhields up-bore
With ſhouts their new ſaluted emperor.
Ev'n Oriel ſmil'd: at leaſt to ſmile he ſtrove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.
See now the mourner of the lonely ſhade
By gods protected, and by hoſts obey'd,
A ſlave, a chief, by fickle fortune's play,
In the ſhort courſe of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, ſo ſtrangely bleſt,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breaſt!
His thick embattled troops, with ſecret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide;
More light he treads, more tall he ſeems to riſe,
And ſtruts a ſtraw-breadth nearer to the ſkies.
O for thy Muſe, great Bard *, whoſe lofty ſtrains
In battle join'd the Pigmies and the Cranes!
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verſe ſhould ſhine.
But ſimple I, and innocent of art,
The tale, that ſooth'd my infant years, impart,
The tale I heard whole winter-eves, untir'd,
And ſing the battles, that my nurſe inſpir'd.
Now the ſhrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the ſtraggling ſwarms.
Thick rows of ſpears at once, with ſudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air;
Looſe in the winds ſmall ribbon-ſtreamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly-bow,
And the gay hoſt, that now its march purſues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thouſand hues.

On

* Mr. Addiſon.

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,
Shone Aſia's ſons, a pleaſing dreadful ſight.
In various robes their ſilken troops were ſeen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's ſacred green:
When blooming Brunſwick, near the Danube's flood,
Firſt ſtain'd his maiden ſword in Turkiſh blood.
Unſeen and ſilent march the ſlow brigades
Through pathleſs wilds, and unfrequented ſhades.
In hope already vanquiſh'd by ſurprize,
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies;
Already has he ſeiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.
The march concludes: and now in proſpect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hoſtile towers appear,
For Oberon, or Druids falſely ſing,
Wore his prime viſier in a magic ring,
A ſubtle ſpright, that opening plots foretold
By ſudden dimneſs on the beamy gold.
Hence, in a creſcent form'd, his legions bright
With beating boſoms waited for the fight;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel ſtand.
What rage that hour did Albion's ſoul poſſeſs,
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers gueſs!
Forth iſſuing from his ranks, that ſtrove in vain
To check his courſe, athwart the dreadful plain
He ſtrides indignant: and with haughty cries
To ſingle fight the fairy prince defies.
Forbear! raſh youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, ſprung from mortals, with immortals vie.

No

No god ſtands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandſire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love:
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And ſees no danger, while he ſees her eyes.
Now from each hoſt the eager warriors ſtart,
And furious Albion flings his haſty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's tranſparent wing,
And its ſhaft ended in a hornet's ſting;
But, toſt in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltleſs pierc'd the ground.
Not ſo Azuriel's: with unerring aim,
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the ſeven-fold ſhield, and ſilken veſt,
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breaſt.
Rouz'd at the ſmart, and riſing to the blow,
With his keen ſword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the ſhoulder to the waſte he cleaves,
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.
His uſeleſs ſteel brave Albion wields no more,
But ſternly ſmiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal ſtrain,
Or leſs than fairy, felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gaſh'd and diſmember'd, eaſily unite.
As ſome frail cup of China's pureſt mold,
With azure varniſh'd, and bedropt with gold,
Though broke, if cur'd by ſome nice virgin's hands,
In its old ſtrength and priſtine beauty ſtands;

The

The tumults of the boiling bohea braves,
And holds ſecure the coffee's ſable waves:
So did Azuriel's arm, if fame ſay true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence firſt it grew;
And, whilſt in wonder fix'd poor Albion ſtood,
Plung'd the curs'd ſabre in his heart's warm blood.
The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,
The breaſt, to Kenna ſacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.
The jetty luſtre ſickens in his eyes:
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freſhneſs dies;
'Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to ſay,
'Kenna, farewell!' and ſigh'd his ſoul away.
His fall the Dryads with loud ſhrieks deplore,
By ſiſter Naiads echo'd from the ſhore,
Thence down to Neptune's ſecret realms convey'd,
Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral ſhade.
The ſea's great ſire, with looks denouncing war,
The trident ſhakes, and mounts the pearly carr:
With one ſtern frown the wide-ſpread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into ſtorms.
O'er foaming mountains, and through burſting tides,
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It ſhoots, and lands him on the deſtin'd ſhore.
Now fix'd on earth his towering ſtature ſtood,
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
To Brumpton's grove one ample ſtride he took,
(The valleys trembled, and the foreſts ſhook)

The next huge ſtep reach'd the devoted ſhade,
Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid:
Where now the vanquiſh'd, with the victors join'd,
Beneath the regal banners ſtood combin'd.
Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and ſcorn he paſt,
And on their town his eye vindictive caſt.
In deep foundations his ſtrong trident cleaves.
And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves;
On his broad engine the vaſt ruin hung,
Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
Aghaſt the legions, in th' approaching ſhade,
Th' inverted ſpires and rocking domes ſurvey'd,
That downward tumbling on the hoſt below
Cruſh'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together loſt,
And a whole empire falls to ſooth ſad Albion's ghoſt.
Such was the period, long reſtrain'd by fate,
And ſuch the downfall of the fairy ſtate.
This dale, a pleaſing region, not unbleſt,
This dale poſſeſt they; and had ſtill poſſeſt;
Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,
Raſh to diſſolve the contract ſeal'd above,
The ſolemn vows and ſacred bonds of love.
Now, where his elves ſo ſprightly danc'd the round,
No violet breathes, nor daiſy paints the ground,
His towers and people fill one common grave,
A ſhapeleſs ruin, and a barren cave.
Beneath huge hills of ſmoking piles he lay
Stunn'd and confounded a whole ſummer's day,

At length awak'd (for what can long reſtrain
Unbody'd ſpirits!) but awak'd in pain:
And as he ſaw the deſolated wood,
And the dark den where once his empire ſtood,
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
In every oak a Neptune ſeem'd to riſe:
He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,
The long poſſeſſion of a thouſand years.
Through buſh, through brake, through groves and gloomy dales,
Through dank and dry, o'er ſtreams and flowery vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
And ſtopt and ſtarted at each ruſtling wind.
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands
Diſperſe and wander into different lands.
Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,
In ſilent glooms, impervious to the ſky;
Part on fair Avon's margin ſeek repoſe,
Whoſe ſtream o'er Britain's midmoſt region flows,
Where formidable Neptune never came,
And ſeas and oceans are but known by fame:
Some to dark woods and ſecret ſhade retreat:
And ſome on mountains chooſe their airy ſeat.
There haply by the ruddy damſel ſeen,
Or ſhepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,
While from their ſteps a circling verdure ſprings;
But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.
Mean-while ſad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
Hung o'er the body of her breathleſs love,
Try'd every art, (vain arts!) to change his doom,
And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.

What could ſhe do? the fates alike deny
The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.
An herb there grows (the ſame old * Homer tells
Ulyſſes bore to rival Circe's ſpells)
Its root is ebon-black, but ſends to light
A ſtem that bends with flowrets milky white,
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,
But ſecret kept from mortal men below.
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice ſhe ſhed,
And murmur'd myſtic numbers o'er the dead,
When lo! the little ſhape by magic power
Grew leſs and leſs, contracted to a flower;
A flower, that firſt in this ſweet garden ſmil'd,
To virgins ſacred, and the ſnow-drop ſtyl'd.
The new-born plant with ſweet regret ſhe view'd,
Warm'd with her ſighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
Its ripen'd ſeeds from bank to bank convey'd,
And with her lover whiten'd half the ſhade.
Thus won from death each ſpring ſhe ſees him grow,
And glories in the vegetable ſnow,
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
Its parent's warmth and ſpotleſs name retains,
Firſt leader of the flowery race aſpires,
And foremoſt catches the ſun's genial fires,
'Mid froſts and ſnows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the ſeaſons, and leads on the year.
Deſerted now of all the pigmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage,

Till

* Odyſſ. Lib. x.

Till great Naſſau recloath'd the deſart ſhade,
Thence ſacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
(Kenna that gave the neighbouring town its name.)
Proud when ſhe ſaw th' ennobled garden ſhine,
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
She vow'd to grace the manſions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town.
To far-fam'd Wiſe her flight unſeen ſhe ſped,
And with gay proſpects fill'd the craftſman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleaſing ſcheme,
And plann'd that landſkip in a morning dream.
With the ſweet view the ſire of gardens fir'd,
Attempts the labour by the nymph inſpir'd,
The walls and ſtreets in rows of yew deſigns,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant ſquare;
Nor knows, while round he views the riſing ſcenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens.
With a ſad pleaſure the aërial maid
This image of her ancient realms ſurvey'd,
How chang'd, how fall'n from its primæval ſtate!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
Each moon his ſolemn obſequies ſhe pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in theſe ſhades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinſmen reign.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

OH! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
With charms to win, and ſenſe to fix the heart!
By thouſands ſought, Clotilda, canſt thou free
Thy crowd of captives, and deſcend to me?
Content in ſhades obſcure to waſte thy life,
A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
O! liſten while thy ſummers are my theme,
Ah! ſooth thy partner in his waking dream!
In ſome ſmall hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames, through meadows, rolls his mazy train;
Or where high Windſor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks, and ſpreads his ample ſhade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the viſionary ſeat
Our limes begin to ſhoot, our flowers to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.
Where doſt thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
Thou nameleſs lawn, and village yet unſeen?
Where ſons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travel'd further than ten furlongs round;
And the tann'd peaſant, and his ruddy bride,
Were born together, and together died.
Where early larks beſt tell the morning light,
And only Philomel diſturbs the night;
'Midſt gardens here my humble pile ſhall riſe,
With ſweets ſurrounded of ten thouſand dies;
All ſavage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes ſhall my woods aſcend;

And oh! if heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill ſhall warble croſs the gloomy grove,
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Guſh down the ſteep, and glitter through the glade.
What chearing ſcents thoſe bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thruſh how ſhrill! his note ſo clear, ſo high,
He drowns each feather'd minſtrel of the ſky.
Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the ſprightly horn;
Or lure the trout with well-diſſembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the ſkies.
Nor ſhall thy hand diſdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day ſhall kill the hours,
While from thy needle riſe the ſilken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to eaſe my feeble ſight,
Reſume the volume, and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppreſt,
Soft whiſpering, let me warn my love to reſt;
Then watch thee, charm'd, while ſleep locks every ſenſe,
And to ſweet heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wiſe, hale, and honeſt in the days of old;
Till courts aroſe, where ſubſtance pays for ſhow,
And ſpecious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well-ſpread, and right,
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night:

Mark how th' embroider'd colonel ſneaks away,
To ſhun the withering dame that made him gay;
That knave, to gain a title, loſt his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's ſhame;
This coxcomb's ribband coſt him half his land,
And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his ſorrows were too few,
Acquires ſtrange wants that nature never knew,
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And ſleeps, perverſe, the chearful ſuns away;
From goblets high-emboſt, his wine muſt glide,
Round his clos'd ſight the gorgeous curtain ſlide;
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp muſt riſe,
And three untaſted courſes glut his eyes.
For this are nature's gentle calls withſtood,
The voice of conſcience, and the bonds of blood;
This wiſdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
Fair phantoms woo'd and ſcorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, or prieſts to rage.
And yet, juſt curſe on man's aſpiring kind,
Prone to ambition, to example blind,
Our children's children ſhall our ſteps purſue,
And the ſame errors be for ever new.
Mean while in hope a guiltleſs country ſwain,
My reed with warblings chears th' imagin'd plain.
Hail humble ſhades where truth and ſilence dwell!
Thou noiſy town, and faithleſs court, farewell!
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame!
The thirſt of lucre, and the charm of fame!

In

In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days, though number'd, ſhall be all my own.
Here ſhall they end, (O! might they twice begin)
And all be white the fates intend to ſpin.

A POEM IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK.

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

"Magni magna patrant, nos non niſi ludicra——
——————.———Podagra hæc otia fecit."

HAIL! ancient book, moſt venerable code!
Learning's firſt cradle, and its laſt abode!
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we ſee,
By lazy plagiaries are ſtol'n from thee.
Yet future times, to thy ſufficient ſtore,
Shall ne'er preſume to add one letter more.
Thee will I ſing, in comely wainſcot bound,
And golden verge encloſing thee around;
The faithful horn before, from age to age,
Preſerving thy invaluable page;
Behind, thy patron ſaint in armour ſhines,
With ſword and lance, to guard thy ſacred lines:
Beneath his courſer's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd; his blood thy ſcarlet cover dies;
Th' inſtructive handle 's at the bottom fix'd,
Leſt wrangling critics ſhould pervert the text.
Or if to ginger-bread thou ſhalt deſcend,
And liquoriſh learning to thy babes extend;

Or ſugar'd plane, o'erſpread with beaten gold,
Does the ſweet treaſure of thy letters hold;
Thou ſtill ſhalt be my ſong——Apollo's choir
I ſcorn t' invoke; Cadmus my verſe inſpire:
'Twas Cadmus who the firſt materials brought
Of all the learning which has ſince been taught,
Soon made compleat! for mortals ne'er ſhall know
More than contain'd of old the Chriſt-croſs row;
What maſters dictate, or what doctors preach,
Wiſe matrons hence, e'en to our children teach:
But as the name of every plant and flower
(So common that each peaſant knows its power)
Phyſicians in myſterious cant expreſs,
T' amuſe the patient, and enhance their fees;
So from the letters of our native tongue,
Put in Greek ſcrawls, a myſtery too is ſprung,
Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men ſtrike out a gainful trade;
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And heedleſs youth catch at the ſhining bait;
The pregnant boys the noiſy charms declare,
And * Tau's, and Delta's, make their mothers ſtare;
Th' uncommon ſounds amaze the vulgar ear,
And what 's uncommon never coſts too dear.
Yet in all tongues the Horn-book is the ſame,
Taught by the Grecian maſter, or the Engliſh dame.
But how ſhall I thy endleſs virtues tell,
In which thou doſt all other books excell?
No greaſy thumbs thy ſpotleſs leaf can ſoil,
Nor crooked dogs-ears thy ſmooth corners ſpoil;

In

* The Greek letters T, Δ.

In idle pages no errata ſtand,
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand:
No fulſome dedication here is writ,
Nor flattering verſe, to praiſe the author's wit:
The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
Nor various reading to confound the text:
All parties in thy literal ſenſe agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
Search we the records of an ancient date,
Or read what modern hiſtories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run:
" * Too high the floods of paſſion us'd to roll,
" And rend the Roman youth's impatient ſoul;
" His haſty anger furniſh'd ſcenes of blood,
" And frequent deaths of worthy men enſued:
" In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,
" None could ſuffice to ſtem the furious tide,
" Thy ſacred line he did but once repeat,
" And laid the ſtorm, and cool'd the raging heat."
Thy heavenly notes, like angels' muſic, cheer
Departing ſouls, and ſooth the dying ear.
An aged peaſant, on his lateſt bed,
Wiſh'd for a friend ſome godly book to read;
The pious grandſon thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this ſavory lecture makes:
Great A, he gravely read; th' important ſound
The empty walls and hallow roof rebound:

Th'

* The advice given to Auguſtus, by Athenodorus the Stoic philoſopher.

Th' expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head,
And thank'd his ſtars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
Great B, the younker bauls; O heavenly breath!
What ghoſtly comforts in the hour of death!
What hopes I feel! great C, pronounc'd the boy;
The grandſire dies with extaſy of joy.

Yet in ſome lands ſuch ignorance abounds,
Whole pariſhes ſcarce know thy uſeful ſounds.
Of Eſſex hundreds fame gives this report,
But fame, I ween, ſays many things in ſport.
Scarce lives the man to whom thou 'rt quite unknown,
Though few th' extent of thy vaſt empire own.
Whatever wonders magic ſpells can do
On earth, in air, in ſea, in ſhades below;
What words profound and dark wiſe Mahomet ſpoke,
When his old cow an angel's figure took;
What ſtrong enchantments ſage Canidia knew,
Or Horace ſung, fierce monſters to ſubdue,
O mighty book, are all contain'd in you!
All human arts, and every ſcience meet,
Within the limits of thy ſingle ſheet:
From thy vaſt root all learning's branches grow,
And all her ſtreams from thy deep fountain flow.
And, lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,
Inſpir'd I feel the power of which I write;
The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
Leſs frequent now, and leſs ſevere the fits:
Looſe grew the chains which bound my uſeleſs feet;
Stiffneſs and pain from every joint retreat;

Surprizing

Surprizing ſtrength comes every moment on,
I ſtand, I ſtep, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me ceaſe, my hobling numbers ſtop,
And at * thy handle hang my crutches up.

THERISTES; OR, THE LORDLING,

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT-GRANDSON OF A BUTCHER.

THERISTES of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel ſeed:
By the dam from Lordlings ſprung,
By the ſire exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride,
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering,
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward:
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward:
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing.
Judgment weak, and paſſion ſtrong;
Always various, always wrong:
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates.

Talks

* Votiva Tabula. HOR.

Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From his father's ſcoundrel race,
Who could give the looby ſuch airs?
Were they maſons? Were they butchers?
Herald lend the Muſe an anſwer,
From his atavus and grandfire;
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mien,
In his dreſs and figure ſeen:
Hence that mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body, rank and foul:
Hence that wild ſuſpicious peep,
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſheep:
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and ſmile:
Like a butcher doom'd for life,
In his mouth to wear his knife.
Hence he draws his daily food,
From his tenant's vital blood.
Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the maſon-ſide.
Some, perhaps, may think him able
In the ſtate to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old foundation.
True, indeed, I ſhould be gladder
Could he learn to mount the ladder.

May he at his letter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend.
In him tell me, which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd them, can you tell?
Human race, or imp of hell?

OXFORD:

A POEM*.

INSCRIBED TO LORD LONSDALE †, 1707.

" Unum opus eſt intactæ palladis urbem
" Carmine perpetuo celebrare"—

HOR. 1 OD. vii.

WHILST you, my Lord, adorn that ſtately ſeat,
Where ſhining beauty makes her ſoft retreat,
Enjoying all thoſe graces, uncontrol'd,
Which nobleſt youths would die but to behold;
Whilſt you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,
A ſtructure worthy of the founder's toil;

Amaz'd

* Added by the expreſs direction of Dr. Johnſon; by whom they were originally appended to his Life of Tickell, with this Introduction: " The two Poems " which follow would have been inſerted in the Collec- " tion, if the compilers could have obtained copies of " them. To complete the poetical works of Tickell, " they are here copied from the Select Collection of " Miſcellaneous Poems, 1780." N.

† Richard, ſecond lord viſcount Lonſdale. He died of the ſmall-pox, Dec. 1, 1713. N.

Amaz'd we ſee the former † Lonſdale ſhine
In each deſcendant of his noble line:
But moſt tranſported and ſurpriz'd we view
His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,
Where charms and virtues join their equal grace,
Your father's godlike ſoul, your mother's lovely face.
Me Fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care
To famous Oxford and the Muſes bear,
Where, of all ranks, the blooming youths combine
To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,
And ſnatch, with ſmiling joy, the laurel crown,
Due to the learned honours of the gown.
Here I, the meaneſt of the tuneful throng,
Delude the time with an unhallow'd ſong,
Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,
In no ungrateful, though unartful lays.
Where ſhall I firſt the beauteous ſcene diſcloſe,
And all the gay variety expoſe?
For whereſoe'er I turn my wondering eyes,
Aſpiring towers and verdant groves ariſe,
Immortal greens the ſmiling plains array,
And mazy rivers murmur all the way.
O! might your eyes behold each ſparkling dome,
And freely o'er the beauteous proſpect roam,

Leſs

† Sir John Lowther, one of the early promoters of the Revolution, was conſtituted Vice-chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary on their advancement to the throne; created Baron Lowther and Viſcount Lonſdale, May 28, 1696; and appointed Lord Privy-ſeal in 1699. He died July 10, 1700. N.

Leſs raviſh'd your own Lowther you'd ſurvey,
Though pomp and ſtate the coſtly ſeat diſplay,
Where Art ſo nicely has adorn'd the place,
That Nature's aid might ſeem an uſeleſs grace;
Yet Nature's ſmiles ſuch various charms impart,
That vain and needleſs are the ſtrokes of Art.
In equal ſtate our riſing ſtructures ſhine,
Fram'd by ſuch rules, and form'd by ſuch deſign,
That here, at once ſurpriz'd and pleas'd, we view
Old Athens loſt and conquer'd in the new;
More ſweet our ſhades, more fit our bright abodes
For warbling Muſes and inſpiring Gods.

Great * Vanbrook's ſelf might own each artful draught
Equal to models in his curious thought,
Nor ſcorn a fabrick by our plans to frame,
Or in immortal labours ſing their fame;
Both ways he ſaves them from deſtroying fate,
If he but praiſe them, or but imitate.

See, where the ſacred † Sheldon's haughty dome
Rivals the ſtately pomp of ancient Rome,
Whoſe form, ſo great and noble, ſeems deſign'd
T' expreſs the grandeur of its founder's mind.
Here, in one lofty building, we behold
Whate'er the Latian pride could boaſt of old.
True, no dire combats feed the ſavage eye,
And ſtrew the ſand with ſportive cruelty;
But, more adorn'd with what the Muſe inſpires,
It far outſhines their bloody theatres.

Delight-

* Sir John Vanbrugh. N. † The Theatre. T.

Delightful ſcene! when here, in equal verſe,
The youthful bards their godlike Queen rehearſe,
To Churchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,
And ſing the plains of Hockſtet and Judoign.
Next let the Muſe record our Bodley's ſeat ‡,
Nor aim at Numbers, like the ſubject, great:
All hail, thou fabrick, ſacred to the Nine,
Thy fame immortal, and thy form divine!
Who to thy praiſe attempts the dangerous flight,
Should in thy various tongues be taught to write;
His verſe, like thee, a lofty dreſs ſhould wear,
And breathe the genius which inhabits there;
Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,
And pay that fame, which firſt thyſelf didſt give.
So fountains, which through ſecret channels flow,
And pour above the floods they take below,
Back to their Father Ocean urge their way,
And to the ſea, the ſtreams it gave, repay.
No more we fear the military rage,
Nurs'd up in ſome obſcure barbarian age;
Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine,
From thick-ſcull'd heroes of the Gothic line,
Though pale the Romans ſaw thoſe arms advance,
And wept their learning loſt in ignorance.
Let brutal rage around its terrors ſpread,
The living murder, and conſume the dead,
In impious fires let nobleſt writings burn,
And with their authors ſhare a common urn;

‡ The Bodleian Library. T.

Only, ye Fates, our lov'd Bodleian ſpare,
Be IT, and Learning's ſelf ſhall be your care,
Here every art and every grace ſhall join,
Collected Phœbus here alone ſhall ſhine,
Each other ſeat be dark, and this be all divine.
Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,
And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,
In vain they burn the work of hands divine,
And vow deſtruction to the Dardan line,
Whilſt good Æneas flies th' unequal wars,
And, with his guardian gods, Iülus bears,
Old Troy for ever ſtands in him alone,
And all the Phrygian kings ſurvive in one.
Here ſtill preſides each ſage's reverend ſhade,
In ſoft repoſe and eaſy grandeur laid;
Their deathleſs works forbid their fame to die,
Nor Time itſelf their perſons ſhall deſtroy,
Preſerv'd within the living gallery *.
What greater gift could bounteous heaven beſtow,
Than to be ſeen above, and read below?
With deep reſpect I bend my duteous head;
To ſee the faithful likeneſs of the dead;
But O! what Muſe can equal warmth impart?
The Painter's ſkill tranſcends the Poet's art.
When round the pictur'd Founders I deſcry,
With goodneſs ſoft, and great with majeſty,
So much of life the artful colours give,
Scarce more within their Colleges they live;
My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll,
And pleaſing tumults combat in my ſoul;

An

* The Picture Gallery. T.

An humble awe my downcaſt eyes betray,
And only leſs than adoration pay.
Such were the Roman Fathers, when, o'ercome,
They ſaw the Gauls inſult o'er conquer'd Rome;
Each captive ſeem'd the haughty victor's lord,
And proſtrate chiefs their awful ſlaves ador'd.
Such art as this adorns your Lowther's hall,
Where feaſting gods carouſe upon the wall;
The nectar, which creating paint ſupplies,
Intoxicates each pleas'd ſpectator's eyes;
Who view, amaz'd, the figures heavenly fair,
And think they breathe the true Elyſian air.
With ſtrokes ſo bold, great Verrio's hand has drawn
The gods in dwellings brighter than their own.
Fir'd with a thouſand raptures, I behold
What lively features grac'd each Bard of old;
Such lips, I think, did guide his charming tongue,
In ſuch an air as this the Poet ſung;
Such eyes as theſe glow'd with the ſacred fire,
And hands like theſe employ'd the vocal lyre.
Quite raviſh'd, I purſue each image o'er,
And ſcarce admire their deathleſs labours more.
See where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
Each ſhade is critick, and each feature ſneers;
The artful Ben ſo ſmartly ſtrikes the eye,
I more than ſee a fancy'd comedy;
The muddy Scotus crowns the motley ſhew,
And metaphyſicks cloud his wrinkled brow.
But diſtant awe invades my beating breaſt,
To ſee great Ormond in the paint expreſt;

With fear I view the figure from afar,
Which burns with noble ardour for the war;
But near approaches free my doubting mind,
To view ſuch ſweetneſs with ſuch grandeur join'd.
Here ſtudious heads the graver tablet ſhews,
And there with martial warmth the picture glows;
The blooming youth here boaſts a brighter hue,
And painted virgins far outſhine the true.
Hail, Colours, which with Nature bear a ſtrife,
And only want a voice to perfect life!
The wondering ſtranger makes a ſudden ſtand,
And pays low homage to the lovely band;
Within each frame a real Fair believes,
And vainly thinks the mimic canvaſs lives;
Till, undeceiv'd, he quits th' enchanting ſhew,
Pleas'd with the art, though he laments it too.
So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
And aim'd at pleaſures worthy of a god,
A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove,
Fit to invite, though not indulge his love;
The Mortal thought he ſaw his Goddeſs ſhine,
And all the lying graces look'd divine;
But when with heat he claſp'd her fancied charms,
The empty vapour baulk'd his eager arms.
Loth to depart, I leave th' inviting ſcene,
Yet ſcarce forbear to view it o'er again;
But ſtill new objects give a new delight,
And various proſpects bleſs the wandering ſight.
Aloft in ſtate the airy towers ariſe,
And with new luſtre deck the wondering ſkies;

Lo!

Lo! to what height the ſchools aſcending reach,
Built with that art which they alone can teach;
The lofty dome expands her ſpacious gate,
Where all the decent Graces jointly wait;
In every ſhape the God of Art reſorts,
And crouds of ſages fill th' extended courts.
With wonders fraught the bright Muſeum ſee,
Itſelf the greateſt curioſity!
Where Nature's choiceſt treaſure, all combin'd,
Delight at once, and quite confound the mind;
Ten thouſand ſplendors ſtrike the dazzled eye,
And form on earth another galaxy.
Here colleges in ſweet confuſion riſe,
There temples ſeem to reach their native ſkies;
Spires, towers, and groves, compoſe the various ſhew,
And mingled proſpects charm the doubting view;
Who can deny their characters divine,
Without reſplendent, and inſpir'd within?
But, ſince above my weak and artleſs lays,
Let their own poets ſing their equal praiſe.
One labour more my grateful verſe renews,
And rears aloft the low-deſcending Muſe;
The building *, parent of my young eſſays,
Aſks in return a tributary praiſe.
Pillars ſublime bear up the learned weight,
And antique Sages tread the pompous height;
Whilſt guardian Muſes ſhade the happy piles,
And all around diffuſe propitious ſmiles.

* Queen's College Library. See the Poem on Queen Caroline's rebuilding the Lodgings of the Black Prince and Henry V. p. 151, the other of the "two poems" alluded to in p. 286. N.

Here Lancaſter, adorn'd with every grace,
Stands chief in merit, as the chief in place:
To his lov'd name our earlieſt lays belong,
The theme at once, and patron of our ſong.
Long may he o'er his much-lov'd Queen's preſide,
Our arts encourage, and our counſels guide;
Till after-ages, fill'd with glad ſurprize,
Behold his image all majeſtic riſe,
Where now in pomp a venerable band,
Princes and Queens, and holy Fathers, ſtand.
Good Egglesfield * claims homage from the eye,
And the hard ſtone ſeems ſoft with piety;
The mighty monarchs ſtill the ſame appear,
And every marble frown provokes the war;
Whilſt rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.
A ſight leſs noble did the warriors yield,
Transform'd to ſtatues by the Gorgon ſhield;
Diſtorting fear the coward's form confeſt,
And fury ſeem'd to heave the hero's breaſt;
The lifeleſs rocks each various thought betray'd,
And all the ſoul was in the ſtone diſplay'd.

Too high, my verſe, has been thy daring flight,
Thy ſofter numbers now the groves invite,
Where ſilent ſhades provoke the ſpeaking lyre,
And chearful objects happy ſongs inſpire,
At once beſtow rewards, and thoughts infuſe,
Compoſe a garland, and ſupply a Muſe.

Behold

* Robert Egglesfield, B. D. the founder, 1340. N.

Behold around, and ſee the living green
In native colours paints a blooming ſcene;
Th' eternal buds no deadly Winter fear,
But ſcorn the coldeſt ſeaſon of the year;
Apollo ſure will bleſs the happy place,
Which his own Daphne condeſcends to grace;
For here the everlaſting laurels grow,
In every grotto, and on every brow.
Proſpects ſo gay demand a Congreve's ſtrains,
To call the gods and nymphs upon the plains;
Pan yields his empire o'er the ſylvan throng,
Pleas'd to ſubmit to his ſuperior ſong;
Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down,
And Spenſer's ſhade reſigns the rural crown.
Fill'd with great thoughts, a thouſand Sages rove
Through every field and ſolitary grove;
Whoſe ſouls, aſcending an exalted height,
Out-ſoar the drooping Muſe's vulgar flight,
That longs to ſee her darling votaries laid
Beneath the covert of ſome gentle ſhade,
Where purling ſtreams and warbling birds conſpire
To aid th' enchantments of the trembling lyre.
Bear me, ſome God, to Chriſt-Church, royal ſeat,
And lay me ſoftly in the green retreat,
Where Aldrich holds o'er Wit the ſovereign power,
And crowns the Poets which he taught before.
To Aldrich Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
The nobleſt trophy of the conquer'd iſle;
Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,
And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.

Philips, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,
Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought,
Unfetter'd, in great Milton's ſtrain he writes,
Like Milton's angels whilſt his hero fights;
Purſues the Bard, whilſt he with honour can,
Equals the Poet, and excels the man.

O'er all the plains, the ſtreams, and woods around,
The pleaſing lays of ſweeteſt Bards reſound;
A faithful echo every note returns,
And liſtening River-Gods neglect their urns.
When Codrington * and Steele their verſe unrein,
And form an eaſy, unaffected ſtrain,
A double wreath of laurel binds their brow,
As they are poets and are warriors too.
Trapp's lofty ſcenes in gentle numbers flow,
Like Dryden great, as ſoft as moving Rowe.
When youthful Harriſon †, with tuneful ſkill,
Makes Woodſtock Park ſcarce yield to Cooper's Hill;
Old Chaucer from th' Elyſian Fields looks down,
And ſees at length a genius like his own;
Charm'd with his lays, which reach the ſhades below,
Fair Roſamonda intermits her woe,
Forgets the anguiſh of an injur'd ſoul,
The fatal poignard, and invenom'd bowl.

Apollo ſmiles on Magd'len's peaceful bowers,
Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flowers,
Where

* The great benefactor to All-ſouls College. N.

† Of whom, ſee Select Collection, vol. IV. p. 180. N.

Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,
And every Muſe was fond of Addiſon.
Applauded man! for weightier truſts deſign'd,
For once diſdain not to unbend thy mind;
Thy mother Iſis and her groves rehearſe,
A ſubject not unworthy of thy verſe;
So Latian Fields will ceaſe to boaſt thy praiſe,
And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays:
And when the age to come, from envy free,
What thou to Virgil giv'ſt ſhall give to thee,
Iſis, immortal by the Poet's ſkill,
"Shall, in the ſmooth deſcription, murmur ſtill *;"
New beauties ſhall adorn our ſylvan ſcene,
And in thy numbers grow for ever green.
Danby's fam'd gift † ſuch verſe as thine requires,
Exalted raptures, and celeſtial fires;
Apollo here ſhould plenteouſly impart,
As well his ſinging, as his curing art;
Nature herſelf the healing garden loves,
Which kindly her declining ſtrength improves,
Baffles the ſtrokes of unrelenting Death,
Can break his arrows, and can blunt his teeth.
How ſweet the landſkip! where, in living trees,
Here frowns a vegetable Hercules!
There fam'd Achilles learns to live again,
And looks yet angry in the mimic ſcene;

Here

* Letter from Italy, by Mr. Addiſon. T.

† The Phyſic-garden at Oxford. This hint was happily taken up in 1713, by Dr. Evans. See Select Collection, 1780, vol. III. p. 145. N.

Here artful birds, which blooming arbours ſhew,
Seem to fly higher, whilſt they upwards grow,
From the ſame leaves both arms and warriors riſe,
And every bough a different charm ſupplies.

So when our world the great Creator made,
And, unadorn'd, the ſluggiſh chaos laid,
Horror and Beauty own'd their ſire the ſame,
And Form itſelf from Parent Matter came,
That lumpiſh maſs alone was ſource of all,
And Bards and Themes had one original.

In vain the groves demand my longer ſtay,
The gentle Iſis wafts the Muſe away;
With eaſe the river guides her wandering ſtream,
And haſtes to mingle with uxorious Thame,
Attempting Poets on her banks lie down,
And quaff, inſpir'd, the better Helicon,
Harmonious ſtrains adorn their various themes,
Sweet as the banks, and flowing as the ſtreams.

Bleſs'd we, whom bounteous Fortune here has thrown,
And made the various bleſſings all our own!
Nor crowns, nor globes, the pageantry of ſtate,
Upon our humble, eaſy ſlumbers wait;
Nor aught that is Ambition's lofty theme
Diſturbs our ſleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.
Touch'd by no ills which vex th' unhappy great,
We only read the changes in the ſtate,
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at diſtance hear,
And learn from Fame the rough events of war;

With

With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
And make the cannon thunder in our verſe.
See how the matchleſs youth their hours improve,
And in the glorious way to knowledge move!
Eager for fame, prevent the riſing ſun,
And watch the midnight labours of the moon.
Not tender years their bold attempts reſtrain,
Who leave dull Time, and haſten into man,
Pure to the ſoul, and pleaſing to the eyes,
Like angels youthful, and like angels wiſe.
Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,
And, by the lives of heroes, form their own;
Now view the Granique choak'd with heaps of ſlain,
And warring worlds on the Pharſalian plain;
Now hear the trumpets clangour from afar,
And all the dreadful harmony of war;
Now trace thoſe ſecret tricks that loſt a ſtate,
And ſearch the fine-ſpun arts that made it great,
Correct thoſe errors that its ruin bred,
And bid ſome long-loſt empire rear its ancient head.
Others, to whom perſuaſive arts belong
(Words in their looks, and muſic on their tongue),
Inſtructed by the wit of Greece and Rome,
Learn richly to adorn their native home;
Whilſt liſtening crowds confeſs the ſweet ſurprize,
With pleaſure in their breaſts, and wonder in their eyes.
Here curious minds the latent ſeeds diſcloſe,
And Nature's darkeſt labyrinths expoſe;

Whilſt

Whilſt greater ſouls the diſtant worlds deſcry,
Pierce to the out-ſtretch'd borders of the ſky,
Enlarge the ſearching mind, and broad expand the eye.

O you, whoſe riſing years ſo great began,
In whoſe bright youth I read the ſhining man,
O Lonſdale, know what nobleſt minds approve,
The thoughts they cheriſh, and the arts they love:
Let theſe examples your young boſom fire,
And bid your ſoul to boundleſs height aſpire.
Methinks I ſee you in our ſhades retir'd,
Alike admiring, and by all admir'd:
Your eloquence now charms my raviſh'd ear,
Which future ſenates ſhall tranſported hear,
Now mournful verſe inſpires a pleaſing woe,
And now your cheeks with warlike fury glow,
Whilſt on the paper fancy'd fields appear,
And proſpects of imaginary war;
Your martial ſoul ſees Hockſtet's fatal plain,
Or fights the fam'd Ramilia o'er again.

But I in vain theſe lofty names rehearſe,
Above the faint attempts of humble verſe,
Which Garth ſhould in immortal ſtrains deſign,
Or Addiſon exalt with warmth divine;
A meaner ſong my tender voice requires,
And fainter lays confeſs the fainter fires,
By Nature fitted for an humble theme,
A painted proſpect, or a murmuring ſtream,
To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praiſe,
Whilſt Echo's ſelf reſounds the flattering lays;

Or,

Or, whilſt I tell how Myra's charms ſurprize,
Paint roſes on her cheeks, and ſuns within her eyes.
O, did proportion'd height to me belong,
Great Anna's name ſhould grace th' ambitious ſong;
Illuſtrious dames ſhould round their Queen reſort,
And Lonſdale's mother crown the ſplendid court;
Her noble ſon ſhould boaſt no vulgar place,
But ſhare the ancient honours of his race;
Whilſt each fair daughter's face and conquering eyes
To Venus only ſhould ſubmit the prize.
O matchleſs beauties! more than heavenly fair,
Your looks reſiſtleſs, and divine your air,
Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuſe,
And no fond Bard ſhall aſk an uſeleſs Muſe;
Their kindling rays excite a noble fire,
Give beauty to the ſong, and muſic to the lyre.
This charming theme I ever could purſue,
And think the inſpiration ever new,
Did not the God my wandering pen reſtrain;
And bring me to his Oxford back again.
Oxford, the Goddeſs Muſe's native home,
Inſpir'd like Athens, and adorn'd like Rome!
Hadſt thou of old been Learning's fam'd retreat,
And Pagan Muſes choſe thy lovely ſeat,
O, how unbounded had their fiction been!
What fancy'd viſions had adorn'd the ſcene!
Upon each hill a Sylvan Pan had ſtood,
And every thicket boaſted of a God;
Satyrs had friſk'd in each poetic grove,
And not a ſtream without its Nymphs could move;

Each

Each ſummit had the train of Muſes ſhew'd,
And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd;
The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,
Had look'd almoſt as charming as the place.
Ev'n now we hear the world with tranſports own
Thoſe fictions by more wond'rous truths outdone;
Here pure Euſebia keeps her holy ſeat,
And Themis ſmiles from Heaven on this retreat;
Our chaſter Graces own refin'd deſires,
And all our Muſes burn with veſtal fires;
Whilſt Guardian-angels our Apollo's ſtand,
Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand,
To bleſs the happy air, and ſanctify the land.
O pleaſing ſhades! O ever-green retreats!
Ye learned grottoes! and ye ſacred ſeats!
Never may you politer arts refuſe,
But entertain in peace the baſhful Muſe!
So may you be kind Heav'n's diſtinguiſh'd care,
And may your fame be laſting, as 'tis fair!
Let greater Bards on fam'd Parnaſſus dream,
Or taſte th' inſpir'd Heliconian ſtream;
Yet, whilſt our Oxford is the bleſs'd abode
Of every Muſe, and every tuneful God,
Parnaſſus owns its honours far outdone,
And Iſis boaſts more Bards than Helicon.
A thouſand bleſſings I to Oxford owe,
But you, my Lord, th' inſpiring Muſe beſtow;
Grac'd with your name th' unpoliſh'd poem ſhines,
You guard its faults, and conſecrate the lines,

O might

O might you here meet my deſiring eyes,
My drooping ſong to nobler heights would riſe:
Or might I come to breathe your Northern air,
Yet ſhould I find an equal pleaſure there;
Your preſence would the harſher climate ſooth,
Huſh every wind, and every mountain ſmooth;
Would bid the groves in ſpringing pomp ariſe,
And open charming viſta's to the eyes;
Would make my trifling verſe be heard around,
And ſportive Echo play the empty ſound:
With you I ſhould a better Phœbus find,
And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd.

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CONTENTS

OF

TICKELL'S POEMS.

ON Queen Caroline's rebuilding the Lodgings of the Black Prince, and Henry V. at Queen's College, Oxford - - Page 151
To the ſuppoſed Author of the Spectator - 153
A Poem on the Proſpect of Peace - - 155
To Mr. Addiſon on his Opera of Roſamond 173
To the ſame on his Tragedy of Cato - - 175
The Royal Progreſs - - 176
Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus - 182
An Epiſtle from a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon - - 185
An Ode, occaſioned by his Excellency the Earl of Stanhope's Voyage to France - - 192
Prologue to the Univerſity of Oxford - - 194
Thoughts occaſioned by the Sight of an Original Picture of King Charles I. taken at the Time of his Trial - - 196

A Fragment of a Poem on Hunting - Page 198
To Apollo making Love. From Fontenelle 204
The Fatal Curioſity - - 205
To a Lady, with a Deſcription of the Phœnix ib.
A Deſcription of the Phœnix, from Claudian 206
Verſes to Mrs. Lowther on her Marriage - 211
To a Lady, with a Preſent of Flowers - - 212
On a Lady's Picture: To Gilfred Lawſon, Eſq. 213
Part of the Fourth Book of Lucan tranſlated 214
The Firſt Book of Homer's Iliad tranſlated 219
To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr. Addiſon - - - 245
Colin and Lucy, a Ballad - - 249
To Sir Godfrey Kneller at his Country Seat 252
On the Death of the Earl of Cadogan - - 254
An Ode inſcribed to the Earl of Sunderland at Windſor - - - 255
Kenſington Garden - - - 258
To a Lady before Marriage - - 276
On the Horn-book - - - 279
Therſites - - - 283
Oxford: a Poem. Inſcribed to Lord Lonſdale 286

END OF TICKELL'S POEMS.

MR. HAMMOND'S

LOVE ELEGIES.

" Virginibus puerisque canto."

First printed in 1743.

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PREFACE.

[By LORD CHESTERFIELD.]

THE following Elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and juſtly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whoſe hands they fell, determined to publiſh them, in the perſuaſion that they would neither be unwelcome to the Publick, nor injurious to the memory of their Author. The reader muſt decide, whether this determination was the reſult of juſt judgement, or partial friendſhip; for the Editor feels, and avows ſo much of the latter, that he gives up all pretenſions to the former.

The Author compoſed them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgement and correctneſs, neither of which ſeem wanting here. But ſincere in his love as in his friendſhip, he wrote to his miſtreſſes, as he ſpoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine ſentiments of his heart; he ſate down to write what he thought, not to think what he ſhould write; it was nature and ſentiment only that dictated to a real miſtreſs, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore ſpeaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected plaintive language of the tender paſſions; the true elegiac dignity and ſimplicity

are preſerved, and united, the one without pride, the other without meanneſs. Tibullus ſeems to have been the model our Author judiciouſly preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart, to the heart; the latter too often yielding and addreſſing himſelf to the imagination.

The undiſſipated youth of the Author, allowed him time to apply himſelf to the beſt maſters, the ancients, and his parts enabled him to make the beſt uſe of them; for upon thoſe great models of ſolid ſenſe and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn the reſemblance. He admired that juſtneſs, that noble ſimplicity of thought and expreſſion, which have diſtinguiſhed, and preſerved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that ſacredneſs of friendſhip, and all thoſe heroic and ſocial virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of ſucceeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon thoſe glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wiſdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced ſlavery to deſtroy, all public and private virtues. In theſe ſentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in theſe times; in theſe ſentiments he died—but in theſe times too—*Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, ſed donata mors eſſe videatur.*

LOVE

LOVE ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

On his falling in Love with Neæra.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their ſons receiv'd in vain:
I ſaw Neæra, and her inſtant ſlave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the ſervile chain.

Her uſage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly ſhe triumphs in her lover's ſhame,
No healing joy relieves his conſtant ſmart,
No ſmile of love rewards the loſs of fame.

Oh, that to feel theſe killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Was fix'd a rock amidſt the watery roar,
And in the vaſt Atlantic ſtood alone.

Adieu, ye Muſes, or my paſſion aid,
Why ſhould I loiter by your idle ſpring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And ſhe contemns the trifles which I ſing.

I do not aſk the lofty Epic ſtrain,
Nor ſtrive to paint the wonders of the ſphere;
I only ſing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye Muſes, if ſhe will not hear.

No more in uſeleſs innocence I 'll pine,
Since guilty preſents win the greedy fair,
I 'll tear its honours from the broken ſhrine,
But chiefly thine, O Venus! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on ſordid gold her low deſires:
Nor worth nor paſſion can her heart perſuade,
But Love muſt act what Avarice requires.

Unwiſe who firſt, the charm of nature loſt,
With Tyrian purple ſoil'd the ſnowy ſheep;
Unwiſer ſtill who ſeas and mountains croſt,
To dig the rock, and ſearch the pearly deep:

Theſe coſtly toys our ſilly fair ſurpriſe,
The ſhining follies cheat their feeble ſight,
Their hearts ſecure in trifles, love deſpiſe,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind,
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet ſmooth and poliſh ſo each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
Hence pleaſure ſhort, and anguiſh ever long,
Hence tears and ſighs, and hence the peeviſh fair,
The froward lover—hence this angry ſong.

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

Unable to ſatisfy the covetous Temper of Neæra, he intends to make a Campaign, and try, if poſſible, to forget her.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll ſit in roſy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rouſing ſpirits feel the trumpet's ſound.
Few are the maids that now on merit ſmile,
On ſpoil and war is bent this iron age:
Yet pain and death attend on war and ſpoil,
Unſated vengeance and remorſeleſs rage.
To purchaſe ſpoil, even love itſelf is ſold,
Her lover's heart is leaſt Neæra's care,
And I through war muſt ſeek deteſted gold,
Not for myſelf, but for my venal fair:
That while ſhe bends beneath the weight of dreſs,
The ſtiffen'd robe may ſpoil her eaſy mien;
And art miſtaken make her beauty leſs,
While ſtill it hides ſome graces better ſeen.
But if ſuch toys can win her lovely ſmile,
Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden ſand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's ſoil,
Hers the black ſons of Afric's ſultry land.

To pleaſe her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas! would idle fancy tend,
And ſooth with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their ſelfiſh luxury upbraid,
And ſcorn the perſon where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakneſs of my mind:
In vain,—though Reaſon fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, ſtill lags behind,

ELEGY III.

He upbraids and threatens the Avarice of Neæra, and reſolves to quit her.

SHOULD Jove deſcend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents ſtream from every part,
That craving boſom ſtill would heave for more,
Not all the gods could ſatisfy thy heart:

But may thy folly, which can thus diſdain
My honeſt love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy ſordid gain,
And on the ſhining heaps of rapine prey:

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom;
And, when thou dy'ſt, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But

But the deſerving, tender, generous maid,
Whoſe only care is her poor lover's mind,
Though ruthleſs age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend ſhall find:
And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead ſhe ſeems as in a gentle ſleep,
The pitying neighbour ſhall her loſs deplore,
And round the bier aſſembled lovers weep:
With flowery garlands, each revolving year,
Shall ſtrow the grave where truth and ſoftneſs reſt,
Then home returning, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on her breaſt.

ELEGY IV.

To his Friend, written under the Confinement of a long Indiſpoſition.

WHILE calm you ſit beneath your ſecret ſhade,
And loſe in pleaſing thought the ſummer-day,
Or tempt the wiſh of ſome unpractis'd maid,
Whoſe heart at once inclines and fears to ſtray:
The ſprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and ſick, on death is all my thought,
Oh, ſpare, Perſephone, this guiltleſs head,
Love, too much love, is all thy ſuppliant's fault.
No virgin's eaſy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boaſted of a feign'd embrace;
No poiſons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd deſtruction with a friendly face:

No

No ſecret horrors gnaw this quiet breaſt,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the ſacred ſane,
I ne'er diſturb'd the gods' eternal reſt
With curſes loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No ſtealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why ſo ſoon the tender bloſſom tear!
Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand?

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy ſhades below,
Now ſlowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
And muſing hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

Oh, let me ſtill enjoy the chearful day,
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with feſtive garlands crown'd,
In chace of pleaſure the gay moments ſpend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleaſing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your abſent friend.

ELEGY

ELEGY V.

The Lover is at firſt introduced ſpeaking to his Servant, he afterwards addreſſes himſelf to his Miſtreſs, and at laſt there is a ſuppoſed Interview between them.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy maſter's care,
Till creeping ſlumber ſooth his troubled breaſt,
Let not a whiſper ſtir the ſilent air,
If hapleſs love a while conſent to reſt.

Untoward guards beſet my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' impriſon'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blaſt whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive thoſe bolts of ſteel.

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy ſounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curſes far from thee ſhall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we ſay.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave,
When firſt I told thee of my bold deſires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful ſlave,
Venus will favour what herſelf inſpires.

She guides the youth who ſee not where they tread,
She ſhews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to ſteal from off her ſilent bed,
And not a ſtep betray her on the floor.

The fearleſs lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obſtructs his way,
Sacred he wanders through the pathleſs night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never ſtray.

I ſcorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardſhips I for love ſuſtain,
With love's victorious joys at laſt be crown'd:

With ſudden ſtep let none our bliſs ſurprize,
Or check the freedom of ſecure delight—
Raſh man beware, and ſhut thy curious eyes,
Leſt angry Venus ſnatch their guilty ſight.

But ſhouldſt thou ſee, th' important ſecret hide,
Though queſtion'd by the powers of earth and heaven,
The prating tongue ſhall love's revenge abide,
Still ſue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard-dame, the lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deaft thy huſband's ear,
At her command I ſaw the ſtars deſcend,
And winged lightnings ſtop in mid career.

I ſaw her ſtamp, and cleave the ſolid ground,
While ghaſtly ſpectres round us wildly roam;
I ſaw them hearken to her potent ſound,
Till, ſcar'd at day, they ſought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous ſummer pines,
And wintery clouds obſcure the hopeful year;
At her ſtrong bidding, gloomy winter ſhines,
And vernal roſes on the ſnows appear.

She

She gave theſe charms, which I on thee beſtow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a huſband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind:
But what did moſt this faithful heart ſurprize,
She boaſted that her ſkill could ſet it free;
This faithful heart the boaſted freedom flies;
How could it venture to abandon thee?

ELEGY VI.

He adjures Delia to pity him, by their Friendſhip with Cælia, who was lately dead.

THOUSANDS would ſeek the laſting peace of death,
And in that harbour ſhun the ſtorm of care,
Officious hope ſtill holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them ſtill,—To-morrow will be fair.
She tells me, Delia, I ſhall thee obtain,
But can I liſten to her ſyren ſong,
Who ſeven ſlow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and deſpis'd ſo long?
By all the joys thy deareſt Cælia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her aſhes find a peaceful grave,
And ſleep uninjur'd in their ſacred urn.
To her I firſt avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to ſue,
She ſtill would pity what the wife might blame,
And feel for weakneſs which ſhe never knew:

Ah,

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented ſhade,
That hovering round us all my ſufferings hears,
She is my ſaint,—to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her ſad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely ſitting by the ſilent ſtone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inſpire,
The marble image ſeems to hear my moan:

Thy friend's pale ghoſt ſhall vex thy ſleepleſs bed,
And ſtand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthleſs boſom will diſturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night:

Ceaſe, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Though much thou ſuffer, to thyſelf complain:
Ah, to recal the ſad remembrance ſpare,
One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

On Delia's being in the Country, where he ſuppoſes ſhe ſtays to ſee the Harveſt.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that ſtill in town remain,
Venus herſelf attends on Delia there,
And Cupid ſports amid the ſylvan train.

Oh, with what joy, my Delia to behold,
I'd preſs the ſpade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the ſlow plough-ſhare thro' the ſtubborn mold,
And patient goad the loitering ox along:

The

The ſcorching heats I'd careleſsly deſpiſe,
Nor heed the bliſters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the ſame diſguiſe,
Like me ſubdued to love's ſupreme command.

No healing herbs could ſooth their maſter's pain,
The art of phyſic loſt, and uſeleſs lay,
To Peneus' ſtream, and Tempe's ſhady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His bluſhing Siſter ſaw him pace along;
Oft would his voice the ſilent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender ſong.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the creſted Pithon ſlain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful iſle?
The God himſelf is grown a cottage ſwain.

O, Ceres! in your golden fields no more,
With Harveſt's chearful pomp, my fair detain,—
Think what for loſt Proſerpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguiſh feel my pain.

Our wiſer fathers left their fields unſown,
Their food was acorns, love their ſole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they ſtaid but till alone,
And in each valley ſnatch'd the honeſt joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to ſtop deſire,
Thrice happy times!—But, oh! I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inſpire
I'll do.—I'll plough, or dig as Delia's ſlave.

ELEGY VIII.

He deſpairs that he ſhall ever poſſeſs Delia.

AH, what avails thy lover's pious care?
His laviſh incenſe clouds the ſky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatneſs was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain:
With thee I hop'd to waſte the pleaſing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was paſt,
Then, old with love, inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom gently breathe my laſt.
I ſcorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only aſk to live my Delia's ſlave,
And, when I long have ſerv'd her, call her wife:
I only aſk, of her I love poſſeſt,
To ſink, o'ercome with bliſs, in ſafe repoſe,
To ſtrain her yielding beauties to my breaſt,
And kiſs her wearied eye-lids till they cloſe.
Attend, O Juno! with thy ſober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of deſire;
This one fond wiſh, if you refuſe to hear,
Oh, let me with this ſigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

He has loſt Delia.

HE who could firſt two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
The lover ſtill, who dy'd not of deſpair:

With mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I ſcorn the cheat of reaſon's fooliſh pride,
And boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
And dull ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wiſe.

Sad is my day, and ſad my lingering night,
When, wrapt in ſilent grief, I weep alone,
Delia is loſt, and all my paſt delight
Is now the ſource of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the ſhape that might have bleſt my arms?
Where are thoſe hopes relentleſs Fate denies?

When ſpent with endleſs grief I die at laſt,
Delia may come, and ſee my poor remains,—
Oh, Delia! after ſuch an abſence paſt,
Canſt thou ſtill love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corſe attend,
With eyes averted light the ſolemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames aſcend,
Then, ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire?

To ſooth the hovering ſoul, be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In ſable weeds the golden vaſe to bear,
And cull my aſhes with thy trembling hand!

Panchaia's odours be their coſtly feaſt,
And all the pride of Aſia's fragrant year;
Give them the treaſures of the fartheſt Eaſt,
And, what is ſtill more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapleſs lover know,
No ſilent urn the noble paſſion hide,
But deeply graven thus my ſufferings ſhow:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loſs abide,
Joy left his boſom with the parting fair,
And when he durſt no longer hope, he dy'd.

ELEGY X.

On Delia's Birth-day.

THIS day, which ſaw my Delia's beauty riſe,
Shall more than all our ſacred days be bleſt,
The world enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breaſt.

By

By all our guarded ſighs, and hid deſires,
Oh, may our guiltleſs love be ſtill the ſame!
I burn, and glory in the pleaſing fires,
If Delia's boſom ſhare the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incenſe, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the ſhepherdeſs, or looſe the ſwain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain:

What I demand, perhaps her heart deſires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue reſtrain;
The ſecret thought, which bluſhing love inſpires,
The conſcious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

Againſt Lovers going to War, in which he philoſophically prefers Love and Delia to the more ſerious Vanities of the World.

THE man who ſharpen'd firſt the warlike ſteel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
And death grew ſtronger by his fatal art:

Yet not from ſteel debate and battle roſe,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even ſcale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the ſtrife.

Let ſpoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Periſh the thirſt of honour, thirſt of gold,
Ere for my abſence Delia loſe a tear:

Why ſhould the lover quit his pleaſing home,
In ſearch of danger on ſome foreign ground;
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And riſk in every ſtroke a double wound?

Ah, better far, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
With chearful friends to drain the ſprightly bowl,
To ſing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the ſweet idea feaſt my ſoul:

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
And fold her bluſhing to my eager breaſt,
Till, quite o'ercome with ſoftneſs, with deſire,
Like me ſhe pants, ſhe faints, and ſinks to reſt.

ELEGY XII.

To Delia.

NO ſecond love ſhall e'er my heart ſurprize,
This ſolemn league did firſt our paſſion bind:
Thou, only thou, canſt pleaſe thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can ſooth his troubled mind.

Oh,

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
Diſpleaſe all others, and ſecure my reſt,
No need of envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me bleſt.

With thee in gloomy deſerts let me dwell,
Where never human footſtep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkneſs canſt expel,
And ſeem a world with ſolitude around.

I ſay too much—my heedleſs words reſtore,
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'ſt thy ſtrength, and thence inſulting more,
Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:

Whate'er I feel, thy ſlave I will remain,
Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear,
In chains I'll ſit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY XIII.

He imagines himſelf married to Delia, and that content with each other, they are retired into the Country.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers, never ſound:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray,
But, cheaply bleſt, I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt?
Or, lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, ſink at laſt to reſt?

Or, if the ſun in flaming Leo ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And with my Delia, walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop, and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for Delia and myſelf alone.

Ah,

Ah, fooliſh man, who thus of her poſſeſt,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind!

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own;
The ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
May riſe, and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope ſpeak his liſtening country's wrongs,
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender ſong,
Securely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

Stanhope ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſt,
The favourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah,

Ah, what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her 'midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep?

Delia alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying preſs her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

Oh, when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate,
Through all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

To Delia.

WHAT ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In ſome lone ſpot with Peace and thee retir'd!
Though reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blam'd,
I ſtill believ'd what flattering love inſpir'd:

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
To dangerous bliſs no longer to pretend,
In books a calm, but fix'd content to find,
Safe joys, that on ourſelves alone depend:

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned eaſe, and elegant delight;
Compare the beauties of each different ſtile,
Each various ray of wit's diffuſive light:

Now mark the ſtrength of Milton's ſacred lines,
Senſe rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead ſhines,
And earlieſt innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reaſon fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breaſt a noble warmth ſhall feel,
And glow with love, where weakneſs has no part.

Thy

Thy heart, O Lyttelton, ſhall be my guide,
Its fire ſhall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's ſenſe, and ſoft as woman's love.

And you, O Weſt, with her your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend,
With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall chear,
Glad to eſcape from love to ſuch a friend.

But why, ſo long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah, ſtill I love, in pride and reaſon's ſpite,
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this Elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

To Mr. George Grenville.

OH, form'd alike to ſerve us, and to pleaſe;
Polite with honeſty, and learn'd with eaſe;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wiſe; though gentle, full of fire:
With thee I ſcorn the low conſtraint of art,
Nor fear to truſt the follies of my heart;
Hear then from what my long deſpair aroſe,
The faithful ſtory of a lover's woes.
When, in a ſober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by ſickneſs under reaſon's power,

I view'd

I view'd my ſtate, too little weigh'd before,
And Love himſelf could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my paſſion hurt, through friendſhip leave;
I choſe the coldeſt words my heart to hide,
And cure her ſex's weakneſs through its pride:
The prudence which I taught, I ill purſued,
The charm my reaſon broke, my heart renew'd:
Again ſubmiſſive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my paſſion by my ſhame;
While ſhe, ſecure in coldneſs, or diſdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
Began with higher views her thoughts to raiſe,
And ſcorn'd the humble poet of her praiſe:
She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And ſtrengthen'd by her faith each groundleſs tale,
Believ'd the groſſeſt arts that malice try'd,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's ſide:
Oh, where were then the ſcenes of fancied life?
Oh, where the friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife?
Her years of promis'd love were quickly paſt,
Not two revolving moons could ſee them laſt.—
To Stow's delightful ſcenes I now repair,
In Cobham's ſmile to loſe the gloom of care!
Nor fear that he my weakneſs ſhould deſpiſe,
In nature learned, and humanely wiſe:
There Pitt, in manners ſoft, in friendſhip warm,
With mild advice my liſtening grief ſhall charm,
With ſenſe to counſel, and with wit to pleaſe,
A Roman's virtue with a courtier's eaſe.

Nor

Nor you, my friend, whoſe heart is ſtill at reſt,
Contemn the human weakneſs of my breaſt;
Reaſon may chide the faults ſhe cannot cure,
And pains, which long we ſcorn'd, we oft endure;
Though wiſer cares employ your ſtudious mind,
Form'd with a ſoul ſo elegantly kind,
Your breaſt may loſe the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

ELEGY XVI.

To Miſs Daſhwood.

O SAY, thou dear poſſeſſor of my breaſt,
Where's now my boaſted liberty and reſt!
Where the gay moments which I once have known!
O, where that heart I fondly thought my own!
From place to place I ſolitary roam,
Abroad uneaſy, not content at home.
I ſcorn the beauties common eyes adore;
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
Unmov'd I hear them ſpeak, or ſee them fair,
And only think on thee, who art not there.
In vain would books their formal ſuccour lend,
Nor wit nor wiſdom can relieve their friend;
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And wiſdom ſhews the ill without the cure.
When from thy ſight I waſte the tedious day,
A thouſand ſchemes I form, and things to ſay;

But

But when thy preſence gives the time I ſeek,
My heart's ſo full, I wiſh, but cannot ſpeak.
And could I ſpeak with eloquence and eaſe,
Till now not ſtudious of the art to pleaſe,
Could I, at woman who ſo oft exclaim,
Expoſe (nor bluſh) thy triumph and my ſhame,
Abjure thoſe maxims I ſo lately priz'd,
And court that ſex I fooliſhly deſpis'd,
Own thou haſt ſoften'd my obdurate mind,
And thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind;
Loſt were my words, and fruitleſs all my pain,
In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain;
My humble ſighs ſhall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence ſhall be my tears.
And now (for more I never muſt pretend)
Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend;
Thouſands will fain thy little heart enſnare,
For without danger none like thee are fair;
But wiſely chooſe who beſt deſerves thy flame,
So ſhall the choice itſelf become thy fame;
Nor yet deſpiſe, though void of winning art,
The plain and honeſt courtſhip of the heart:
The ſkilful tongue in love's perſuaſive lore,
Though leſs it feels, will pleaſe and flatter more,
And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
Can long abuſe a fond, unthinking maid.
And ſince their lips, ſo knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might ſoon believe;
And ſince their tears, in falſe ſubmiſſion dreſt,
Might thaw the icy coldneſs of thy breaſt;

O! ſhut

O! ſhut thine eyes to ſuch deceitful woe:
Caught by the beauty of thy outward ſhow,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they ſeem,
Like me—with paſſion founded on eſteem.

PROLOGUE

TO

LILLO'S ELMERICK*.

NO labour'd ſcenes to-night adorn our ſtage,
Lillo's plain ſenſe would here the heart engage.
He knew no art, no rule; but warmly thought
From paſſion's force, and, as he felt, he wrote.
His Barnwell once no critic's teſt could bear,
Yet from each eye ſtill draws the natural tear.
With generous candour hear his lateſt ſtrains,
And let kind pity ſhelter his remains.
Depreſt by want, afflicted by diſeaſe,
Dying he wrote, and dying wiſh'd to pleaſe.
Oh, may that wiſh be now humanely paid,
And no harſh critic vex his gentle ſhade.
'Tis yours his unſupported fame to ſave,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

* See the Epilogue to this Tragedy among the Poems of Lord Lyttelton, in Vol. LXIV. In the Life of Lillo, however, that Epilogue is confidently aſcribed to Mr. Hammond.

CON-

CONTENTS

OF

HAMMOND'S POEMS.

ELEGY I.

ON his falling in Love with Neæra Page 311
ELEGY II. Unable to ſatisfy the covetous Temper of Neæra, he intends to make a Campaign, and try, if poſſible, to forget her - 313
III. He upbraids and threatens the Avarice of Neæra, and reſolves to quit her - 314
IV. To his Friend, written under the Confinement of a long Indiſpoſition - 315
V. The Lover is at firſt introduced ſpeaking to his Servant, he afterwards addreſſes himſelf to his Miſtreſs, and at laſt there is a ſuppoſed Interview between them - 317

ELEGY VI. He adjures Delia to pity him, by their Friendſhip with Cælia, who was lately dead Page 319
VII. On Delia's being in the Country, where he ſuppoſes ſhe ſtays to ſee the Harveſt - 320
VIII. He deſpairs that he ſhall ever poſſeſs Delia - 322
IX. He has loſt Delia - 323
X. On Delia's Birth-day - 324
XI. Againſt Lovers going to War, in which he philoſophically prefers Love and Delia to the more ſerious Vanities of the World - - 325
XII. To Delia - - 326
XIII. He imagines himſelf married to Delia, and that content with each other, they are retired into the Country - 327
XIV. To Delia - - 331
XV. To Mr. George Grenville - 332
XVI. To Miſs Daſhwood - 334
Prologue to Lillo's Elmerick - - 336